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Life Among the French-Canadians

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

ONE of the most unique personalities on the American continent is the rural French-Canadian of the province of Quebec. The habitant type is one that all students of human nature have found worthy of study. Springing from one race and dwelling among another, the character of this frugal farmer and sturdy backwoodsman seems to present a mass of contradictions. His language is either degraded French or mongrel English; he is nearly always poor, yet invariably happy; although he is a constant churchgoer, he is not religious in a spiritual sense; his patriotism is of a peculiar sort in that it does not savor of allegiance to France or concern for the Dominion of Canada, but is measured by the mere ambition to preserve French dominance in the province of Quebec.

The one mark of the habitant is his love of home. This is shown in the character of the farms, which are merely long lanes with rows of houses on the ends. When the eldest son marries, the father splits the home place, and gives him a slice of land. The sons often become so numerous, and the slices so thin, that in order to continue the multiplication a quartering process is necessary. To maintain an ever-increasing family upon what was often sparse soil originally requires an exercise of industry and practise of economy which if applied in the more fertile and expansive regions of the West would soon make the toilers rich.

The inhabitants of the remote districts of Quebec are forced to subsist with a frugality which seems incredible in these times of almost universal plenty. The men smoke home-grown tobacco which sells for ten cents a pound, and which is so rank that it might safely be declared expensive if it were given away. The green tea which is used is of such a cheap quality that a traveler declared it had no more strength or flavor than so much dried hay. Instead of butter a thick grease obtained from the drippings of pork and beef is utilized. Before this mixture is spread upon sliced bread it is often thickened with finely chopped pieces of lean beef. The economy of a household is frequently so very strict as to even preclude expenditures for such necessary articles of hardware as nails, hinges, etc., hence we find home-made furniture fastened together with wooden pegs. An ingenious device is a swing constructed without either rope or nails, the whole contraption being made of joined pieces of wood.

After years of stinting and saving, the patient habitant may accumulate enough money to build an addition to his shanty, but he rarely enters this newer portion of his house. The force of his past habits, meager and cramped and pitiful though they were, are strong upon him, and he cannot shake them off. The members of the family pass in and out the back way. Each one remains in the old quarters, as unmindful of the new ones as if they were not there. The shanty triumphantly holds its own against the modern intruder that towers over it. The new house may contain store-furniture and china dishes, but the family sticks to the benches and crockery and bunks of the shack. The stranger and the parish priest are received in the new addition, but the neighbors always enter the back door and partake of hospitality in the kitchen. The new front is imposing to the passer-by. It is an evidence of prosperity that cannot be refuted, but aside from this it is of so little account to its possessors that its erection may well be declared a waste of time and money.

In the entire collection of Doctor Drummond's excellent poems depicting the lives of the habitant people there is none more pathetic or truthful than the one entitled "The Old House and the New." It is the lament of an old man who has been moved out of his shanty by his stylish son-in-law. The old fellow tries to smoke away the restlessness and homesick-

it first tried to induce the Indians to live in frame houses. Everything went well at the outset, but the red man soon moved back into his tepee in the grove, and thereafter used his new house as a stable.

Matrimony is an honored institution among the habitant-folk. That their opinion on the subject of race-suicide does not run counter to President Roosevelt's is attested by the large families that are encountered everywhere. The European custom of parents settling something on children when they marry is practised among them. Whether it is due to caution made necessary by the meagerness of the surroundings, or to natural covetous instincts, cannot be explained, but it is certain that a homely girl with a dot of a few hundred dollars or a small tract of land at once becomes more attractive to the young men than one destitute of all save physical charms.

A habitant wedding usually takes place early in the morning. The bride may have on a gown much finer than the surroundings would seem to warrant. Although she arrives in a covered wagon, she is attired in an outfit which cost several times as much as her father's house with all its furnishings. That it may take the greater portion of a year's crop to pay for it, and that she is to become the wife of a shantyman, does not seem to enter into the count for consistency. This is the one time in her life when Marie Louise wants style, and she insists on having it. After the ceremony the members of the wedding-party repair to their vehicles, and form into a procession, often consisting of twenty-five or thirty buggies, and proceed to make calls upon the friends of the young couple throughout the neighborhood. During each visit the wedding-presents are exhibited, "and all those in attendance drink to the health and prosperity of the high contracting parties," as the members of the rural press are wont to put it. On such festive occasions it is not unusual for thirsts to materialize while the party is journeying from place to place, in which event it is not at all impolite to halt the procession and pass the bottle.

Like all his cousins of Latin blood, the French-Canadian is a wily politician. He would rather be a lawyer and dabble in politics than to get rich by following some less exciting commercial pursuit. In making jobs he is as slippery as an eel. Although he may pledge his support here and there, he invariably votes one way—for the French candidate.

If the French-Canadian is loyal to his own in politics, he is even more devoted to the support of his religion. The priest is a great man in every parish. The ambition of every habitant is to have one of his boys become a priest and another a lawyer; after that the rest may be shantymen if they choose. No country district in Quebec is too poor to afford its stone church. Montreal is noted for the number and excellence of its houses of worship. In the immediate vicinity of the Windsor Hotel there are nine splendid edifices. These are grouped in such proximity that a small boy could stand on a given corner and almost throw a stone against the tower of each. One of them is built after the pattern of St. Peter's, in Rome, being

one fourth its size. Further away there is one with fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold-leaf in the ceiling.

In the down-town locality, in what might be called the financial district, where office-buildings abound, and where real estate is very valuable, priests may be seen hoeing vegetables upon land one front foot of

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 8]



HABITANT TYPES

ness, but the "blues" won't down. The shanty looks forlorn and lonesome under the shadow of the big house. The broken windows and tottering chimney give the hut an appearance of utter dejection, but the more desolate it appears, the more the old man's heart yearns for it. He made it with his own two hands, he says, and brought his old wife there when



HOME OF A HABITANT

she was a girl-bride. All the babies were born in it, and a number of them died in it. He broods and broods, and then deserts the fine house on the hill to again occupy the tumbling shanty in the hollow.

The habitant's refusal to have his condition bettered has something of a counterpart in the experience which the United States government met when

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TWO BEAUTIFUL PICTURES FREE

All persons who subscribe to FARM AND FIRESIDE or renew their subscriptions during the month of April will receive, if they request it, absolutely free and prepaid, the March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE supplement pictures. There is only one condition—the picture supplement here offered must be requested at the same time that you send in your subscription.

Thousands of people are subscribing and renewing their subscriptions to FARM AND FIRESIDE, and we have printed an extra supply of the March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE supplement pictures because we are now convinced that the future demand for this exquisite supplement will be enormous.

This supplement contains two magnificent pictures, and judging from the complimentary letters received, it is the most charming and beautiful picture supplement ever sent out by any publisher, and has greatly pleased the hundreds of thousands of FARM AND FIRESIDE readers. If your subscription expires, don't fail to renew it promptly and secure this beautiful picture supplement free to all who subscribe and request it when they subscribe. Ask for the March 15th picture supplement, and it will be sent, postage free. Do it to-day. See page 29.

JUST A FEW OF THE SPECIALS FOR THE APRIL 15th ISSUE

"Some Perplexities of Irrigation Farming"—An illustrated special by Edmund G. Kinyon, describing some of the drawbacks of irrigation farming.

"The Discontented Country Girl"—This all-important matter will be reviewed by a well-known and capable writer, who will discuss the Cause, Dangers, Advantages, Safeguards and Results common to the girl seeking betterment of condition and surroundings.

"Some Seats of the Mighty"—A talk about the now antique furniture used by the great historic characters of our country, together with illustrations of some old chairs that have become famous.

"Next Summer's Outing"—The advantages of advance preparation for enjoying the out-of-door season will be told by an experienced camper.

"Hail to the Risen King"—Easter thoughts in prose, poetry and song will be especially interesting and entertaining features.

A MILLION SUBSCRIBERS

FARM AND FIRESIDE has made most remarkable gains in the number of subscriptions received during the past few months, and thousands of new subscriptions are still pouring in, but what it deserves is a full million.

It will be a very simple matter for FARM AND FIRESIDE to get the million subscribers if its readers each will assist just a little in the following way: Let every reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE send one new subscription, that of a neighbor friend, at the regular price, twenty-five cents a year, and the task is accomplished. Now, dear reader, do you really believe that

this is asking very much? It seems to us to be a very small favor, and we would really be glad to do that much for you.

See one of your neighbors real soon, and let him see the paper; explain to him that it is larger, more finely printed, contains more departments, is more profusely illustrated, comes twice a month instead of monthly, and has more readers than any other farm and family twice-a-month journal in the world, and he will gladly hand you twenty-five cents for a year's subscription. If every one of our friends will do this the million will be assured. Now let us all do our little share.

About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

PRESERVING EGGS.—My friend who edits the poultry page of FARM AND FIRESIDE does not express himself very enthusiastically about the preserving of eggs in water-glass. Probably he meant only to speak of it thus lightly as a means to preserve eggs in a commercial way. It is true that where eggs are to be kept on a very large scale, for the purpose of marketing them at a time of unusual egg-scarcity, the cold-storage method is by far the safest and cheapest. In our households, however, and in isolated neighborhoods we have no cold-storage facilities. Of all methods of preserving eggs for home use, or even for sale to neighbors, I know of none that is simpler, more convenient, or more satisfactory in results generally, than is this water-glass method. Some persons are proposing to just dip the eggs in the solution, and then put them on the shelf in boxes or crates. I would not risk many eggs that way, and don't believe they would keep well for more than a month or two. Simply drop them in a ten-per-cent solution of water-glass (silicate of soda), and leave them in until wanted. I have just taken out the last of the eggs which I thus put up last August, and they came out nearly as good—in fact, practically as good—as when fresh.

OUR PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—How proud we parents sometimes feel when our small children appear to be unusually bright and advanced in development ahead of their ages! Yet it seems to me that parents whose children are slow in development need not be discouraged. Unusual precocity is no proof or indication that a child will be of unusual brightness or brilliancy when it grows up. The child that develops slowly at first, and shows no marks of unusual qualities in infancy, often grows up to accomplish more than the child that is unusually precocious. The development of the human animal is naturally extremely slow. A cow or an ox reaches maturity at the age of two or three years. The far more intelligent horse, although it may not be larger than the stolid ox, requires four or five years. The human animal does not reach full maturity in less than twenty, and the zenith of his development perhaps in not less than thirty or forty. In short, unusual precocity, or unusual early "smartness," although it may tickle the vanity of the parent, is nothing that seems especially desirable. This is not saying that I do not like brightness in children of any age. The bright child usually makes a bright man or woman. But the precocious child may reach the common standard quicker than the average, and yet never go beyond it.

MEN OVER FORTY.—The desire for notoriety is generally ascribed to Doctor Osler of Johns Hopkins University as a cause for his remarks about men over forty and at sixty. I rather believe that the Doctor simply attempted to indulge in a "scientific pleasantry," as a certain professor in the employ of the Department of Agriculture once did, to his everlasting disgrace, when he told of the manufacture of artificial comb-honey. The whole past history of the United States in almost all branches of industrial development shows that the really great achievements have come from men of riper age. See what has been done by our own statesmen and those of other nations, by men over sixty years of age, and in many instances by men over eighty! It is not necessary to name them. Even we common people, from our own simple life-experiences, can easily see that Doctor Osler's statement is not true. I lay no claim to great accomplishments, but I believe that the world at large is not any the worse off for my having lived. Up to my fortieth year I was perfectly useless to the world, and the little that stands to my credit dates from about that time. I am not far from sixty now, yet I believe that if I keep my health I shall be of some use to my fellow-men for quite a few years more. In my own case the full measure of good, straight common sense (which is an indispensable requisite for the accomplishment of anything of value) did not come until I was about forty.

THE KNAPSACK-SPRAYER.—A few days ago I was in the store of a Buffalo manufacturer of spraying-outfits. I was told that the great demand now is for power-sprayers. Twenty years ago we were not looking for the rapid development of a general sentiment in favor of even the smaller (knapsack and barrel) sprayers for hand use. It was then thought that an amount of from ten to fifteen dollars would be as much as even a progressive orchardist could be induced to expend for a sprayer. Now our prominent fruit-growers do not offer any serious objection to paying seventy-five dollars, one hundred dollars or more for an efficient power-sprayer. They feel that the results justify the expenditure. The work has to be done in a comparatively short time, and efficiency and convenience in operation count for something these days. Thus, also the potato-growers whose plantings cover ten or a dozen acres or more use large horse and power sprayers, even the barrow-sprayers being considered insufficient for them. A time may

come, however, when the hand barrel-sprayer will again come into more general use. There is a place for it on farms and in fruit-patches of moderate size, and when we have learned to compound spray-liquids that are just as efficient as those we use now, without the drawbacks connected with lime and sulphur mixtures, people will be less afraid of the task of spraying. There is also a place for one-horse sprayers for use in the moderate-sized potato-patch, and there is a place for the knapsack-sprayer. In fact, I can hardly see how I could get along without a good knapsack. This tool comes handy in a good many ways. It is just the thing for the small market-gardener, for the home-grower who has an acre or two devoted to garden, potatoes, grapes, a few trees, etc., for the potato-grower whose acreage does not go beyond the two or three acre mark, and especially the vineyardist in the hilly sections where horse or power sprayers cannot well be used. In Ontario and adjoining counties of this (New York) state we find thousands of acres of steep hillsides planted to grapes. Up to within a very few years back the various grape-diseases were almost wholly unknown in this region. Now the mildews and rots have come into these vineyards, and they have come to stay. The growers will be forced to resort to spraying or lose their crops. The lay of the land forbids the use of power, or even horse, sprayers in most of these vineyards. The only sprayer that can be used is one which can be carried on the back. The knapsack will be found to be the right thing in this emergency. Manufacturers should invade this territory, and convince the grape-growers there, for their own good, that their salvation lies in spraying their grape-vines, and that the knapsack-sprayer is just the implement to do the work on these hillsides. And then they might go over all the adjoining farm-lands where potatoes are a leading money-crop, and where heretofore blight, especially the early blight, has seldom done much damage, and try to get the growers into the habit of spraying their potato-fields, thus doubling their crops, which henceforth are likely to be materially cut down by disease. For patches not exceeding a few acres the knapsack will also answer very well, and where the potatoes are planted on hill-sides, as in many instances, it is really the only serviceable tool. It takes a good man—a man with a strong back—however, to carry it all day long. But the knapsack's mission has not yet come to an end.

BUYING AND USING FERTILIZERS.—A reader in Bradford, Ohio, wants some one to tell him how to prepare fertilizers right at home on the farm, so there will be no need of paying out more money than is necessary. The answer is easy. Study the matter of plant-foods until you get a clear idea of the needs of the plants and of the materials available for supplying those needs. Without such knowledge you will forever be working in the dark. Everything will be guesswork and hit or miss, usually miss. If you will not or cannot get this knowledge, then you must pay the penalty by allowing big profits to fertilizer-dealers or by spending money for plant-foods wastefully in applying certain elements that the crops may not need or may not make use of. It is only the man who knows what he is doing who can secure the maximum results with a minimum of expense. For instance, you are growing common field-crops—grains, potatoes, corn, etc. Your soil, a strong loam, may be well provided with plant-foods except that phosphoric acid, the main ingredient in our phosphates and superphosphates, is in somewhat short supply. If you know this condition, you may buy and apply a simple superphosphate, such as dissolved South Carolina rock (sometimes called acid phosphate), at the cost of eleven to fourteen dollars a ton. If you don't know the mentioned condition, you will feel safe only in applying a complete fertilizer containing even less phosphoric acid than is needed, but in the place of it potash and the still costlier nitrogen, which may not be needed, and the application of which means only so much waste. Such a fertilizer will cost from twenty to forty dollars or more a ton, and perhaps give less marked immediate results at the much greater expense. Every farmer is continually making and compounding fertilizers on the farm or has his agents at work at the business. He has his horses, his cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, all manufacturing plant-food materials for him, and besides he sets (or should set) thousands of clover or other leguminous plants in his fields to work producing from the air with the help of the often-mentioned bacteria, all the nitrogen that his crops may need. In our gardening operations we may often find good and profitable use for purchased nitrogen. The progressive general farmer seldom will find it necessary to spend money directly for nitrogen. If he makes best use of his opportunities, raising very large crops, he can usually do all that can be done by simply buying his plant-foods (if he is not making all the natural manures that he needs) in the two simplest and cheapest forms—namely, superphosphate and potash salts, usually muriate of potash. Our strong loams here are usually well provided with potash. All that we have to do in common farm operations is to buy superphosphates, and supply the nitrogen by growing clovers, depending on the soil itself for potash. In some places wood-ashes are available. They are a good fertilizer where potash is needed, and also furnish some phosphoric acid. For myself I can see absolutely no reason why I should "mix" fertilizers or buy mixed goods. If my soil needs phosphoric acid I apply the clear, unmixed superphosphate; if it needs potash, also, I use potash in one form or another, as mentioned, in a separate application. Even where I wish to use nitrogen for my garden crops I apply it separately, usually in the form of nitrate of soda. All these substances are easily applied broadcast or with a drill. I practise the broadcast method, sowing potash or nitrate by hand, as I would salt or wheat. With the superphosphate, on account of its dusty nature, I have a little more difficulty, but get over it very nicely by slightly moistening it, which is done by sprinkling a little water over a heap of it on the barn floor, and repeatedly shoveling it over until just damp enough all through that the dust will not fly when the fertilizer is scattered broadcast over the land. If there is a better way I would like to be told of it.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

"KANSAS FARMERS' GUIDE."—The fourteenth biennial report of the State Board of Agriculture of Kansas lies on my desk. It contains over a thousand pages and nearly two hundred half-tone illustrations, and is probably the most pretentious volume ever issued by any state. It treats the various matters connected with farming in Kansas in a plain, understandable way, and all who can read can get the full benefit of every statement. This is Secretary Coburn's way of making his reports. He gets together the best and fullest information obtainable from those who have made a success of agriculture in Kansas, and after putting it into an attractive, readable form, he scatters it broadcast over the state. Little wonder that Kansas is a leader. From this volume every Kansas farmer may learn just what the best farmers in the state have done and are doing. None need be groping his way in the dark, trying little experiments to learn what crops will pay, as many are doing in other states. This book shows what crops will do well in every part of that state, and how they should be planted, cultivated and harvested. It should be named "The Kansas Farmers' Guide." I would advise every man who is moving

All Over the Farm

hours of labor, but by skilful farming. The day of the ten-inch plow, one-horse cultivator, grain-cradle and flail is past, and the long hours of drudgery that were necessary when they were used are no longer called for. I do not blame a farmer lad for wanting to shake off the shackles that bind him to such a life. The most successful farmers I know are not drudges, but workers. They are not striving to see how many hours they can work, but how much effective work they can do in the fewest hours. Taking the season through, a horse can do more work in eight or nine hours a day than he can in twelve or fourteen, and at the end of the season you still have a horse instead of a worn-out plug. Doing the feeding, watering and other chores on the farm is work that can be done either right or wrong. When a man is fresh and strong he will do them right, and see that every animal has a full supply and is made comfortable. When he is worn out by hard and continuous work he is certain to slight some of the chores, and he is certain to

ably drain either section. In addition to plowing in lands it may be sometimes necessary to strike a few furrows with the plow after the crop is planted. I have seen this simple expedient do effective service on a flat piece of ground. It is necessary to clear the furrows with a shovel where they may be clogged by the imperfect action of the plow or at intersections.

With the use of grain-drills and other wheeled machinery water-furrows are avoided as much as possible, but there remain many situations where they are of the greatest use. While their operation is superficial, they are of great help in removing the surplus water in times of heavy rainfall. The idea is to get the water off the crops before it does damage. With hillside fields the reverse of this policy holds. There the object is to retard the flow of water so that it will not furrow and gully the land. Terracing is simply surface-drainage to prevent washing on hillsides.

It is a bad practice to plow sloping land up and down the slope if it can be avoided. When washy hillsides are plowed at all they should be plowed deeply, so that the loose earth may absorb a large portion of the surplus water. Then the crop, if it is one that is to be cultivated, should have the rows rather across the slope than with it. Then each row as it is cultivated becomes a miniature ter-



A SOUTH DAKOTA FARM HOME

into that state to engage in farming to get a copy. Get one if you have to pay ten dollars for it.

PARCELS POST.—I promised several readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE to keep them informed concerning parcels-post matters. On April 1st a parcels-post agreement with Great Britain goes into effect. The weight of the parcels to be transmitted from one country to the other must not exceed four pounds six ounces, and in value must not exceed fifty dollars. To send a package of the above weight to England will cost forty-eight and two thirds cents. To send a four-pound package by mail two miles in this country will cost just what it does now—sixty-four cents. The German post-office carries a parcel weighing eleven pounds to any part of the empire for twelve cents. The British post-office carries a three-pound parcel for ten cents, and will call at the house for it and deliver it without any extra charge. The mail service in this country is twenty-five years behind that of any other civilized country on the globe—the poorest of all. A new man takes charge of the pension office in a few weeks, and he boldly announces that he will get the dust out of some of the corners of that establishment, and cut out a lot of the red tape. A new man will take charge of the post-office department soon, but he is saying nothing, and as he is a professional politician it is safe to say that he will saw only political wood. We shall be greatly surprised if he asks Congress to check the express trust even the slightest by lowering the postage on parcels of any size. While all other civilized governments are giving their people the best and cheapest postal service that can be devised, we must be content to wait until we can elect a Congress that the express trust does not control, and in the meanwhile continue to pay whatever transportation charges they may see fit to levy, and also the regular twenty-five cents bonus for transferring a package from one "company" to another.

FARM LIFE AND WORK.—A farmer boy in Indiana writes that he has read many of my articles referring to farm life as the best and most independent of all, and that he "can't see it in that light." He says that now spring has opened he has to get up at four o'clock every morning, and work at chores about an hour before breakfast; then, after swallowing that, he has to work all day; he never gets supper before eight or nine at night, and gets to bed about ten. He says this is "regular" at their house. He says he has a cousin about his age who works in a factory in town, and he does not have to begin work in the morning until eight o'clock, and quits at five. All the rest of the twenty-four hours is his own to have "a good time in" and sleep. I am well aware that there are thousands of farm homes where just such a system as he describes is "regular," and, as he says, the folks are not getting rich, either. I never yet have seen it necessary to begin before day and continue until late in the night on any farm except for two or three days in harvest or haying time. Five o'clock is quite early enough for any farmer to rise, and if he begins active work in the field by half-past six, and continues steadily at it until eleven or half-past, he has done a good half-day's work; then out again at one, and continue until half-past five or six, is long enough for both men and horses. This is the practice of some of the best farmers I know—men who are making money, not by long

lose by it. A good farmer once said to me that he liked to have plenty of time for his chores. "If I take time to do my feeding carefully, and note the effect on each animal, I can feed to much better advantage than if the job is rushed through with scarcely a glance at the stock. One cannot turn this job over to the hired man or small boy with any assurance that it will be done right. I prefer to do it myself, and then I know it is done right. When I get into the field I keep going steadily until quitting-time. I find that it pays better to keep moving steadily in the field than to rush along an hour or two and then sit down fifteen minutes to rest the horses." A great many farmers have learned that they will have to farm without any assistance from hired men. Good farm-hands have become so scarce, and poor ones are so worthless, that it has become necessary to make calculations without considering them at all. Naturally this will tend to reduce the acreage of crops that must be cultivated. Farmers will not necessarily be obliged to labor harder or longer hours, but they will be compelled to use the best labor-saving implements. As a farmer said to me a few days ago, "With the riding-plows, cultivators and adjustable harrows that we have now I can do nearly three times the amount of work I could thirty-five years ago, and do it much better and with less fatigue."

Surface-Drainage

On an average about one fourth of the rainfall passes off the surface without entering the soil. This surplus water becomes an important factor in the farm-management. Allowed to collect as it rushes down the slopes, it is liable to cut the soil and carry away the best portions, and on the flats it may remain so long that it will suffocate the crops. In trying to avoid these results every farmer becomes an engineer, and his success with crops in certain locations depends in no small degree upon his skill in controlling the water.

In former times, before the practice of underdrainage was carried to the success that it now is, much dependence was placed upon surface-ditches, and flat lands were regularly plowed and cultivated in "land-beds." They were plowed the same way every time, and it was a common thing to see the elevated lands a foot or two higher than the water-furrows between. Underdrains cannot altogether do away with the usefulness of these land-beds on flat clay lands, as in times of heavy rainfall the water cannot reach the drains fast enough, and the level soil will puddle and subsequently bake. Surface-drains are frequently useful auxiliaries to the underdrains to carry off the surplus water quickly. As a substitute for covered ditches, a bold system of land-beds will frequently help matters on flat meadows. The "lands" may be made not over eight or ten yards wide, and the middle furrows cleaned out after cultivation is finished.

On no crop is it so important to guard against stagnant water on the surface as winter wheat. On such spots it is very apt to winter-kill. In plowing flat land the dead furrows should be left in such an arrangement as to carry the water off from the "sags" and the level stretches. If the surface is somewhat uniform, it may be plowed in "lands" lying in the direction of the drainage, each middle furrow then acting as a surface-drain. When the surface is not uniform it may be expedient to plow in two systems, so that the dead furrows of each shall favor-

race to carry the water gently along to some depression, where it accumulates in a stream, and rushes down to the lowlands. These depressions should always be left in grass or sod to prevent gullying. The surface-water from the uplands, when disposed there so as to do no damage, very frequently causes trouble in the adjoining lowlands, where it spreads out to drown land already oversupplied. The evident remedy here is to cut a surface-ditch to intercept the water and carry it out of the way.

GRANT DAVIS.

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Gardening

By T. GREINER

THE EUREKA CABBAGE (also called Maule's First Early) is so carefully bred that almost every plant will make a good head. If our friends want a nice flat cabbage that is as solid as it is possible for a cabbage to grow, this is the one they should plant.

FROM THE CATALOGUES.—Young & Halstead, a New York State seed-firm, lists the Ebenezer onion. I have known this onion for some years. It is a local onion known in the Buffalo markets, much used by the gardeners at Ebenezer, not far from Buffalo. It seems to be a strain of the Yellow Dutch onion, and undoubtedly one of the best keepers on our list of onions. In this respect I believe it is without a peer. I was not aware that seed could be had in any great quantity, as the Ebenezer growers seem to guard it with jealous care. It deserves to be more generally known, and should become popular. With ordinary care it will keep without sprouting until June or July.

"NITRO-CULTURE."—Many of our seedsmen are sending out pamphlets offering "nitro-culture" as a means of "doubling your crop at little expense, without extra time or labor." Under some circumstances soil-inoculation with the nitrogen-forming bacteria may do even more than seedsmen thus promise, but we should not be led to believe in this new "nitro-culture" as a panacea for all ills to which our soils are heir, especially not for soil-starvation. "Nitro-culture" will not cover our sins of omission and commission in regard to treatment of the soil. When the bacteria that we seek to introduce for the benefit of a certain leguminous crop are already present in the soil, as they are in a great many cases, all additional efforts in the direction of nitro-culture will be futile and of no effect; when they are not, the results may be immediate and striking.

EARLY TOMATOES.—A big lot of tomatoes are sent out again under the claim that they are earlier than any good sort we ever had before. We are not nearly so much in need of new varieties in that line now as we were before Spark's Earliana and Maule's Earliest were introduced. Besides these sorts, I now have growing King of the Earlies (Moore & Simon), which is not materially different from the variety of that name of earlier days, is not what we want; Drear's Early Cluster; Green's Nuevo, a dwarf tomato of the Honor Bright type; Johnson & Stokes' No. 10, and also another untried sort for testing, and several others. Chalk's Early Jewel has come up with more than ordinary vigor this year, the seeds showing greater vitality than anything in the tomato line I have now growing in the greenhouse. It is one of the best second-early tomatoes for market. I do not like it so well for home use, although it is very handsome.

SCALE ON CURRANTS.—A lady reader in Michigan asks whether petroleum can be used on currants to kill the San Jose scale. I have used it for that purpose with most gratifying results. It was applied in full strength, after the currants had already begun to start growth in early spring, the petroleum being applied in a mist-like but very forcible spray, and freely enough to coat the wood of the bushes all over with a film of the oily fluid. Of course, there is a great difference in the quality of different samples of petroleum. With the oil I bought especially for tree-spraying purposes I would not be afraid to spray peach and plum trees at that time of year, the trees then showing the first signs of life in the swelling or opening of the buds. There have been some reports of trees being entirely killed by the petroleum spray. I have sprayed apple and pear trees with clear petroleum—and very freely, at that—after the first leaves had already begun to unfold, and never have noticed the first sign of injury to the tree or leaf from such treatment.

GREENHOUSE-HEATING.—I am very much pleased with the way my hot-water heater has worked during the past winter. For a small greenhouse there can be nothing better and simpler than the hot-water system. The trouble I have had heretofore was that the house was too large for the capacity of the heater. Manufacturers of heaters are sometimes liable to claim a larger heating-capacity for their boilers than can be depended upon. Be sure to arrange for sufficient heat to keep the house at the desired temperature and safe from going too low on extremely cold winter nights. For small heaters we can also often make use of a smaller size of coal than the manufacturers of the heater advise us to use. In hot-water heating, of course, the heater should be set low enough so that the water can gradually rise all through the pipe-system, connecting with the highest level of the water in the heater, and then gradually fall back to the heater, entering the heater near the bottom. That is all there is about it.

TESTING SEED-CORN.—This is the season and the year when the testing of all corn before using it for seed seems especially needed. Much of the corn grown in the Northern sections last year did not fully mature. This in itself would not hurt it for seed if it had been properly cured before it was exposed to freezing. Frost will not hurt properly matured or properly cured corn for seed, but when an ear that is still soft is exposed to freezing it is likely to be made worthless for seed. Bulletin No. 96 issued by the Illinois Experiment Station comes quite timely. It treats on the testing of corn for seed. It recommends that every ear be thus tested before it is accepted for seed. "It may seem like a heavy task to germinate three or four kernels of corn from every ear in a bushel," says the bulletin, "and yet two or three evenings each week for a few weeks on the part of only

one person would test enough ears to plant his own crop, at least. The kernels could be placed between folds of heavy blotting-paper, laid in a moist box, or moistened between two common dinner-pails. It is not difficult to keep track of the ear from which each set of kernels is taken. One kernel should be taken from the butt of the ear, at least one from the middle, and one from the tip. If all the kernels grow, the ear may reasonably be supposed to be good; otherwise it should be discarded." The bulletin gives several sensible methods of sprouting the seed in such a manner that track is kept of each ear from which the kernels are taken. Readers especially interested in this subject should try to secure a copy of the bulletin. I may refer to this again.

ONION-MAGGOT.—A reader in Michigan says he lost a good portion of his onion crop last year through the attacks of maggots. I do not know that I can tell him much more about means of preventing maggot-attacks than he has already found in the "New Onion Culture." Where maggots come in big numbers the insect is a troublesome visitor, and it will not be an easy task to protect the onions so that there will not be some loss; in fact, I know of nothing more effective than the prompt pulling up and destruction of the maggoty plants. There is one point, however, about which I would like to get more definite information. Will onion-maggots also feed on cabbage, radishes, etc., and cabbage-maggots feed on onions? In other words, are the onion-maggot and the cabbage and radish maggot really distinct and separate insects? I have always acted on the supposition that all these maggots feed on all these different plants, but that they have a decided preference for plants of the cabbage family over onions, and it has seemed to me that my custom of planting rows of radishes alongside the onion-patch, or interspersed with the onion rows, has resulted in attracting the fly which is the parent of the maggot to the radishes as the plant on which to deposit its eggs, thus saving my onions from attack. I have never lost more than a very few onions by maggot-depredations, yet possibly it may not be a formidable onion-enemy for this locality.

SODA BORDEAUX.—A lady reader in Missouri asks whether Bordeaux mixture made from soda in place of lime will be as safe and effective for spraying apple-trees as the older formula (lime Bordeaux), especially for the first application before the buds have opened; also whether it will need further dilution when it is to be used on pear, peach and quince trees. I have used the Bordeaux mixture made from copper sulphate and soda on almost everything. It seems to me to be fully as effective as the older form for potatoes, grape-vines, egg-plants, cucumber, melon and squash vines and all sorts of tree-fruits. It is entirely safe in the usual strength, but I hardly ever apply it on anything that is in the dormant state. For instance, if I desire to spray grape-vines before the buds break (and it is an excellent practice), then I spray with a simple and rather strong solution (one pound to ten gallons of water or so) of copper sulphate. It will not hurt the grapes, but will keep the diseases in check for a while. I have also sprayed apple and pear trees with such solution, of course on the dormant wood, as the solution would be liable to very badly scorch the leaves that it touches. As long as I have to spray with petroleum to destroy the scale, however, I do not spray with any of these other solutions until after the blossoms begin to fall. The same reader asks where petroleum for spraying can be bought, at what cost, and what is the smallest package it can be bought in. I buy it in common kerosene-barrels holding in the neighborhood of fifty gallons, and I believe that is the only package in which the oil company furnishes it, although I may be mistaken in this. I have never tried to get a smaller package. Last year I paid twelve cents a gallon for it. It may be cheaper this year.

NITRATE OF SODA.—A reader asks about the use of nitrate of soda on lawns and for garden vegetables, also whether there are any books or pamphlets that give information on nitrate of soda and its uses. Of course there are such books and pamphlets. Some of the experiment stations, as well as the Department of Agriculture, I believe, have issued bulletins in which the use of nitrate of soda is explained. Such information is also found in all treatises on fertilizers (Sempers, Gregory, Harris, King, Roberts, Greiner and others) and in all modern garden-books. "How to Make the Garden Pay" (Greiner), for instance, has a good deal to say on the subject. I have just ordered a new supply of nitrate of soda from a New York fertilizer firm. It is the one chemical of all others that I do not feel I can get along without. I want it for asparagus, because that vegetable is ready to make its most valuable growth in very early spring—in fact, just as soon as the frost draws out of the ground. The early stalks bring the most money or are most appreciated by the family. The natural formation of nitric acid in the soil at that time is extremely slow. We can furnish nitrogen in its most available form by an application of nitrate of soda, and thus stimulate vigorous growth in the asparagus. The case is very similar for my early bunch-onions. If the plants in my patches have wintered well (a few days more at this writing will tell the story), they will be ready to start into growth as soon as the snow is off. They are even a much more valuable crop than asparagus. The cost of the nitrate of soda is inconsiderable in comparison with the returns if we can succeed in stimulating and forwarding the crop to even a moderate extent. To some degree this is also true of the early beet, the early lettuce and the early cabbage and cauliflower crops. Nitrate of soda often shows really remarkable effects on spinach and beets. We will usually find it profitable to apply moderate doses of it on all these crops in which we desire strong growth of foliage or of fleshy root. For the purpose of securing a strong and fresh growth of grass on the lawn an application of a light dose of nitrate of soda will also be found useful. I invariably apply it on all my crops by hand, broadcast. It can be scattered by hand very easily and conveniently, in the same manner as we would sow salt or wheat.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

SCALE-INSECTS.—J. M., Kalama, Wash. I am inclined to think that your fruit-trees are injured by at least two kinds of scale, but cannot be certain of this without specimens. If you will send me specimens I will identify them promptly.

SCALE-INSECT.—J. L. G., Amboy, Ill. I wish you would send me a sample of the insect that seems to be causing the trouble on your trees. I know of no such disease as fire-blight which is caused by any of the scale-insects in Illinois, and especially nothing such as you describe. Under some conditions it is safe to use clear kerosene on trees, and this is one of the best remedies for scale-insects. It should only be applied, however, on clear, bright, breezy days, when it will dry rapidly. Kerosene emulsion can be applied to trees at almost any time without injuring them.

MOVING LARGE BOX-ELDER.—G. L. B., Britton, S. D. The eight-inch box-elder trees to which you refer may be moved if reasonable care is taken in handling them. If you dig a trench around the trees, cutting off the roots at three or four feet from the tree, and at two feet from the surface, you will get a nice ball of roots that will enable you to transplant your tree without much danger of loss. I would also suggest that when transplanted you cut back the tops of the trees about one third of the growth. This will make the trees of better form than they otherwise would be, and their chances of living will be improved.

SAN JOSE SCALE ON CURRANTS.—F. P. C., Florence, Col. The samples of currant-wood which you sent on are infested with the San Jose scale. It is almost impossible to rid your bushes of this pest entirely by spraying, and I believe that your best plan, if your bushes are generally infested as badly as the specimens which you sent on, will be to cut off your bushes just below the surface of the ground, and permit them to sprout and produce new wood. All the wood cut off should be burned promptly. This will rid your bushes of the pest, and while you will lose the crop this year, your this year's crop would be of very little value anyway. I am inclined to think that you will find other plants in your garden that are infested with this troublesome scale-insect.

SCALE-INSECT.—W. F. B., Pine Bluff, Ark. The specimen which you sent on is not San Jose scale, but is quite different from it, and is known as a "Lecanium." If you have only one tree that is infested with this scale I would suggest that you prune it severely, cutting off and burning all the new wood, by which means you will remove and destroy a large amount of scale; then on some bright, clear day go over it carefully with a large brush, and paint with kerosene, taking pains to get into all the cracks. Do not put on so much kerosene that it will remain for a long time, but just barely enough to wet the bark thoroughly. The lime-sulphur-and-salt wash is safer and more effectual than kerosene, but it is difficult to make, and involves considerable labor, and as you have only one tree I think there is very little risk in your applying the kerosene as recommended. It will kill the scale, and if you follow the directions will not hurt the tree.

SAN JOSE SCALE.—H. W. W., Auburn, R. I. If your trees are badly infested with San Jose scale, I think probably your best remedy is to spray with clear petroleum on some bright, breezy day, when it will dry off quickly, and then use only enough to nicely moisten the bark. The lime-sulphur-and-caustic-soda solution is also good for destroying the San Jose scale; in fact, it is one of the most satisfactory remedies for it, all things considered, and there is no danger of injuring the tree by it, as there is by kerosene when the conditions are not just right. If you decide to use kerosene, it should be applied just as it is bought, and the same way with crude petroleum. It is a great pity that you have this pest to contend with, but the presence of it is going to give an added advantage to the good cultivator who will spray each year and look after his fruit. You will find that spraying this year will probably not be sufficient to destroy all the San Jose scale, and that it will be necessary for you to repeat the work another season and to continue doing so. Professor Card, of the Rhode Island Experiment Station, is a good man for you to advise with.

TREES FROM CUTTINGS AND SEEDS.—O. A. B., Audubon, Minn. Box-elder and elm trees cannot be raised from cuttings, and the seedlings of these trees are so easily obtained that it would hardly pay to do so even if they grew quite readily in this way. You can buy seeds of birch and Norway spruce from J. M. Thorburn, New York City, and it is possible, also, that you can obtain seed of ash and elm from this party. Poplar-seed is very perishable, and I do not know of any concern offering it for sale, nor of any one who is raising poplar from seed. There are large quantities of poplar seedlings to be found, however, along the moist shores of lakes and in the swamps of northern Minnesota, and the sand-bars in the Mississippi, Minnesota, Missouri and other Western rivers are common sources of our cottonwood seedlings. Most of the poplars and cottonwoods may be grown from cuttings. I prefer to sow the seed of these trees in the spring, especially on soil that packs somewhat during winter. On this account I object to autumn planting. There is no objection, however, to the planting of seedlings in the autumn in the case of such hardy deciduous trees as birch, poplar, elm and ash, provided that they are earthed up in the autumn and have a little mulch about them to prevent their coming out of the ground. Norway spruce and other evergreens should always be moved in the spring.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

NEW SEEDLING ORANGES.—A. C. T., California. I have looked over your seedling oranges with much interest, and am glad I had the Washington Navel you sent on hand for comparison. I am especially pleased with your Navelencia, which seems to be an orange of exceptionally high quality. Your improved Washington Navel is an orange of much merit. The skin of both these varieties is certainly a great improvement over that of the Washington Navel. I am inclined to think that your Navelencia would require a little more careful packing than the Washington Navel in order to get it to market without cracking, as the skin is so exceedingly thin and the fruit is so very solid and juicy. I think that your work in originating these two new varieties is entitled to much praise, and I shall take pleasure in referring to it in a very commendatory way in my report to the American Pomological Society.

STRAWBERRIES NOT BLOOMING.—S. E. M., Coolidge, Kansas. It is a very difficult matter for me to state in a limited

made up while the tree is actively growing. It does not matter much whether the cuttings are made in the autumn, winter or spring. I think perhaps the best way is to make the cuttings about twelve inches long and from one fourth to three fourths of an inch in diameter. Have the land in which they are to be planted nicely worked up and in first-class condition for a crop of corn. Line out with a marker where the rows are to go, and stick the cuttings in the loose soil in a slanting direction. This is better than putting them in perpendicular, as then they settle with the ground and do not work loose. Where slender willow poles are easily obtained, a very good way to start a willow wind-break is to trim the poles out as long as may be, furrow out where the rows are to go, lay the poles in the rows, and cover with a plow. At intervals of about three feet uncover the poles with a hoe or a similar tool, and at these points the poles will sprout. Willow-cuttings should be cultivated through the summer as thoroughly as a crop of corn in order to secure best results. The best willow for



STRAWBERRIES GROWN IN SOUTH DAKOTA

space what the reasons might be why your strawberry-beds have not bloomed. If you have the true Bubach, and have not had frost during the time when the plants were in flower, you certainly should have had some fruit, and since you have had no fruit at all, I am inclined to think that it is possible that you may not have this variety, but have a pistillate sort under this name, in which case you would not get much fruit. For instance, if in place of the Bubach you received the Warfield or Crescent, you would fail to get any considerable amount of fruit. Late frosts, that come when strawberries are in blossom, will often destroy the crop. If your strawberry-plants are in blossom when you receive this answer, and you will forward me some of the flowers, I will at once let you know whether your flowers are such as need pollenization from some other variety, or whether they are bisexual.

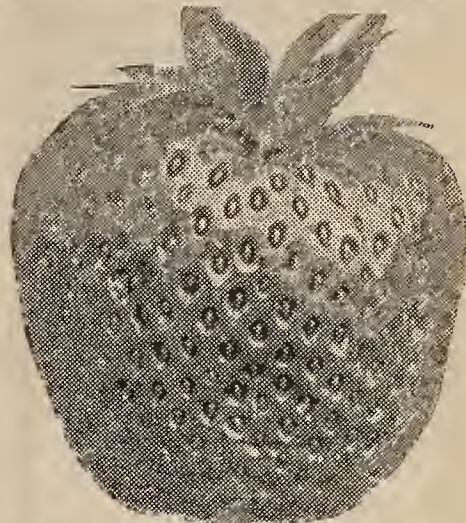
BEST STRAWBERRIES.—A. C. B., Riverside, Texas. Among the new varieties of strawberries that are now before the public perhaps none are more promising than the Splendid, Sample and Senator Dunlop in the Northern states. In your section, however, this list should undoubtedly be somewhat modified. Therefore I would suggest that you write Prof. T. V. Munson, Denison, Texas, and be guided largely by the information he will give you, as he is a very reliable man. I do not know about the variety known as Abundance, to which you refer. It is, however, a variety that has not attracted very general attention, although it may be a good sort. For a book on the general subject of fruit-growing in the Northern states I would suggest that you get "Amateur Fruit-Growing," sent out by A. W. Latham, Kasota Block, Minneapolis. This treats in a general way of the subject of strawberries, and although the subject is treated more from the standpoint of a cold climate than what you want, I am inclined to think it is the best cheap book that you can obtain. The price is fifty cents.

WILLOW-CUTTINGS.—J. C. J., Slayton, Minn. Willow-cuttings may be made up at any time when the plant is dormant—that is, any time between the latter part of September and the middle of April. They will often grow, however, even if

general use as wind-breaks in the Northern and Middle Western states is what is commonly known as the white willow. The golden willow is just about as good, and is a nice thing to use to a small extent in order to liven up the planting. Its golden twigs in the latter part of winter and early spring are in pretty contrast to the green of the white willow.

FERTILIZERS.—W. B. M., Des Moines, Iowa. The best fertilizer for a garden that can be used in your vicinity is well-decomposed stable manure from animals fed with a considerable amount of grain in their ration. Of commercial fertilizers, you would probably get best results from the use of tankage containing a high per cent of nitrogen. This will cost you about twenty-four dollars a ton F. O. B. South St. Paul, and it is customary to use from six hundred to eight hundred pounds to the acre. I like this very much for use on lawns, where I use it at the rate of one thousand pounds to the acre, and apply it in the spring as soon as the grass begins to start. There is an unpleasant odor about this material, but if it is applied just before a rain or watered well with a hose just after applying there is little trouble from this source. I like to apply a coating of about one inch of black loam to the lawn at the same time. For leaf-crops, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, etc., I think it well to use a small amount of nitrate of soda, especially for early plants, and then apply not over one hundred and fifty pounds of tankage to the acre at one time. Good guano is a standard fertilizer, containing a high per cent of nitrogen and a considerable quantity of the phosphates. It is, however, often adulterated, and I should want to buy it on a guaranteed analysis. On a lawn I should use it at the rate of about six hundred pounds to the acre, and there will be no danger of any injury to the lawn if it is applied broadcast and the lumps are thoroughly broken up before applying. The trouble in the application of all these commercial fertilizers generally comes from putting it on too thick in places. It should be scattered very evenly over the grass, and all bunches should be broken up. If on opening a sack it is found lumpy, it is a good plan to spread it out on a shed floor or something of that sort, and break it up with the back of a shovel.

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Cream Extractor

Means less labor, more and better butter, larger profits, because it

Separates Clean.

Has three times the separating power of other makes. Does not mix water with milk. Easier to clean and operate. No waste. Durable. Anti-rust throughout. Results guaranteed. Catalog free. Write today. We want good agents. KA DEXX CREAM SEPARATOR CO. 24 Ka Dext Bldg. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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ONLY \$1.00 AN ACRE DOWN AND 10 CENTS AN ACRE PER MONTH



AFTER A FEW YEARS A COMFORTABLE HOME

GOOD SOIL FINE CLIMATE PURE WATER

These lands are in the Park Region of Central Minnesota, raising wheat, corn, oats, rye, and the finest vegetables you ever saw. Clover grows without reseeded; a perfect dairy and sheep country, with the markets of Minneapolis and Duluth near at hand. Don't pay rent any longer. You can own a farm. This land now sells for \$7.50 an acre.

You can begin with 40 acres; but if you can pay more you should take 80 or 160 acres; 80 acres would cost you \$60 cash and \$3 a month. Cut out the Coupon or mail postal, write your name and address, and I will send you the booklet that will tell you how.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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Send me your booklet telling how I can buy a farm in the timber country of Minnesota, worth \$7.50 an acre, by paying \$1.00 an acre cash and 10c an acre monthly, as advertised in FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Name _____

Address _____

(Cut this Coupon out and mail to-day.)

Live Stock and Dairy

The Calf

IN SUCCESSFUL stock-management we must start with a strong, vigorous calf. This means good blood in both sire and dam, and that there has been liberal feeding and good care for generations back. Where cattle are reared under practically natural conditions, the rule that young stock comes in the spring must continue, but I am not so sure that spring is the best time for the dropping of calves in the older settled portions of the country.

Spring calves are incapable of receiving much benefit from grass during the first season, because for some time after birth the ruminating stomach is undeveloped, and between summer heat and pestering flies the thin-skinned creature has a sorry time of it. Winter comes on, with its dry food, just when good progress has commenced, and this is apt to check growth, so that the animal is a full year old before it starts on its career untrammelled.

Our experience at the present time corresponds with that of thousands of farmers who are strong advocates of having calves dropped in the fall. There is then much time to give them the little attentions needed, and since they live largely on milk, they are easily managed in barn or shed, and occupy but little room. When spring comes the youngsters are large enough to make good use of the pasture, and the result is good progress from the start, and when fall comes they return to the barn large enough to make good use of the feed there provided. Cows fresh in the fall yield a good flow of milk during the winter if well fed and comfortably housed. Just when the milk-flow begins to decrease materially comes the favorable change to grass, under the stimulus of which the yield is increased and held for some time.

From our experience I put the annual yield of milk at from ten to fifteen per cent greater from cows fresh in fall than those which calve with the springing of the grass. Breeders of pedigreed cattle will find an equal advantage with dairymen, I think, with fall calves, for the six months gained make stock a year from the next spring of sufficient age to show up in fine style and practically command the price of two-year-olds.—Animals, Foods and Diseases.

The Care of the Brood-Mare

There is probably no animal on the farm which pays the farmer a greater profit than a good brood-mare. If a man is in debt or is trying to pay off a mortgage, I would advise the brood-mare rather than hogs. Some say that the hog has helped pay off so many mortgages, and has so often helped the poor man out, but I know of cases where the hogs have left him still further in. And this is the case sometimes with horses, but not so often. The good brood-mare will help the poor farmer pay off the mortgage quicker than anything. The good mare will do just about as much work, and raise a colt, which will sell for a nice sum at the end of the season. Some will say that they know of men who went into the horse business and lost; but if they tell it all you will know of men who failed in all branches of farming. Failure in getting a profit out of the good brood-mare was certainly on account of neglect of business. Under bad management what profit could you get out of hogs?

The farm-team of good brood-mares is the best piece of property which the farmer owns, and with proper care will give a good profit in the way of work, and also in the colts, which will bring in some cash in the fall. But if the mare is expected to do all this, she must have the best care. The mare should have proper feed and daily exercise. The mare is performing a double duty in supplying material for her own body and food for the colt, and it should not be forgotten that this double work requires a little extra care if the mare is expected to hold her own. Where many people miss it is in not feeding the proper feed or grain. In many sections of the country where corn is the prevailing crop, the horse is fed on corn as an exclusive grain ration. This is a great mistake. Corn is far from the best grain; it is too heating for the work-horse and the brood-mare, as both require something besides heat and fat. The best grain for horses is oats, for it furnishes the materials necessary for strength, and you will always notice that the horse fed on oats feels like work and is ready to go. Oats furnishes the needed vitality for the mare and for the

colt, and she should have it with the best hay and pasture when possible. Exercise is also needed to keep the muscles developed, and here is another point often neglected. When idle, always turn your horses in the lot to exercise every day. Especially does the brood-mare need this exercise. You will find the best condition-powders in a daily supply of oats. The mare can have light daily work, but never overwork her. Provide good water and salt all the time, and keep her in a comfortable stall.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

Better this Year

"I am going to beat my own record this year. I intend to get more out of my cows and to get more for what I sell."

The man who talks like that is bound to win. Of course, sickness or other unforeseen circumstances may come between him and the realization of his ambitions, but under ordinary conditions he is more than likely to do what he sets out to do. I like to hear a man speak with such a degree of assurance as did this bright farmer I met on my way home from town the other day. He gave the reins over to his son, and came up on the seat by me, and we chatted of many things all in the line of his business and mine.

We all want to do better this year than we ever have done before. With some of us things have been dragging a bit of late. The price of butter was low all last summer. For some reason the cows did not give quite as much milk as they have been in the habit of doing, and what they did give was not really as rich as we had a reason to expect. Some found the cause of this in the pastures. Really it is difficult sometimes to account for the differences in milk yield and value as they follow year after year.

But not all of us will do better this year than we did last. We might, taking it by and large, but we will not. This man probably will. Why should he and not the rest of us? Simply because we will not put so much of ourselves into our business as he will. That man is making his work a study, just the same as the successful lawyer and the skillful physician do. I caught some of his secrets, and at the risk of being accused of stealing another man's ammunition, I am going to tell you how he said he was going to work at it to make a better record this year.

In the first place, he has been feeding his cows up to the work he expects them to do. He began to do this last winter. When most men were letting up on the ground feed he was giving his herd liberal rations every day. For this reason his stock came out of the stable in prime condition. That helped more than some of us imagine. A poor, half-starved cow cannot be expected to do as well as one which goes out to pasture with a good coat of flesh on her bones. Such a cow will be compelled to work for several weeks to get the flesh, and in the meantime she cannot give much of a surplus to her owner. Here my friend has a marked advantage over those who have been scrimping their cows. This is a handicap we may not be able to overcome this season.

Then, this farmer told me that he means to give his cows some grain every day this summer. What, grain cows on pasture? Yes. My friend says he has been experimenting in this line, and finds that there is money in it. True, he will not feed a heavy ration all the time, but each evening, when the cows come from the pasture, they will find a generous ration of wheat bran and a bit of corn-meal in their mangers. This will help to make the cows think of the barn about milking-time. It will save a great many steps. My friend keeps no dog to worry his cows. Glad of that.

And then, my friend says he is putting in a fine field of oats and peas to feed when the pastures begin to grow short. Later sowings will keep up the supply until the piece of sweet corn he is planning for is ready to cut. This will help him to keep up the milk-supply when that of other men is beginning to grow short. I agree with him that this is a good practice. I have followed it for some years.

And I noticed that my friend across the way has been investing in some things which most farmers do not have. The day we had this little talk he had in his wagon a fine new separator. He has been some time gathering these different dairy utensils about him. It would have cost too much to do it all at once. Something in this line every year is a good



the old leaky roof. Get a new one that will endure.

Put

Amatite ROOFING

on your building and you will never care how hard it rains or how hot the sun shines. AMATITE is the same all the year round—in any climate—the best Ready Roofing made.

Anyone can put it down. Free Sample on request.

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Guaranteed

Our 1905

MODEL BUGGY

This is a buggy you will be proud to own. "Perfection" is the verdict of all who see it. Every vehicle is sold on positive free trial of one month, with a 2-Year Guarantee. Every Model buggy has all improvements worth having on a buggy. Our direct selling plan gives you everything at factory prices.

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We are making a special low price on this elegant 1905 Model just as an advertisement. It is a chance to get the biggest bargain in a first-class, guaranteed buggy that 1905 will present to you.

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Just what to do when your horse goes lame from Sprains, Ringbone, Splints, Curbs, or other forms of lameness. Remember this and have the old reliable remedy on hand.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

NEVER FAILS.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they never fail in what you say they will do. I have cured a very bad case of Ringbone of long standing and must say I feel very thankful for your remedy. I recommend it to all. Respy yours,

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Price \$1; 6 for \$5. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address

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Does all kinds of Light and Heavy Sewing. Does all kinds of light and heavy riveting. Will save you money on repairs. Many Thanks. A Perfect Hand Sewing Machine and Riveter combined. To Show it Means a Sale. Agents make from \$8 to \$15 a day. One agent made \$20 first day and writes to hurry more machines to him. Write for special agent price.

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The Superior Cream Separator

Gets ALL the Cream in 60 to 90 minutes. Simple, scientific, practical. Never fails. 60,000 farmers use it. Does not mix water with milk. Least trouble and expense. Our Binding Guarantee assures your satisfaction or money back. Write to-day for particulars.

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DEATH TO HEAVES! NEWTON'S

Heave, Cough, Dis-temper and Indiges-tion Cure will effect a permanent cure for the ailments named. Recommended by veterinarians and owners. Every druggist in America has it or can get it.

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THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

The Corrugated Cream Extractor

The Standard For Years. Has double the cream gathering power of any other. No water in the milk; more cream and more and better butter. Prices the lowest and satisfaction guaranteed. Eastern points supplied from our Chicago Depot. Send for catalog. Agents wanted.

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SUGAR BEETS BETTER THAN MANGELS FOR STOCK FEED

Breasted's high grade sugar beet seeds yield as high as 3000 bushels per acre, 15 to 20 per cent sugar. Write for booklet No. 20—"All About Sugar Beets."

EDWARD C. POST, M. E., DUNDEE, MICH.

Importer and Sole American Representative.

Live Stock and Dairy

plan. We do not feel the burden nearly as much as if we paid it all out at one time.

And this is the way my neighbor summed the thing up:

"I mean to sell my butter straight to the man who eats it. I have hired another man to do this for me for many years, and he has been getting rich out of it. I am glad he has done well, but I am going to see if I can't keep a little of that money at home. I tell you, most of us farmers hand over the profits of our business to the other fellow. I have bought a nice butter-carrier, with a number of trays and a department for ice. I shall have regular days for delivering my goods. I shall take along some eggs and buttermilk and cream, and stick to it until I work up a trade of my own, instead of working up a trade for some other fellow. I already have a number of customers in prospect. My wife is with me in this. We intend to make a strictly gilt-edged article of butter that will stand up under the most trying circumstances. I have been grading up my cows with that end in view. I was surprised, after I got my testing-machine, to find so many cows in my dairy that were worse than useless. I had been keeping them just for the fun of the thing, I guess. But they are gone now. There is no cow in my herd that tests less than five per cent of butter-fat. We have fixed up the ice-house with a department for making butter. Very likely you have noticed it. Come up and see us. We are not bragging much, but I tell you we have made up our minds to do business this year."

He climbed down at the forks of the road, and went on with his son. I went home thinking about it. Fellow-farmers, most of us are trying pretty hard to get our heads up out of the ruts. Are there not some pointers for us here? Seems to me so.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

Renovating Forage Crops

To the man who is feeding farm-animals extensively it is often possible to supplant some crop which he has been growing to sell by a crop to feed, and in the feeding of the latter receive more than from selling the crop displaced. This is especially true where the new crop is one of the legumes, and it is used for feeding some profitable animal, supplementing some other domestic feed, such as corn, and used in place of some feed of commerce costing a high price in market.

Of course, it is presupposed that the stockman who is alert enough to the

poor cows poorly fed and attended, with gross receipts of not over twenty-five or thirty dollars a head for them a year.

BETTER FEEDING

There are possibly more cows fed poor than there are bred poor. There are more naturally poor dairymen than there are naturally poor dairy-herds. Poor feeders make poor cows, and it has been proved over and over that a good feeder can redeem many of the condemned cows. To the end that farmers shall become better feeders of their cows I see nothing so encouragingly helpful as the general interest we find among them of growing leguminous crops. The newspapers and magazines are retelling wonderful accounts of what the farmer may do by the help of soil bacterial inoculation. It is true that many of these "write-ups" are misleading and ridiculous, but they may serve to carry a farm hint, along with his politics, war news and records of crimes and things, to the farmer who will not read a farm paper.

There is probably very little difference in the actual feeding values of good clover hay and good alfalfa hay, and although clover has been grown extensively, we cannot see that its great value as a feed has made the growers of it good feeders. This is possibly due to the fact that but few of the clover-growers are good hay-makers.

RENOVATING CROPS

The legumes are the subjects for soil-inoculation. They are soil-improvers, in directly adding nitrogen. The extensive rooters, while actually adding no mineral soil-constituents, by their long roots bring to the tillable area of the land minerals beyond the reach of our grass and ordinary grain crops.

The field that produces a good crop of soy-beans or cow-peas next summer may be sown to winter vetch or crimson clover, either of which latter crops may be harvested for green feeding or for hay next spring, and the land immediately planted with corn or potatoes, sugar-corn or tomatoes, with a better assurance of a good crop than if the legumes had not been introduced. Hence, these crops, by the mere growing in the soil, have left a largeness of available fertility in it that may be used by the succeeding grain, vegetable or root crop. In addition, they have furnished a goodly amount of very valuable forage for farm-animals. They are not only most valuable feeds in themselves, but possess a consequential value in making our



"ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT"

needs of his business to count the advantage between a crop to feed and one to sell is careful enough to do the feeding to profitable animals. It is not likely to pay any farmer very largely to feed either purchased or home-grown feeds to cows of the family that makes but a hundred and thirty pounds of butter a year, to the scrub steer of sunfish conformation, or to the porker of the razor-back persuasion. There are more reasons of unthrift among the feeders of farm-animals than depend upon the dark ways of the "beef combine" and the "rebate roads," bad as those institutions are toward the unorganized producer and disorganized consumer.

As a matter of common observation, the success of the individual farmer lies very largely with the farmer himself, and so long as the individual raises fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, a ton of hay, twenty-five bushels of oats and fifty bushels of potatoes, there is no clipping of the wings of combined capital that will make him very prosperous. It is a fact that there are thousands upon thousands of farmers producing no larger crops than in the above list, and along with these poor crops they are milking

great carbon-feed, corn, when fed with it, more entirely usable to the needs of the animal than when it is fed alone.

We who must buy commercial fertilizers strike our greatest expense in buying when we must have nitrogen. This the leguminous crop stores for us in its roots, abstracted from the atmosphere, they tell us, only when the bacteria are present on the roots. Certainly the tops are rich in nitrogen, which to the cow means protein, of which she uses only about twenty per cent, yielding back the remainder in her excrement for the use of the land.

Thus it is seen that the wisest use of a renovating crop, especially of the leguminous kind, must be in using it as a forage crop, also feeding it to profitable animals, and saving all the manure.

W. F. McSPARRAN.

Prime Mutton in Good Supply

The markets are now being more generously supplied with a prime quality of mutton than ever before. Distance from market has been practically annihilated. The alfalfa and sugar-beet fields of Colorado are supplying the feed which is producing such good mutton.

SOME FACTS ABOUT FARM CREAM SEPARATION

What the BEATRICE CREAMERY COMPANY, of Lincoln, Neb., the biggest, greatest and most successful creamery concern in the world, has to say of the De Laval Cream Separators and Farm Separation:

"The De Laval Hand Separator will make the farmer double the money over the old way of handling milk and will prove twice as durable as the so-called 'just as good' hand separator.

"We have sold over 15,000 De Laval Separators since we inaugurated the Hand Separator system in the West, and we expect to add 5,000 more to this number during 1905.

"We are now operating over 600 separator cream receiving stations, with an agent at each point pleased to call on the farmer and explain how quickly he can pay for a De Laval Separator from what he is losing by dairying in the old way.

"We have paid as high as 25 and 30 cents per pound for butter fat each winter since 1900, and the future looks brighter for dairying than ever before.

"We have 20,000 satisfied patrons receiving our cream checks regularly, and at a low estimate will pay out over Three Million Dollars for cream during the year 1905."

What the Beatrice Company is doing, more than 2,000 other creamery concerns are doing on a comparatively smaller scale, every one with satisfaction and success. Scarcely a successful creamery concern anywhere is to-day attempting the use or sale of other than De Laval machines. Nearly all who have tried other machines have either changed to the DE LAVAL or abandoned the handling of separators.

The De Laval Separator Co.

Randolph and Canal Sts.
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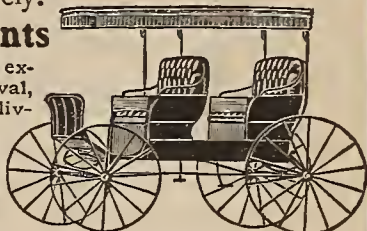
We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to consumers exclusively.

We Have No Agents



No. 649. Top Buggy. Price complete \$40. As good as sells for \$30 more.

but ship anywhere for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. We make 200 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness.



No. 335. Canopy Top Surrey. Price complete \$60. As good as sells for \$25 more.

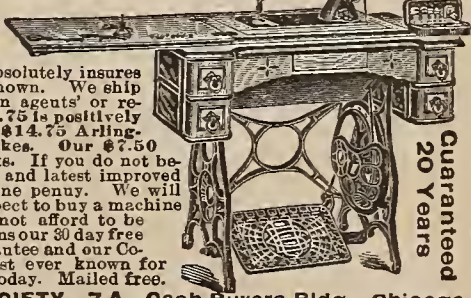
Our large Catalogue is FREE. Send for it.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Indiana.

This \$60 HIGH GRADE SEWING MACHINE ON TRIAL FOR 30 DAYS FREE

HOW WE CAN DO IT is fully explained in our beautiful new 1905 catalogue of high grade sewing machines, showing 26 styles from which to select. Every machine we sell is made in our own factory under our wonderful Co-operative plan, which absolutely insures the highest quality and the lowest prices ever known. We ship direct to the user at prices \$10 to \$40 lower than agents' or retailers' prices. Our celebrated Arlington at \$19.75 is positively equal to any \$60 machine sold elsewhere. Our \$14.75 Arlington is better than \$50 machines of other makes. Our \$7.50 Sherwood beats any \$20 machine sold by agents. If you do not believe it is the best, lightest running, handsomest and latest improved sewing machine you ever saw you will not be out one penny. We will even pay all freight charges both ways. If you expect to buy a machine immediately or at any time in the future you cannot afford to be without our Big Free 1905 Catalogue. It explains our 30 day free trial plan—our 20-year legal written binding guarantee and our Co-operative prices, which are positively the lowest ever known for high class, guaranteed machines. Write for it today. Mailed free.

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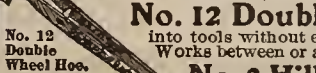


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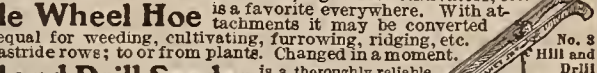
FIRST NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, 7 A Cash Buyers Bldg., Chicago

One Man Better Than Two

With Planet Jr. Garden Tools one man brings larger and better returns than two, and sometimes half a dozen, under the old methods. Get our 1905 Planet Jr. Catalog. It will help make your year's work successful. Describes all Planet Jr. Tools, including seeders, wheel hoes, hand and walking cultivators, harrows, one and two-horse cultivators, sugar beet cultivators, etc.



No. 12 Double Wheel Hoe.



No. 3 Hill and Drill Seeder.

No. 12 Double Wheel Hoe is a favorite everywhere. With attachments it may be converted into tools without equal for weeding, cultivating, furrowing, ridging, etc. Works between or astride rows; to or from plants. Changed in a moment. No. 3 Hill and Drill Seeder is a thoroughly reliable implement. Plants in continuous rows or in hills. No waste in stopping; no hills missed in starting. Marks open furrows, drops seed, covers and rolls. Light, easy-running. Don't fail to get the catalog. It's free.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1107 F Philadelphia, Pa.

THE \$50,000,000 WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS 1904

BOUGHT BY THE CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO. Millions of Dollars' worth of material will be placed on the market for quick sale by us at prices that will mean an enormous saving to purchasers. Now is your opportunity to put into execution your long contemplated improvements.

100,000,000 FEET OF HIGH GRADE LUMBER FOR SALE

The time to buy Lumber is today. Even if you do not need any Lumber today, it will pay you to purchase it now and store it for future use. It's better than money in the bank. Buy quick, because the price at which we will offer this material is bound to sell it as fast as we can make delivery. The finest grades of Lumber were used in the construction of this Grand Exposition. We have everything needed in the construction and furnishing of a building for any purpose.

SEND US YOUR LUMBER BILL FOR OUR ESTIMATE

YOU CAN SAVE FROM 30% TO 50% IF YOU BUY AT ONCE. This is your opportunity to build or improve your Home, Barn, Warehouse, Church, Elevator, Tool Shed, Granary and Crib, Store, School House, and in fact any kind of a building. We can furnish you anything in the line of Manufactured Articles, Roofing of all kinds, Wire Fencing, Pipe, Furniture and thousands of other items. ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL CATALOGUE 34. CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., EXPOSITION GROUNDS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Farm Selections

Growing Early Celery on the Farm

THE requisites in the successful growing of either late or early celery are a soil which will hold moisture sufficient for the needs of the crop throughout the growing-season, the best of fertilization, that growth may be rapid and well supplied with food, and frequent cultivation until the plants are hilled up. The young plants must also be in first-class condition.

The soil must not be too wet or sticky for easy working, but the capillary action of the soil-water should be such as to furnish a suitable amount of moisture as upon this and rich soil depends quick growth, thus avoiding toughness and a bitter, unpleasant flavor.

It was formerly considered useless to attempt celery culture upon other soil than drained swamp-land or muck which is rich in organic or decayed vegetable matter and identical with its native home along old ditches and the low places in England. Experiment has discovered that a better quality of celery may be grown upon enriched moist sand, or even clay, than upon muck.

A trench the depth of the shovel-plow should be made, and partly filled with well-rotted manure (preferably cow-manure). Earth is then thrown over and well forked in, making the whole as compact as possible, that moisture may be retained. The trench when completed should be level with the surface. A five or ten cent paper of White Plume or Golden Self-Blanching celery-seed should be sown in either shallow flat boxes, pans or flower-pots having drainage and filled with reasonably rich loam, and placed in either a kitchen window or hotbed in February or March. Sow the seed rather thickly, and when the soil has been made quite moist sift light soil or sand over, firm well, and cover lightly with one thickness of paper or cloth to exclude light and keep the soil moist. The temperature should be moderate. Ten or twelve days after sowing the seeds begin to sprout, and care must be exercised that the soil does not dry out or be exposed to direct rays of the sun, for in this way they are easily destroyed. The paper or cloth must be gradually raised, that the young plants may become used to the light and air.

When an inch or less in height, transplant into four-inch-deep cigar or other boxes or a hotbed containing rather rich earth, as upon their strong, sturdy growth depends in a great measure the success of the full-grown plants. Set about one half or three fourths of an inch apart. Keep well watered, though not too wet, and shade lightly if the weather is too bright for two or three days.

Any time after danger of frosts is past (in May) transplanting to open ground may be done. The tips of both roots and tops should be trimmed somewhat, to induce stocky growth. At the time of setting in the ground a rather heavy application of a mineral fertilizer containing four per cent nitrogen, eight per cent phosphoric acid and ten per cent potash should be given. As the nitrogen contained in both manure and fertilizer is in a state to furnish growth throughout the season, some form which will contribute to the immediate growth is required, or the plants will be inclined to start slowly. I have found, and it is known to all celery-growers, that almost immediate results are obtained by the application of nitrate of soda as a top-dressing. This is in a soluble form, and being already nitrated, feeds the plant at once. These applications should be made two or three times, at an interval of two or three weeks. E. A. SEASON.

Life Among the French-Canadians

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

which would bring more than all the garden-truck they can produce in several years if the church would sell it.

The church has always been such a factor in the lives of the French-Canadians that their folk-lore tales and traditions abound with religious morals. A popular tradition is one relating to "La Chasse-Galerie." This tells how the shantymen snowbound in the northern woods used to make a contract with the devil to take them home in the night for a brief visit to their wives and sweet-hearts. These trips were made in the air in bark canoes. The arrangement was a desperate one, such as no pious shantymen would enter into. Only profane and sacrilegious characters would venture to take such a risk. The devil gave them the power to navigate the air for that one night, with the understanding that if the name of God was mentioned or a church-steeple was touched during the flight that he should have their souls for torture.

Harvester Talks to Farmers—No. 3.

The Question of Quality, and how it is attained in the Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee and Plano Harvesting Machines.



THE International line of harvesting machines—the Champion, the Deering, the McCormick, the Milwaukee and the Plano—are used by nine-tenths of the grain and grass growing farmers of America.

Not because farmers could not get some other machine if they so desired, but simply because as careful, discriminating buyers they have deliberately chosen this line.

Their choice is based on experience. They have found that these machines are better constructed, and therefore will give better service and longer service than ordinary agricultural machinery.

And the explanation of the high quality of the International line is just as simple. It rests upon superior facilities and a far-sighted policy of management.

The manufacturers of the Champion, the Deering, the McCormick, the Milwaukee and the Plano own, operate and control the sources of their supply of raw materials; their lumber comes from their own forests, their coal and iron from their own mines, their steel from their own steel mills, their coke from their own coke-ovens, and so on.

They not only secure these materials at first cost, but, what is of greater importance, they secure a uniform quality of materials at a uniform price, enabling them to produce machines of the highest quality at a minimum cost.

And that's why the discriminating farmer buys the International line.

The matter of lumber is of special importance, for this country is threatened with a lumber famine, the nature of which is appalling when we stop to consider it.

The consumption of lumber increases every year; the supply, according to the best authorities, decreases at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, and the price consequently jumps from 1 per cent to 5 per cent every year. No. 3 pine, for instance, in June, 1896, sold for \$6.75 per thousand feet; in June, 1904, only eight years later, it sold for \$15.50, and other lumber has advanced accordingly.

The great harvester companies, realizing that it is only a question of time until the lumber problem will be one of the most serious confronting the manufacturer, inaugurated several years ago a policy in keeping with what they are doing in iron, steel, coal and coke—that is, to become entirely independent of the lumber markets by securing a

source of supply of their own.

Their timber lands in the famous St. Francis Valley consist of 60,000 acres which the International Company owns in southeastern Missouri, and 22,000 acres leased in northeastern Arkansas, both a portion of the reclaimed "sunken land districts."

The Missouri lands are near the new town of Deering, which the International Company is making a model lumber town, with all the advantages and comforts of modern life in the midst of the forests. The land is heavily timbered with oak, ash, elm, hickory, cottonwood, cypress, gum, hackberry and maple. At the principal mill here—shown in the illustration—a daily average of 44,000 feet of lumber is cut, and 125 men are employed at the mill and in the timber.

On the Arkansas lands the mill is

farmer. It is in position for the next generation, at least, to secure lumber of the highest quality and is absolutely independent of fluctuating markets, and, at the same time, by conserving the forests is not only reaping a benefit for itself and its customers, but is serving the best interests of the country at large.

Of course, we realize that "when we get down to brass tacks," as the saying is, the purchaser of a harvesting machine, or of any other commodity, cares very little about how it is produced or where it is produced, or by whom it is produced—provided he gets what he wants at a fair price.

There's no sentiment about it one way or the other.

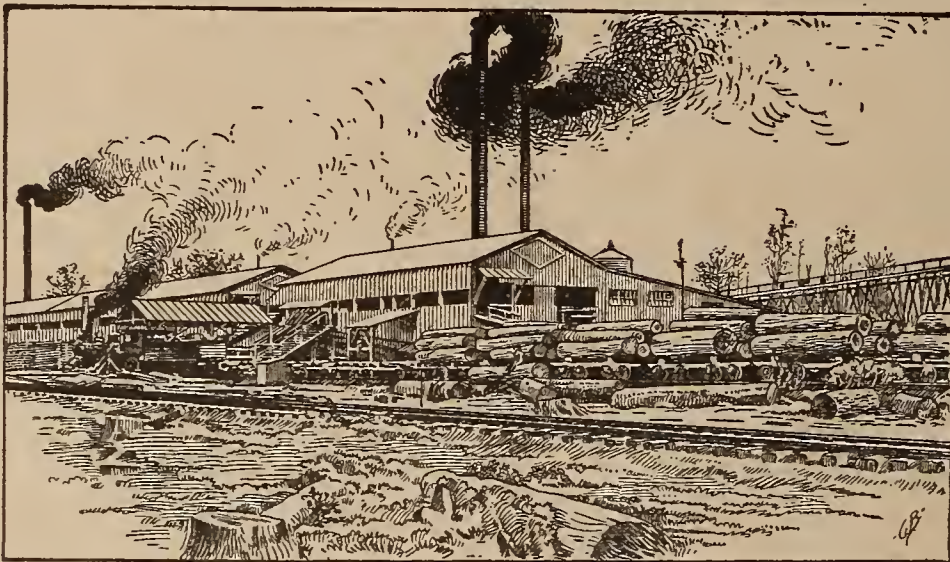
But that "provided" means much to you as a purchaser.

The old proverb has it that "you can't

make a silk purse from a sow's ear."

Neither can you make a high-grade article from low-grade material.

The International Harvester Co. is manufacturing machines of the highest possible grade, of the best quality; more than that, of a better grade and higher quality than they could by any possibility manufacture if they did not have the exceptional facilities with which they have surrounded themselves, for both



at Truman; 85 men are employed and the average output is 35,000 feet per day.

On both tracts, tramways, canals, and every modern facility for the economical handling of logs and lumber are provided.

The entire output of both tracts, after it has been properly air-dried, is used by the plants of the International Harvester Company in manufacturing harvesting machines and agricultural implements.

But the most important feature of the company's lumber operations is this:

All timber is cut in strict accordance with the rules of forestry. Instead of denuding the land, only ripe trees with well-matured, hardened wood are cut, and the greatest care is exercised to protect and preserve all young timber, so that by the time the best timber is once selected from this vast tract of 82,000 acres—even at the rate of 20,000,000 feet per year, the present consumption of the International factories—a new supply will have grown to a commercial size.

In other words, the company by this far-sighted policy has secured practically a perpetual supply of the lumber necessary for the manufacture of the harvesting machines used by the American

the production of raw material and the completion of the finished product.

And by the same token they are putting a higher quality into their product than any other manufacturer can put into his and depend upon the uncertain, unstable markets for materials.

This question of quality is at the base of the American farmer's success. It is because he has always striven for better things—for better live stock, for increased fertility in his land, for finer fruit, for better methods—that he has been able to give a new meaning to the word agriculture.

And it is because he has given quality first consideration in purchasing supplies that he has made money.

We ask your careful consideration of these facts, and of the advantages offered you in the International line. They mean a saving of money, a saving of time and worry, and a satisfaction which you can not obtain elsewhere.

You will probably find local dealers in your community who represent the International line—the Champion, the Deering, the McCormick, the Milwaukee, or the Plano. Each dealer understands thoroughly the line he sells and carries a complete stock of repair parts. Call upon him for catalogue and full particulars.

The International Harvesting Machines,

Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee and Plano

have in them the quality that means satisfactory work every day you use them, few repairs and long life—a quality made possible only by the manufacturers' policy of producing and controlling the raw materials that enter into their machines—a quality you cannot obtain elsewhere—a quality you cannot afford to overlook.

The International Lines are Represented by Different Dealers. See them for catalogues.

Binders, Reapers, Headers, Header-Binders, Corn Binders, Corn Shockers, Corn Pickers, Huskers and Shredders, Mowers, Tedders, Hay Rakes, Sweep Rakes, Hay Stackers, Hay Balers, Knife Grinders, Gasoline Engines, Weber Wagons, Binder Twine.

From Factory to Farm

14 in. Steel Beam Plow, Double Shln best that money can build, only \$9.00

12-in. \$8.75
14-in. \$9.90
16-in. \$12.00
Sulky Plow \$25
Gang Plow \$39
1000 other articles, Big Catalog Free, Special Catalogues of Buggies, Harness, Steel Ranges, Best Walking Cultivator, 4 shovel, \$12.00. Best Walking Cultivator, 4 shovel and Eagle Ovals, \$15.25. Improved Riding Cultivator, 4 shovel \$19.00. Improved Riding Disc Cultivator, 6 Disc, \$25.00. Corn Planter, complete, 80 rods wire, \$27.75. Address

HAPGOOD PLOW CO.,
(Only plow factory in the United States selling direct to farmers at wholesale prices.)

NO AGENTS NO MIDDLEMEN

See what it means.

64-Tooth Lever Harrow \$8.15
96-Tooth Lever \$12.45
14-in. Imp. Lister \$17.75
14-in. Lister \$31.55
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Steel Range with Rec. \$19.70
Fine Top Buggy \$35.50
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Made to stand the hard rubs the farmer gives his shoes. Specially selected hard wear leather. Soles, double fastened by stitching and brass screws. Sent express paid to any part of the Union for \$2.25. Made by Rice & Hutchins, makers of good shoes for over a third of a century. Send for free catalogues of Old Homestead, Waterking, Shedwater, Hard Knocks Shoes, — each best for the purpose intended.

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Low Down Wagons

soon earn their cost on any farm.

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for farm wagons. Straight or staggered spokes. Any size wanted, any width of tire. Hubs to fit any axle. For catalogue and prices, write to Empire Mfg. Co., Box 109 H Quincy, Ill.



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SURE HATCH does, 60,000 of them doing it today. Sold on 60 DAYS TRIAL, with \$100,000.00 5 Years Guarantee. Operates with half the oil and half the trouble others do. High percentage hatches, hatched early, that live and grow, make money. Dead chicks are a loss. The best brooders can't save poorly hatched chicks. Our 120-EGG INCUBATOR, complete with all fixtures, delivered, all charges prepaid to any place east of the Rocky Mountains, for only \$10. Write for free catalogue today and learn why Sure Hatches make money while others lose money. **SURE HATCH INCUBATOR COMPANY,** 6822 Clay Center, Neb. 16622 Indianapolis, Ind.

A WONDER WORKER

A metal incubator that hatches the kind of chickens a hen does—good, strong healthy chicks. The Cycle Hatcher is the only machine made that conforms to the exact laws of nature in incubation. Wonderful results have been obtained. 50 egg size only \$5. Free Catalogue. Cycle Hatcher Co., Box 230, Salem, N.Y.



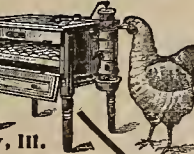
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One Hatch Free So easy to operate and so certain to please that we send it 30 DAYS FREE. Pay for it if you like it. Incubator, poultry and poultry supply catalog FREE. Poultry paper 1 yr. 10c. **ROYAL INCUBATOR CO.,** Drawer 45 Des Moines, Iowa.



\$12.80 For 200 Egg INCUBATOR

Perfect in construction and action. Hatches every fertile egg. Write for catalogue to-day. **GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.**



HATCH EVERY EGG USED

Will it do it? Ask our patrons. Mrs. W. F. Graham, R. P. D. No. 1, New Hartford, Ia.; Mrs. Eric Brack, Havensville, Kan. Send for FREE catalogue, giving those in your own State. Let us send it. **30 DAYS TRIAL.** **Buckeye Incubator Co.,** Box 23, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

\$9,000 Poultry Catalog 40 kinds Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, fowls and eggs cheap. 100 grand pictures, 20 house plans. We make hens lay, cure diseases, etc. Send 10c for mailing catalogue. Incubators 30 days free trial. **J. R. BRADSHAW JR. & CO.,** Box 12 Delevan, Wis.

GOOD RESULTS. To be absolutely sure about it use the **RELIABLE INCUBATORS & BROODERS**. If the eggs are right, you can't make a mistake. Just follow instructions. The **Bella** will do the rest. **OUR 20TH CENTURY POULTRY BOOK**, mailed for 10c, tells all about it and other things you should know. We have 115 yards of thoroughbred poultry. **RELIABLE INC. & BROS.,** Box B-41, Quincy, Ill.

THIS LIGHTNING Lice Killing Machine kills all lice and mites. No injury to birds or feathers. Handles any size, smallest chick to largest gobbler. Made in three sizes. Pays for itself first season. Also **Lightning Lice Killing Powder**, **Poultry Bits**, **Lice Murderer**, etc. We secure special low express rates. Catalog sent free. Write for it. **CHARLES SCHILD CO.,** 401 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of Standard bred poultry for 1905, printed in colors, fine chrome, suitable for framing, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents. **B. H. GREIDER, RHEIMS, PA.**

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90 Var's Poultry, Eggs, Pigeons, Ferrets, Ang. Goats, Dogs, etc. 60-page Book 10c. List free. **J. A. BERG, Box 18, Telford, Pa.**

Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Egg-Records

FARM AND FIRESIDE receives a large number of egg-records, showing the work done by flocks in different sections of the country, and many of the letters are very interesting. These records teach nothing, except that a certain number of fowls, managed by their owner, gave extraordinary results. The same flock managed by another party might not prove quite so satisfactory. One flock (owned in Ohio), consisting of twenty-four members, which were hatched in June, 1903, began laying in January, 1904, three eggs being obtained during that month, with thirty eggs for February. During March the flock gave four hundred and four eggs (the largest number for any month), with April, May and June following in the order named, two hundred and thirty eggs being laid in September, while October showed a falling off of forty-six, and November to sixty-one (probably due to molting), December ending the year with two hundred and thirty-one eggs. The birds were Plymouth Rocks, and began laying when a little over seven months old. The total number of eggs laid during the year was two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven, or a fraction over ninety-eight eggs each; but as only one hundred and forty eggs were laid in January, February, October and November, the hens laid two thousand two hundred and seventeen eggs in eight months, or an average of about ninety-two eggs each for that period. The fowls were confined for three months, and seventeen of them hatched broods. Their food consisted of corn once a day, and cooked potatoes and bran in the evening. It is in regard to the food to which attention is called. Egg-records which show how many eggs a flock may have laid during the year do not teach anything, but when the mode of management is stated it affords subject for consideration. The probability is that if the owner of the flock here mentioned had given his fowls a pound of animal-meal daily for every sixteen birds, or allowed some other kind of food rich in protein, his hens would have produced more eggs, and the cost would have been reduced in proportion to the increase of eggs. In other words, it would have been more economical, as

their eggs, and then fattening them for the market. In the United States the fattening of poultry is less commonly practised in separate establishments, nor is it anything like as general in Europe, although probably most poultrymen keep their birds on a special ration for a while before marketing them. Within a few years experiment stations and private breeders have been making very interesting investigations of the subject. One of the points most discussed is whether birds fatten better when confined in small pens than when remaining at large. The advocates of liberty maintain that the abnormal quiet of the penned birds prevents their getting the full value of the large rations, or induces the formation of fat rather than flesh, while those who prefer the use of pens hold that the flesh of the resting birds becomes equally abundant and much more tender. To help settle the question, experiments were made in Canada in which turkeys and chickens were fattened, part at large, part in small pens. The results were that "the penned fowl, both turkeys and chickens, were plumper and in every way more inviting than those which had been running at large, but that close confinement appeared to injure the chickens otherwise." In other tests the conclusion was reached that the practice of fattening chickens in crates is to be commended, and that by using a cramming-machine to feed them, chickens can be given a finer appearance when dressed than those fed in the ordinary way. In a subsequent experiment, however, it is said the pen-fed birds presented a finer appearance as to color and size when dressed than similar birds fed in a crate. Other experiments have been made at the Maine station, in which chickens were fattened, some in small pens, and some having the run of a small yard. The penned chickens made gains as great or greater than those obtained by similar methods in Europe, while those with a little liberty made still greater gains and appeared in every way as inviting. If these two sets of experiments may be relied on, the verdict seems to be that a little exercise is better for fattening than close confinement or full liberty.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 182, United States Department of Agriculture.



YARDS OF WHITE WYANDOTTES

The illustration shows some comfortable houses, the roof and sides being shingled, while the front may be of boards or muslin. Each apartment is ten by twelve feet. Such a row of houses can be constructed at a nominal cost

well as more profitable, to have reduced the allowance of starchy foods (corn and potatoes) and provided more of the nitrogenous elements.

General Methods of Fattening

Wherever the poultry industry has been highly developed, fattening has formed an important, and often a separate, branch. In France, especially about Houdan and in Normandy, the art of fattening has long been extensively and very skillfully practised. Very often the rearing and fattening are done in separate establishments. The largest poultry market in the world is that held in Houdan. Here live birds are brought by breeders by the thousands, and bought by fatteners, who a few weeks later bring them into another section of the market plump and fattened for the table. In Great Britain, also, fattening forms a separate branch of the poultry industry. Thousands of Russian chickens are annually sent into Germany to be fattened for German markets. Belgian poultrymen are said to make a regular practice of importing fine laying Leghorn pullets from Italy, keeping them one season for

Inquiries Answered

GREEN FOODS.—S. C. S., Winchester, Va., desires to know "which of the many kinds of green food should be preferred for poultry." Nearly all kinds will do, but white clover is probably equal to any.

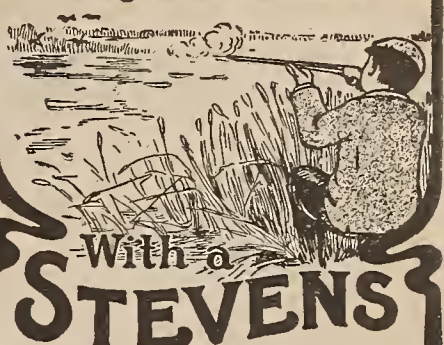
CROSSING.—J. L., Ashland, Ohio, "has plenty of room, but his hens are large, and do not forage far from the house. He wishes to cross with some active breed, and asks information." No doubt any of the Leghorns will answer, and the pullets from such a cross will forage over the whole farm.

HENS EATING EGGS.—H. W., Blissfield, Mich., asks "a remedy for hens eating their eggs." The vice is an acquired one. Make nests about ten inches from the floor, open in front, but covered, so that the hen must walk into the box, which should not be too large, as she should not be able to stand erect on the nest.

Has Your Subscription Expired?

If it has, and you will renew it promptly, you may have the March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE picture supplement free if you request it when you send in your renewal.

Bring Up the Boy to Bring Down the Game



It will make him steady of hand, cool of nerve and quick of eye—make a man of him.

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tells all about "Stevens" guns and pistols, and contains many interesting and authoritative articles on hunting, shooting, how to care for firearms, notes on sights and ammunition, etc. Send two 2-cent stamps to cover postage. Our Free RIFLE PUZZLE will be sent, postpaid, if you ask. It's a puzzler, but "easy when you know how." "Stevens" rifles, pistols and shotguns range in price from \$2.50 to \$150.00.

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Incubators

For your own sake don't buy an incubator until you read our book. It is written by the man who knows most about incubating—a man who devoted 23 years to the problem. It tells vital facts that you must know to buy wisely—facts you would not think of. It tells of Racine Incubators and Brooders, of course, but whether you buy ours or another, the facts are important. The man who writes the book made the Racine Incubator. When you learn what he knows you will want his machine, we think. The book is free—write today for it. Remember, We pay the freight. Address

Racine Hatcher Co., Box 42, Racine, Wis.
Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul.



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...that are hatched in...
IOWA ROUND INCUBATORS come in big numbers and are healthy and strong. Anyone can see why if they read our catalogue. Even Heat and Exact Regulation do the work right. Catalogue is free. Ask for it. Iowa Incubator Co. 42 Locust St. Des Moines.

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That's what users say about the great **PRAIRIE STATE** Incubators and Brooders. Our illustrated catalog tells why they are best. It's free. Write, **Prairie State Incubator Co.,** Box 415, Homer City, Pa.

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and almanac for 1905, contains 224 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about INCUBATORS and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chicken-dom. You need it. Price only 15c. **C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 669, FREEPORT, ILL.**

Get Rid of Lice

before warm weather begins, and your hens will raise 100 per cent of all chicks hatched. Lice are the poultry-keeper's greatest enemy; you can clean them all out NOW cheaply and quickly. For years I have successfully used the only real lice-killer that is absolutely certain in results. It costs but eight cents per pound to prepare, and the hens apply it themselves. I will sell the formula, with complete directions, for 25 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **AMERICAN POULTRY CO.,** Third Avenue, Springfield, Ohio

SAFE SIDE Don't invite failure by buying untried machines. For many years **Successful**

Incubators & Brooders have been the standard. Best results with least care. Incubator, poultry and poultry supply catalogue FREE. Poultry paper one year 10 cents. **Des Moines Incubator Co., Dept. 61, Des Moines, Ia.**

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Third—Every Split Hickory Buggy is sent out on a positive, definite **30 Days' Free Use Plan**, backed up by an absolute agreement on our part to take back any buggy at our expense if it is not satisfactory to the purchaser, refunding every cent of the purchase price. Our **Two Year Guarantee** gives you better protection than if you came to our factory to order your own buggy and watched the process of its manufacture from the time the hickory is split from the log until it reaches the shipping room, where the finished buggy is crated for shipment to your station.

This Guarantee places upon our shoulders the entire responsibility of building you a first-class buggy. If we were called upon to be constantly repairing and replacing defective parts the profit on a buggy would soon be eaten up in these repairs. That's the reason we are so particular in the selection of all material, and that is why we pay more for our material and throw out every piece of hickory that shows the least sign of knots, wind-shakes or imperfections of any kind. That is also the reason that it pays us to split the hickory from the log instead of sawing it, which is an expensive operation and causes a great deal of waste, but in the long run it is economy, and that is also why we employ skilled labor at skilled labor wages in every department. That is why we equip every buggy with long-distance, dust-proof axles made of the best quality refined steel, use nothing but oil-tempered springs; the upholstery, every thread of it, all wool 16-oz. fast color broadcloth; box frame easy riding spring cushions; full length tops made water-proof and very durable; why every weak point is braced and reinforced; shafts, the best quality double braced with heel and corner braces; and that is also why it costs us twice as much for the painting as the ordinary painting, because it is painted by the old-fashioned oil and lead process, with all wood-work carried 100 days in pure oil and lead, and every Split Hickory Special Top Buggy is furnished with 16 coats of painting, each coat rubbed out and thoroughly dried before the next is applied.

These Are Some of the Reasons Why Our Split Hickory Special

Top Buggy is the most popular buggy in the U. S. today. These are also the reasons that where one buggy is sold others follow. The price is \$50 and it is sold on 30 DAYS FREE USE PLAN. You can buy huggies cheaper than \$50, but not of the kind or quality of our SPLIT HICKORY SPECIAL TOP BUGGY. We are not competing with a shoddy class of goods. You do not want that kind of goods if you want to make a good investment with your money. It is not economy to buy a cheap article because the price is low when there is no value attached to it.

It is worth something to know that The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co. has a record for fair dealing with thousands of buggy users all over the United States and its references are the leading banks and business houses of Cincinnati.

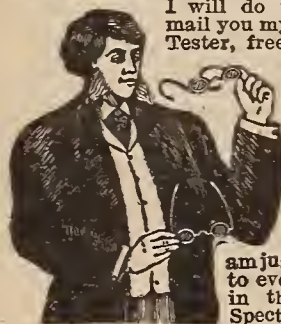
Let us send you our Free 1905 Catalogue, it is said to be the handsomest and most complete buggy catalogue ever sent out by a carriage manufacturer. It is absolutely free, contains 192 pages of buggy and harness information and you ought to have it to post yourself on the best that is made in the buggy and harness line and sold at money-saving prices direct from the factory to you. Write for our catalogue today. We will send it postage prepaid promptly on receipt of your inquiry.

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The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Inheritance

R. M. A., Kansas, asks: "What are the property rights of a woman in Kansas?"

Under the Kansas laws, a wife, upon the death of her husband, gets one half of his property absolutely, whether there be a will or not. Of course, if there was a will, and the widow would elect to take under the will, then she would get whatever the will gave her.

Settlement of Marital Rights

J. F., Wyoming, asks: "A man married, and raised a family. His wife died, and left him some real estate. If he should desire to marry another woman, a widow who had some property and children, would each have to make a will for their own children before getting married in order that the children might get their own parent's property?"

Making a will before marriage would not affect the rights that either man or wife would have in the property of his or her deceased consort. If it is desired that neither should share in the property of the other, this should be done by a contract made before marriage. A contract of this kind is called an antenuptial contract, and if fairly made, no fraud practised, and a full knowledge of the property of each be known at the time of its execution, it will be upheld. By such a contract a man or wife may bar all claims he or she may have in the property of the deceased consort, and in that way transmit it to their own heirs.

Wife's Rights

T. T., Canada, has this statement: "I am the divorced wife of a man who ran away and married another woman without a divorce from me. After I located him I secured a bill of divorce in the United States. I was married three years ago to a man who is seventy-two. He carries a life insurance for two thousand dollars. He promised to give this to me, and the home I now live in. He has two farms, and gave a deed for one to a son prior to our marriage. The other farm is still ours, but the son that lives on this farm wants a deed for it. I am not willing to sign the deed without I get the home and the two thousand. Now he says that he cannot give me the two thousand, as the insurance society would not recognize me as his legal wife because I was divorced in the States."

I do not think the reason he assigns is a good one. If you were legally divorced in the States, you are divorced legally in Canada, and you are the legal wife of your husband. I would sign no papers until I got what I had been promised. Of course, in such matters all should be amicably arranged, if possible. My opinion is that there is no impediment in having the policy made payable to you if he wants to.

Accounting of Estate of Deceased Person

M., Kansas, says: "A. makes a will to have all of his real and personal property divided equally among his children, but his wife to have control while she lives. The wife died recently, and her son was appointed administrator. A's son-in-law has filed a bill of expense for keeping A's widow. As she owned the farm on which the son-in-law lived, can the heirs require the son-in-law to show accounting for the rents and any moneys that belonged to A's widow, as she was helpless and physically disabled for business four years prior to her death?"

Yes, I should think they could compel the son-in-law to make an accounting of the moneys, etc., that came into his hands. I doubt very much if the son-in-law can recover unless he can show that the mother expressly agreed to pay him. Claims of children and heirs for expenses in keeping and boarding their parents are always looked upon with some degree of suspicion by the court, and strict proof is required to show that the services were not gratuitous. Such claims always cause a good deal of ill feeling in the family, and often result in an injustice. The writer is of the opinion that the legislature ought to pass a law that none of them could be collected unless the contract was in writing. Generally, if the bill is meritorious, the heirs would agree that it should be paid. Very often a child takes care of a parent without any thought of compensation, until some designing person, after the parent's death, puts the thought in his head to collect something.

Inheritance

C. O., Idaho, asks: "A wife dies, leaving a husband and three grown children. Would her part in the estate go to her husband, or how would it be divided according to the laws of Idaho?"

The first matter of importance is what interest in the estate or what property she owned. It may all have been in the husband's name; if so, he might do with it as he chose. If the property was in the wife's name, one third would go to the husband, and the other two thirds to the children.

Construction of Will

S. F. A., Missouri, asks: "If a person having one child makes a will leaving the child and her heirs his property, it then to go to some uninterested person or for the benefit of a church or cemetery, when will the church or cemetery come into possession of such property? Will it be at the death of the daughter and her bodily heirs, or will it be inherited from one generation to another?"

It is difficult to answer a question like the above, for a correct answer may depend upon the exact language of the will. It may be that the child and her children get the whole estate, and it only goes to the church, etc., in case they all die without heirs. As it is stated in the query, the child would get all of the property, and might do with it as it chooses. I very much doubt if under the will you suggest the church will get anything unless the child and its children die without leaving children, but this answer is only a guess, as the words of the will may require a different construction.

Marrying Again Without Divorce

W. A. S., Nebraska, asks: "My husband has been an inmate of an asylum for the past six years. He escaped about two months ago, and has not been seen or heard from since. What rights have I in the property? I have two children, six and nine years old. Under the laws of Nebraska would I have to obtain a divorce before I could marry again, or how long would I be compelled to wait if my husband was never heard from again? He was in the asylum for incurables."

Unless your husband is dead and you do not care to keep out of the penitentiary, you had better not marry again until you get a divorce. Indeed, it is doubtful if the insanity of your husband will ever give you a right even to a divorce. However, if you do not hear from him for two years you might file a petition for divorce. In the meantime you should run the farm and get the support of yourself and children. Before you do anything consult a lawyer at your home city.

Right on Bank of Navigable River

H. F. B. inquires: "Is it true that the federal government retains an absolute control over river-banks, say sixty feet above high-water mark? A certain landing-keeper on the front of the Mississippi River has put an obstruction over a public road at its terminal-point, and refuses to move same on a plea that said highway is of no public utility. Consulting a local attorney on the subject, he stated that under existing conditions the public had no redress. I believe the landing-keeper can close the landing to the public, but at the same time I believe he must let the public have access to the river."

The inquirer seems to think that because the public have a right to use the river at their will that therefore they have a right to a landing wherever they might choose, but such is not the law. A law-text writer says: "The right to use the river as a highway does not imply the right to use the bank for the purposes of landing to receive and discharge freight and passengers. The navigator has no right to land without the consent of the riparian proprietor at places other than those that have in some way become public landing-places except in cases of peril or emergency." If the landing is under the control of the keeper, and not in the public, then he can forbid the public its use. I do not know of any law that allows the government to retain control of the bank sixty feet above high-water mark unless the government owns the land to that extent. It may have been that when the government sold the adjoining land that it sold only to within sixty feet of high water.

Independent Farmers' Institutes

REPORTS of the phenomenal crowds that attended the institutes supported by the state and those by local enterprise come from all institute workers. It was my great pleasure to attend a number of institutes, and the interest and enthusiasm ran high. In nearly every case the meetings would better have continued a week instead of two days, so animated and eager was the discussion. In places where there was no grange, granges will be organized, that they may have a farmers' institute at each meeting.

I was often asked at these independent institutes why they did not receive state aid this year. There are several reasons. In the first place, it is as sincere a compliment as can be paid a people to be thought capable of carrying on an independent institute. State aid is to help communities to help themselves. In the spirit of fairness no one community can expect to have aid several years in succession, while others which help equally to bear the burden must do without. It is the aim to give each section of a county equal opportunities with all others. Geographical location has something to do with it, also. According to law, funds for an institute cannot be deflected from one county to another. Even if a community that borders on another county can show splendid interest, it cannot deflect funds from the adjoining county for that institute. The funds must be spent in the county in which they are raised. The aim is to benefit the greatest number in a given county; therefore, a town near the center will have better geographical location—that is, will accommodate more people of that county—than a town near the extreme edge. The calls for institutes were greater than ever before, showing the interest in progressive agriculture. Not all could be accommodated. Some communities that had received state aid for several years were, in the spirit of fairness, glad to yield to other communities that had no such aid. Each will be served in turn, the chances being that the community that was progressive enough to hold an independent institute will stand a better show of getting help than the one that made no such effort. It is simply an application of the law that "he who hath shall receive, while he who hath not shall lose even that which he hath."

The great trouble is that there are not nearly enough funds to go around. Probably the state has made no investment that has yielded so great a return, or brought encouragement and self-help to so many people, as through the agency of the farmers' institute. There is nothing like the voice and personality of the living teacher to arouse and foster enthusiasm in a work. The state could well afford to spend many more thousands of dollars than it now does. Anything which will help to develop the resources of a people is a state benefit. The farmers' institutes have been a very potent factor in the development of agriculture and the desire for better homes and a higher type of living. It should receive the heartiest support. Every community is interested in having more money for more institutes. We contribute liberally to army and navy, to waterways and harbors, to public improvements that often cost twice or three times what they should if wisely guarded, but only thousands upon the development of the fundamental industry of the world. Farmers are learning to safeguard their interests, and will let their wants be known in this regard.

Systematic Study in Agriculture and Domestic Science in the Grange

The letters coming in from readers all over the country indicate the interest the new educational movement of the grange has aroused and the keen intellectual hunger of men and women who are eager to avail themselves of every opportunity to make their lives broader and fuller and more completely in accord with the divine plan of the universe. The inquiries are from every section—Canada, the East, West, North, South. By the time this reaches our readers, circulars explaining the work will have been mailed to inquirers.

Mrs. Benj. Brown, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Fountain County (Ind.) Farmers' Institute, voices the sentiment of many women when she says: "I am anxious for information about the new opening in Ohio for higher agricultural education for those who cannot leave home for the college, particularly the extension work in domestic science for women. We Indiana women want to keep pace with our great sister states in this work."

An inquirer from the state of Washington writes: "A grange has just been

The Grange

BY MRS. MARY E. LEE

organized here. We desire to take up the work, as it is the most feasible thing that I have heard of in grange educational work. Can we in Washington take up the work with you?"

A Texas reader, who evidently thinks Ohio was a poor state to leave, exclaims: "I was a Patron when I lived in the Buckeye State, but when I came here there was no grange, but I am as much a Patron as ever. I want to organize one, that we may take up the educational work that has been suggested. I wrote you about it last July, after reading your editorial. I believe it the wisest and most far-reaching move ever undertaken by the grange, and I am proud that it should have originated in my native state. I wish you God-speed. Send me all circulars that are issued."

Many inquiries and commendations come from women who say that they have not had as good an opportunity as have their brothers for advancement in the art and science of the work which they must do. This indicates the brain-hunger that every ambitious, energetic, progressive person feels, and is a precious sign of that indestructible instinct which governs all progress. I pray that the new work will bring intellectual solace to those hungering for better things. Let our motto be "Plain living, high thinking," beautiful and ennobling surroundings for home, school and church.

THE PLAN OF THE WORK

The first work in agricultural education will be on soils. Brooks' work will be used as a text. Roberts' "Soil-Fertility," King's "The Soil" and Snyder's "Agricultural Chemistry" will be used as references. All students are requested to buy the text-book. The traveling library will furnish the reference works. In domestic science the summer's work will be in sanitation. Mrs. Ellen Rich-



FREEDOM GRANGE HALL

ards' manual, "Home Sanitation," will be used as text. Waring's "How to Drain a House," Mrs. Plunkett's "Women, Plumbers and Doctors" and Burrage's "School Sanitation and Decoration" will be used as references. Other works may be secured as well, but these are the ones upon which questions and discussions will be based. While at the beginning work may be taken up at any time, it is hoped to arrange to have the grange term correspond with the college term. The course of study will be systematic, under the direction of the college of agriculture and domestic science of the Ohio State University. The value of this wise direction will be readily appreciated by students. While it is not possible to do the same work that would be done in college laboratories, it must be remembered that we are working in the most perfectly equipped laboratory in the world, and that as much skill is required to use the test-tubes and chemicals as if in the college.

Those desiring to take the work will enroll on blanks furnished, and study the work laid down. At the end of the term examinations will be given, so that those desiring to complete the course may have credits toward the certificate which will be issued upon the completion of the course.

It is very fortunate that the work begins in the spring, as it is the logical time to study soil-problems. The fearful inroads that typhoid fever, malaria, diphtheria and other preventable diseases make each year renders the study of sanitation one of intense interest to women. These diseases illustrate the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." In the light of san-

itary knowledge we are learning that most of the diseases and ills and premature deaths are due to preventable causes, and that we could do our work easier and better, with less loss of energy, if laws of sanitation were better understood and followed.

Address all inquiries to the editor of this department, New Plymouth, Ohio.

Freedom Grange Hall

Herewith is presented a cut of Freedom Grange Hall, Portage County, Ohio. The history of this grange is remarkable and inspiring. After twenty months of existence it lost all its property by fire. Four months later, the second anniversary of its organization, it dedicated a new hall, adequately furnished for work. State Master Derthick was dedicatory officer, and in his impressive manner consecrated the new building to the high purposes of the grange. Mr. Chas. W. Chalker, chairman of the building committee, turned the keys over to the master, and gave the following history:

"Our neighboring towns had drawn heavily on our territory for membership, yet we felt the need of a grange in our midst. A good charter-list was secured. Many happy and profitable meetings were held in the old hall before the disastrous fire. After the loss it was decided to build a hall. Ten ladies were appointed on the soliciting committee, and they secured two hundred dollars in subscriptions. Then the building committee was appointed. The frame-timber, mason-work and much other labor was donated. September 29th the first logs were cut, January 20th the hall was dedicated. It is thirty by sixty feet. The lodge-room is fifty feet long and fifteen feet to the ceiling. The lumber-bill, including doors and windows, was four hundred and fifty-six dollars, hardware twenty-eight dollars, tile thirty dollars, brick thirty dollars.

"The building committee has taken pride in this house, the center of our

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The Famous Cabin John Bridge, Near Washington, D.C.

M. R. GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL, Secretary of the National Irrigation Association, in a recent number of the "Technical World" contributes some very interesting information concerning Cabin John Bridge, located at one of the beauty-spots in the vicinity of Washington, D. C.

"He lived in a little cabin, alone and grim. He hunted, he fished. He spoke to but few, and none knew his name, until he came to be spoken of as 'Cabin John.' So say some old characters in Washington who have lived to see the city grow from a straggling town of dirty streets, puddles and ponds and stagnant canals to an imperial city of magnificent residences and broad, perfectly paved streets, and who remember the construction of the famous Cabin John Bridge over forty years ago.

"The question of a city water-supply for the national capital early presented itself to the government engineers. Washington itself is at tide-water, and since only the waters of the Potomac were available, it was seen to be necessary to go some distance above the city to secure an unpolluted supply. Such an opportunity was found some few miles to the westward of the city, and the work of constructing the big conduit necessary began. Then came the problem of crossing a great gorge some one hundred and sixty feet deep and over three hundred and fifty feet wide, at the bottom of which flashed in the sunlight Cabin John Creek, and as the structure progressed it received the name of Cabin John Bridge.

"The original plans contemplated a bridge of six arches, each of sixty-foot span. The piers were to be seven feet thick.

The present great single-span bridge was the suggestion of Alfred L. Rives in 1857, then employed as an assistant to Captain Montgomery Meigs on the work of the national capital extension. Shortly afterward Engineer Rives was appointed construction engineer of that section of the conduit work under Captain Meigs. The site of the old fisherman's cabin was a short distance from and overlooking the sweeping Potomac River and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, one of the first large results of General Washington's policy of internal improvement through national appropriations. The work commenced in 1857, was suspended in 1861, resumed the following year under the Interior Department, and was completed in 1864.

"It is the proud boast of most Washingtonians that they have in Cabin John Bridge, with its imposing two-hundred-and-twenty-foot single span, the longest stone arch in the world. This boast was well founded at the time of the construction of the bridge, and endured for years; but according to 'Le Génie Civil' (October 4, 1903) there are two longer stone arches in the world, though Cabin John stands imperial in the United States. These longer arches are the Luxembourg bridge, built in 1899-1903, with a span of two hundred and seventy-five feet, and the Marbegno bridge, recently completed over the River Adda in Italy, with a span of two hundred and thirty-six feet. There was a bridge at Trezzo over the same river with a longer arch than the Marbegno bridge, but this was destroyed. So that, according to 'Le Génie Civil,' Cabin John Bridge now ranks third among the world's longest single-span stone bridges.

"The arch-stones in Cabin John Bridge are four feet deep at the crown and six feet at the impost. The curve is a segment of one hundred and ten degrees; the radius of the soffit is 134.28 feet; the rise is 57.26 feet. Since the completion of the bridge all the city water-supply for Washington has flowed through the conduit inclosed by it.

"Were old Cabin John to return to earth, he would scarce recognize the site of his humble cabin, which is now one of the pleasure resorts of Washington."

Around the Fireside

Sea-Level Canal

The decision of the Panama Canal Commission in favor of constructing a sea-level canal is a generally popular one. The plan of maintaining a system of locks would have been much cheaper to construct, but more expensive to maintain and repair. The commission has recommended a canal one hundred and fifty feet wide, with a minimum depth of water of thirty-five feet, and with twin tidal-locks at Miraflores whose usable dimensions shall be one thousand feet long and one hundred feet wide, at a total cost of two hundred and thirty million five hundred thousand dollars. In its report the commission says:

"The advantages of the sea-level canal across the isthmus are most obvious. It would be a waterway with no restrictions to navigation, and which could easily be enlarged by widening or deepening at any time in the future to accommodate an increased traffic without any inconvenience to the shippers using it, whereas a lock-canal is in reality a permanent



CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

The longest stone arch in America, located near Washington, D. C. Through the conduit inclosed by this bridge passes all the water-supply of the national capital

restriction to the volume of traffic and size of ships that use it.

"Although it is possible to repair and construct locks adapted to the future construction of a sea-level canal, that transformation cannot be made without serious inconvenience to navigation and at a cost so high as to be excessive.

"The additional cost of the sea-level canal over that of a canal with locks with a summit-level of sixty feet above mean tide is fifty-two million two hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars, or seventy-nine million seven hundred and forty-two thousand dollars in excess of the estimated cost of the lock-canal with a summit-level eighty-five feet above mean tide, prepared by the former isthmian canal commission. The commission considers this additional expenditure fully justified by the advantage secured."

A Two-Thousand-Year Clock

A clock that will run for two thousand years is claimed to have been invented by Richard Strutt, a son of Lord Rayleigh. The motive power of this remarkable timepiece is said to be a small piece of gold-leaf, which is electrified by means of a very small quantity of radium-salt. The gold-leaf bends away from the metal substance, and keeps moving under this influence until it touches the side of the containing vessel. At the moment of contact it loses its electrical charge, and then springs back, and is again electrified, and the process is repeated.

Japanese Loyalty

Subjects of the Mikado living in this country have throughout the war made striking displays of loyalty. William E. Curtis, in writing on the subject, says that the Japs in this country, both women and men, are sending money to the Japanese government to assist in paying the expenses of the war. Never before were voluntary contributions for such a purpose made so freely and generously by the citizens of any nation. Naval officers will tell you that the Japanese cooks and stewards employed upon many of our cruisers and battleships are forwarding regularly the greater part of their pay as their contributions. Japanese consuls in

every city are receiving many small amounts from fellow-countrymen. Sometimes only a dollar or two is sent, but the act is very significant.

Not long ago the newspapers reported that the Japanese consul-general at New York received a contribution of two thousand dollars from some unknown person, to be applied for the relief of the sick and the wounded. A Wyoming paper states that a gang of Japanese railroad-hands in that state have been sending regularly every month one half of their wages to the government at Tokio. It is needless to say that the government at St. Petersburg is receiving no contributions from Russian subjects in the United States.

Alive in Fact, Dead in Law

Reading, Pa., furnishes a remarkable case of a woman actually alive, but legally dead. The question has been taken before the United States Supreme Court for decision, the Pennsylvania courts having failed to satisfy the claimants to the property involved in the case. The decision of the United States Supreme Court will say whether Mrs. Cunningham, formerly of Reading, now living in Sacramento, Cal., hale and hearty, is legally dead or alive. For years she was supposed to be really dead, then she turned up alive. Judge Endlich decided that she was legally alive, so did the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, but the Supreme Court of the state killed her off again, and she now asks the highest court in the land to make her alive in law. President Roosevelt has asked the Pennsylvania Supreme Court to send the records to Washington.

Carnegie Gets Witness-Fees

Andrew Carnegie, who was summoned to Cleveland, Ohio, recently in connection with the Chadwick case, was paid witness-fees, just the same as any other ordinary person who was ordered to be present as a possible witness. Marshal Chandler made out a witness-fee check for sixty-four dollars and forty cents to Mr. Carnegie's order.

The New State of Oklahoma

Oklahoma and Indian Territory together make a state about the same size as Kansas. This is smaller than most of the states west of the Missouri, yet this new commonwealth comes into the Union with a much larger population, relatively, and with more definite resources, than almost any other state has had within the last two or three generations. The new state, of course, will have two representatives in the United States Senate, but it will be fully entitled to them, because it will begin with a population larger than that of the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Rhode Island, Florida, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington or Oregon.

Peculiar Swiss Funeral Custom

Swiss funeral customs are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a black-edged announcement in the papers that "the mourning urn" will be exhibited within certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person dies there is placed a little black table, covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop small, black-margined visiting-cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men go to the churchyard.

They Pleased Everybody

The March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE supplement pictures delighted hundreds of thousands of people. We have printed an extra supply of them, and if your subscription has expired, and is renewed promptly, you may have this picture supplement free for the asking.

A Song of Home, and Its Origin

FEW of our home songs have had a wider popularity than has "The Old Oaken Bucket," a song recalling the scenes of his childhood to many a wanderer from home. Many "fond recollections" have been aroused by the singing of this sweet and simple song, written by Samuel Woodworth, of the town of Scituate, twenty-seven miles from Boston. The house in which the song is said to have been written is no longer standing, but on its site is a house commonly called "The Old Oaken Bucket House," and the old well is still to be seen. Like "Home, Sweet Home," Woodworth's song was not above criticism as poetry, but it touched the universal heart, and much may be forgiven an author who does this.

Woodworth was born in Scituate, on the 13th of January, in the year 1785. He was the son of a poor farmer, but farming was not to the liking of the boy. He early manifested a fondness for "dropping into poetry," and was looked upon as a good deal of a genius while he was still but a lad. The minister in the town thought that such manifest gifts of song should be encouraged and cultivated, and he gave the boy lessons in Latin and the English branches. He even tried to raise a fund for sending the young genius to college, but was unsuccessful, and the boy had not enough of that which we tersely call "push" to secure an education himself. He became a printer, and he had at least one of the inborn traits of the professional printer, for he was nearly always on the go. He possessed the restless spirit of his class, and his wanderings were many. His vagaries were also numerous, and he was full of schemes for acquiring fame and fortune, and we are told by one biographer that some of his schemes "rendered a temporary absence from his native state necessary to the preservation of his personal liberty." This might mean that he did nothing worse than to get into debt, for debt was a criminal offense at one time in the history of our country. Ambitious to possess a newspaper of his own, he established one on credit. It bore the fatal name of "The Belles-Lettres Repository," and it was dedicated to the ladies, but its owner and editor had not the keen insight of the editors of periodicals for the ladies in our day, and he evidently filled his columns with matter not interesting to the ladies nor to the men, and the paper went to the wall. Woodworth gave vent to his feelings in a poem of more than six hundred lines, which did not attain the popularity of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

While the war of 1812 was in progress Woodworth published a paper called "The War," and he also launched a monthly periodical bearing the depressing title of "The Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository." Small wonder that a periodical thus handicapped by its own name failed of success, and again Woodworth took to the road. He is said to have been a very good printer, and could always secure work, while his rhymes, crude as most of them were, were in constant demand.

Authorities differ a little in regard to the exact circumstances under which "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written, but incline to the belief that the song was written in Duane Street, New York City, in 1817. The commonly accepted story is that Woodworth came home one very hot day, and after drinking a glass of water, he remarked that it was very refreshing, but less so than a draft from the old oaken bucket in the well of his boyhood home would be. His wife at once said that the old well, with its oaken bucket, would be a good subject for a poem, and acting on this suggestion, Woodworth took up his pen, and wrote the poem then and there. Another story is that the poem was suggested to Woodworth after he, in company with some other printers, had drunk some wine in a restaurant. Woodworth spoke of the excellence of the wine, and one of his friends said that it was not nearly so good as the water they used to drink from the old oaken bucket hanging in the well in the home of their boyhood. The remark suggested the famous poem to Woodworth.

If we may not know to a certainty just how the poem originated, we do know, however, that few songs in the English language has had a wider popularity. Had he never written "The Old Oaken Bucket," Woodworth's name would be practically unknown to-day, for nothing else that he ever wrote has stood the test of years. Woodworth has been in his grave

sixty-two years, but his song lives, and will live in the ages to come, because it appeals to the hearts of men who can say out of their own experience: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood When fond recollection presents them to view."

Around the Fireside

Hardy Perennials

There is no class of flowering plants grown that can equal the hardy perennials for the home flower-garden. Most of them are very brilliant, showy, and constant bloomers, and give general satisfaction with very little trouble after they have once been planted.



THE WELL IN WHICH "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET" HUNG

The perennial phlox is queen of all the perennials, either plants, roots or bulbs. It is hardy, blooms from July until November, succeeds in any good, rich soil, and the immense trusses of flowers are exceedingly showy, and oftentimes fragrant. It can be found in nearly all colors, but the pure white is exquisite and



"OLD OAKEN BUCKET HOUSE"

On this site Woodworth's famous song is said to have been written

very showy. The perennial phlox does not bloom the first year from mailing-size plants, but grows very rapidly, and soon forms large clumps, which should frequently be divided and reset. It is perfectly hardy, and should be found around every home. Great im-

provement has been made in it in the last few years, and very few would recognize in it the old-fashioned flower of our grandmothers' garden.

The iris is unsurpassed for delicacy of texture and beautiful, dainty coloring, and blooms after the Dutch bulbs have disappeared, and before the summer beds have been made, thus supplying a gap in the garden that is hard to fill. The Japan iris are of the richest of colors, and some of them are of the most dainty and beautiful combinations imaginable. Once planted, they are there always, being no trouble after the first planting.

The perennial poppies give a gorgeous bit of color in the garden while they last, and this is usually from the first of May until the first of July. If prevented from going to seed, however, their blooming-period can be prolonged still further. If sown very early, the Oriental poppies will bloom the first year. They usually self-sow, and need only to be thinned out, requiring no protection over winter. If they are given a conspicuous place in the garden, other seed, such as petunias, can be sown in beds, and are ready to take the place of the poppies when they cease to bloom.

For spring flowering there are the peonies, with their immense heads of brilliant flowers, and the pure white is about as pretty as any rose. When through blooming, the tops can be cut off without injuring the plants.

The aquilegias, or columbines, are beautiful and graceful, their flowers being borne on slender stems, and the colors are exceedingly dainty. They bloom in May.

The tall rudbeckia, or golden-glow, is one of the brightest of our perennials, blooming in August and September. The flowers are of the brightest golden yellow, are very showy, and last well as a cut flower.

The dianthus, or maiden's pink, is one of the prettiest of the smaller perennials, with large tufts of grassy foliage, is very sweet, and blooms in May and June.

Nearly all perennials bear transplanting well, and if set out from the roots will bloom the first season, but from seed many will not bloom until the second. Many can be transplanted in the early spring.

LAURA JONES.

Twenty-Million-Dollar Ball

Among New York's society folks the habit has been acquired of sizing up a ball or social affair of any kind according to the worth of the jewels displayed there; hence Mrs. Astor's annual function was not only a twenty-million-dollar ball, but the largest private entertainment ever given in this country. Upward of a thousand guests were present. A large number of detectives, including two women, were in attendance to see that every one wore home all the gems that they brought there.

Wants to Tax Cats

Representative Walmsley, out in Missouri, is after the cats hotfoot according to the story told by the "Journal" of Kansas City. He has introduced a bill in the legislature providing for a tax on cats, the proceeds to go toward the support of a home for aged spinsters.

It is the consensus of opinion in Kansas City that Mr. Walmsley's bill is an assortment of kibosh. If

taken seriously, there must still be objections to the bill. If it is a serious proposition, does the representative suppose for a moment that there is a spinster on earth who will admit that she is a spinster? A man is as old as he feels, but an old maid, even though she may feel old, and even knows that she is, isn't going to admit it. None of the spinster-homes for her.

Aside from the spinster end of the proposition, there are the cats. They must be taken into consideration. According to reliable statements of people who live in flats that face the alleys, there are over one million cats in Kansas City. Who owns them? A Kansas City wit, who is authority on all matters of public interest, says that he doesn't want to be considered as opposed to the cat measure, but suggests that if the bill passes there ought also to be a bill providing a tax on boot-jacks.

National Songs

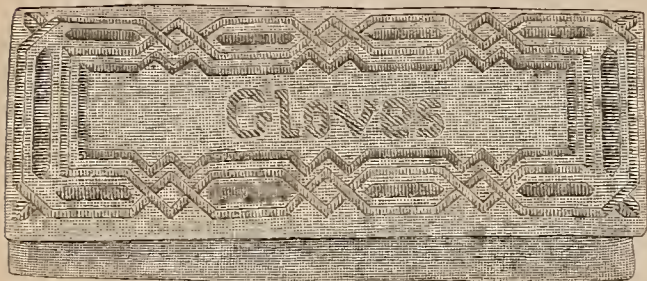
It is a peculiar fact that the national songs of the great countries of the world are short, while those of the smaller countries are lengthy. As examples,

"God Save the King" is fourteen bars, the Russian hymn is sixteen bars, and "Hail Columbia" has twenty-eight bars. Siam's national hymn has seventy-six bars, and that of Uruguay seventy, Chile forty-six, and so on. China has the longest national hymn.

Housecleaning Made Easy

DON'T begin before the weather is warm and settled. Much discomfort and serious illness often result from taking stoves down too soon in order to get through housecleaning early. Decide definitely in what order the work shall proceed, so as to interfere least with the accustomed routine of daily duties. Prepare a generous supply of edibles to tide over the cleaning-days—the worker needs plenty of nourishing food, and if husband and children are well fed they will feel the inevitable discomfort of housecleaning less keenly.

Choose a bright, warm day to begin with the attic, and cheerily rid it of every useless article, and the "clutteration" which seems bound to prevail in garrets. Throw out and burn every last thing not in some way available for the poor or for making into



GLOVE-CASE

rugs or garments for children. Life is too short and time and strength too precious to be consumed in handling periodically a lot of things of more than doubtful utility. Laugh with the children when they go up in smoke, and you are rid of a needless burden. Don't hoard dilapidated articles; study the knack of discarding outworn, outgrown, broken-down baggage, and rejoice at housecleaning-time.

Another day take the cellar in hand, and after getting rid of dust, cobwebs, disorder and all unnecessary "traps," give shelves, cupboards and walls a coat of whitewash and the whole a thorough airing. Next regulate closets, carefully brushing, airing and packing away surplus woollens and bedding. If these things have been accomplished in addition to the routine housework of a week it is quite enough, and an interval of rest over Sunday will put one in condition to undertake a second instalment the following week.

If white curtains are to be "done up," take them next—all that need washing—and put to soak in clear lukewarm soft water to stand over night. In the morning turn off this water, and wash in the same manner as you do white clothes, starch in rather thin boiled starch, and hang out, taking care to stretch and straighten them until quite smooth for drying. If this is properly done the curtains will need no ironing, and will look as well as new. They can be folded carefully and laid aside until ready to hang.

Now our housewife is ready to commence upstairs, taking a single room at a time. Remembering that "too much to-day is too little to-morrow," she will attempt only what can be settled the same day. If a little margin of time remains, let her rest a bit and lay out a plan for the next attack. If she is wise she will not be disturbed if she finds her housecleaning spread over the available intervals of two, three, or even four, weeks, for her household has gained in comfort, and she herself in cheerful vigor instead of being worn to the breaking-point.

When the living-room and kitchen are reached it is helpful to have in stock such cooked food as can be quickly warmed over and made ready with as few steps as possible. Set the older children, and even "hubby," pulling tacks from the carpets the evening before they must be lifted, so as to permit an early start and shorten the time of upheaval. The services of a trusty helper for this part of housecleaning are a good investment—better spend a few shillings less for something else, or save by pennies in advance the price of a strong woman's help at such a time, than to endure days and weeks of discomfort from overdoing. For most women "nerves and temper" lie perilously close together at housecleaning time, and ill-nature is contagious.

System and good management, thoughtful common sense, a little help at the right time and refraining from hasty overdoing make it possible to clean house so easily and so quietly that only the delightful sweet freshness will appear to those who dread housecleaning as the dreariest time of the year. Unless the house is larger than the average it is the unnecessary rush upsetting the whole house or the effort to do too much in a single day that makes the chief misery of the season. What if Mrs. Hurryup should finish her cleaning weeks before you do, or if Mrs. Old-time thinks you a laggard? Comfort and health and a happy family count for vastly more than any one's opinion. The plan suggested is not mere theory, for it has been tested by years of experience. It works delightfully when mixed "with brains and patience."

IRMA T. JONES.

A Household Problem

For years I was puzzled as to how to keep my kitchen walls and floor clean without too great an outlay of strength and money. I tried table oil-cloth over carpet, but much hard use on our farm-home floors all too soon demolished this. Bare or oiled



floor was out of the question with our old, uneven oak boards. Linoleum was too expensive until I learned to make it, and I now pass along my solution of the floor-problem: Old carpet strips were washed and mended, then tacked smoothly on the sides of outbuildings, and a coat of flour paste applied with a whitewash-brush; next a covering of thin muslin was laid smoothly over, and the edges lapped a little to the under side; again the paste, and when thoroughly dry three coats of dust-brown floor-paint went on, sufficient time for drying of course being allowed. On the last coat I displayed my artistic skill by blocking the surface with narrow checks of moss-green. So much for the floor.

The walls and ceiling we newly papered down to the depth of high wainscoting, and from there down we covered with oil-cloth paper, now to be had in such fine imitation of wood-paneling, and which admits of washing off as well as the genuine oil-cloth. All shelves, inside the cupboard and out, were covered with oil-cloth. Oil-cloth bags and pockets supplanted those made of dust-absorbing materials, and a left-over piece of this useful material was converted into half-sleeves and a bib-apron to be used on washdays and through other rough work.

I find that special "cleaning-up spells" now come at much longer intervals than in my experimental days, and my kitchen is ready to receive neighborly callers who drop in at odd spells to "sit a bit" when I am employed at my household duties.

JANET JENKINS.

Glove-Case.

Cut an oblong piece of canvas any desired length and width, and work with mercerized cotton a conventional design in either cross-stitch, Austrian or tapestry stitch in shades of delft blue. Line with blue silk, fold, and tie with blue ribbon. This can be used for turn-over collars, veils or handkerchiefs. The same stitch in bolder design is exceedingly effective for sofa-pillows, stand-covers, etc., and very simple to execute.

M. E. SMITH.

A "Library" Party

To this party both men and women are invited, and it is more convenient that both sexes be about equally represented. It is also pleasanter held as an evening function. The invitations to the one herein described requested that each guest wear something attached to the person which should suggest the title of a book. The guessing of these was accomplished verbally, with much laughter and fun.

One lady wore a needle threaded with white thread upon her bodice, while upon the lapel of her escort's coat appeared another carrying black thread. These, taken together, represented "The Sowers." A doll in the form of a colored baby conspicuously arrayed in red and yellow posed upon another lady's shoulder as "Black Beauty" after its identity was duly established. Some scraps of India silk fastened to somebody's coat signified "The Prince of India." One of the men wore pinned across his vest a bank-note, and for a long time it seemed impossible to determine what book it could mean. At last some one's bright thought suggested "Our Mutual Friend," and the wearer of the note won the prize for the best representation.

The rooms were also lined with pictures, each of which was intended to suggest the title of a book. Cards numbered to correspond with the numbers on the pictures were distributed among the guests, the name of a book to be placed by each opposite the number which stood for it.

Some of the representations were most ingeniously conceived. In the picture of Queen Louisa of Prussia, so largely used as an advertisement in these progressive days, one plainly discerned "A Lady of Quality." Two ships upon the ocean, the moon riding high in the heavens, was readily guessed. "Les Misérables" was touchingly depicted by the distressed faces of two crying cherubs. "The Seats of the Mighty" was represented by a furniture-dealer's advertisement of mammoth chairs. A full-length portrait of one of the Wesleys in clergyman's gown, with eyes raised to heaven in a look of rapt solemnity, was interpreted as "The Sky Pilot."

These are but examples, and they can be varied and multiplied indefinitely. At the party described there were at least fifty pictures, and so exciting and entertaining did they prove that even the announcement of supper was regretted as an interruption. Slips of paper were handed about among the men before going to the table, upon each of which was written the name of a book by a female author. Corresponding slips bearing the names of the authors were appropriated by the ladies. The title of the book and the name of its author were then expected to find each other and proceed together to the supper-room.

LILLA A. WHITNEY.

How Much Soda to Use

Housewives know from annoying experience that no absolute rule can be given for the exact amount of soda to be used with sour milk. The soda and milk will vary in composition. The test that I always follow is to use a little less soda than I think is needed, then taste the batter. If it has a bitter taste, it is exactly right. If a little acid, add a little more soda. If "flat," add cream of tartar until it has the bitter taste; or if more batter is not a hindrance, more sour milk and flour may be added. This is one of the discoveries of childhood days, when it was the pride to have batter cakes, or griddle-cakes, always absolutely light and tender. Try it, and prove it for yourself.

MARY E. LEE.

May Basket

A very pretty custom which is not generally observed is that of hanging May baskets. The basket illustrated was made of yellow and white tissue-paper, and filled with fresh buttercups. The effect was very artistic and pleasing. The foundation of the basket is of cardboard, which is bent and glued into shape. The cardboard is then covered with rows of fine fringe, which has been cut from the paper, and is so close and thick that only the fringe may be seen. The basket is lined with the plain paper, and ropes of the paper finish the top, and form a loop at the back by which the basket is hung.

M. W.

Pictures in the Home

If your walls are white, buy as many pictures as possible. Staring white walls may be greatly softened by many pictures judiciously hung. Do not make the mistake, however, of the friend who loved pictures so much that he could not resist buying one upon every occasion. The result was, of course, that his home looked like a picture-gallery with all the good pictures left out. He loved color, irrespective of merit, and filled his house to overflowing with chromos.

It is a mistake to fill your room too full of either furniture or pictures. I remember another instance of a friend who visited a Southern home recently, and while he appreciated the good intentions of his hostess, he was really appalled at the array of art on walls and easels with which he was surrounded. He counted sixty-seven pictures in that bedroom.

If your walls are nicely papered, a few good pictures will go a long way toward decoration, and you need not hurry about purchasing. Avoid cheap, gaudy pictures even though they are originals. Thousands of these are done by artists who are not artists at all, but daubers who can dash off one of these "masterpieces" every ten minutes. An admiring uncle once bought a picture of this kind, and took it home to his small nephew, who also admired it at first. Not for long, however. "Say, uncle," said he, "I don't like your painter-man very well. He's painted the shadow on the wrong side of the tree."

A simple engraving is much better than a pretentious painting poorly done. Buy a sweet-faced Madonna in quiet black and white, and see how restful it looks upon your walls; or a softly tinted Saint Cecilia to please the children. These things are good, and have an uplifting influence in the home, especially with the children. I remember how the picture "Beatrice" affected me as a child. She was my ideal of all that was beautiful and gracious, and I cherished a secret desire to be like her. To-day a fine picture affects me like music.

Hang your pictures carefully. Not so carefully that they must be all in line around the room, each picture the same distance from the floor, but with the idea of artistic effect and fitness. Group the small ones, choosing the prettiest to hang lowest, as they can be seen best there. If you have a piano or organ, hang your Saint Cecilia near it. See that the best pictures have the best light and are well placed as to position.

If you have picture-moldings, hang pictures with chains or invisible wire, as preferred. In the case of



BAG FOR RUBBERS

upper rooms where moldings are not put up, use small nails on the walls under the picture, and very short wire. In this way neither nail nor wire is seen, and this is an advantage. Many pictures are hung in parlors and living-rooms in this way.

MRS. GERTRUDE THURSTON.

Bag for Rubbers

Cut from art linen two circular pieces three and one half inches in diameter, and another piece twelve inches long by thirteen inches wide. Turn a hem one inch deep along the longest edges of the large piece, and sew the circular pieces to each end of this piece. Brier-stitch in brown floss over the seam. Close with buttons and buttonholes on the hem.

Jaunty Collar for Shirt-Waists

Take a piece of embroidery one and one half inches wide the size of your neck, on each side of it add Valenciennes insertion, and at the top add Valenciennes lace to give it a finish. For the plaiting use organdie three inches wide on which Valenciennes lace has been sewn.

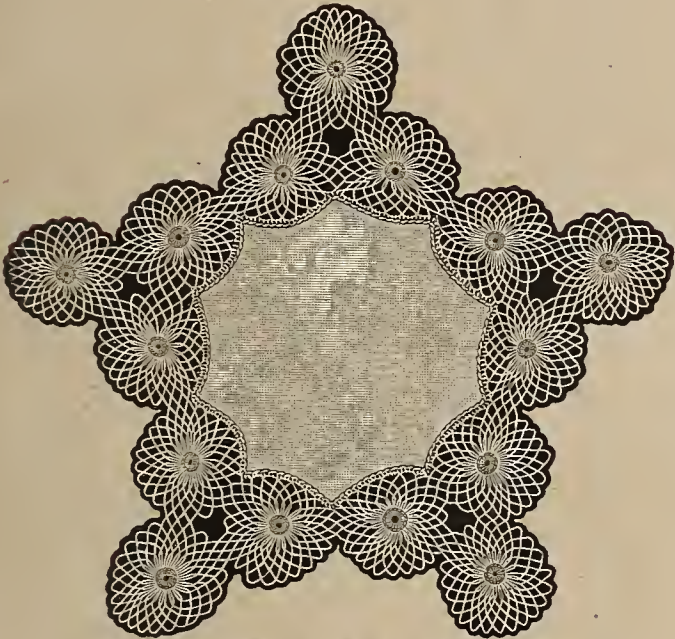


The Housewife

Summer Care of Winter Clothes

DURING the spring months the housekeeper's attention should be directed to the contents of the wardrobes, closets and bureau-drawers. Before laying them away for the summer, all woolen garments, wraps and bed-clothes should be hung out in the air and sunshine for at least a day. Before taking them in, whip well with a willow clothes-whip, then brush thoroughly. If there are any spots of grease or dirt of any kind, clean with spirits of ammonia; or if the fabric is of a delicate color, use French chalk instead. The spots should be well covered with this, then a piece of blotting-paper placed on

a loop or circle with the thread; next put the needle through the stitch and the loop where the two threads cross, slowly draw up the knot, taking care that when the knot is made the joining thread will not be longer than a half-stitch. A little practice will enable one to do the joining easily. Now put the needle through a stitch on the second wheel, and make a knot as before; so continue until the second wheel is joined to three stitches of the first one, next make a knot in the stitch of the second wheel to get the thread in the right place to finish the work on this wheel. *Join the next wheel to the preceding one, leaving six stitches unjoined on one side (this is the inner side of border) and twelve on the other side; repeat from * until you have joined ten wheels. Next make a wheel, join it to two wheels on the side where twelve stitches are unjoined, count four stitches from the joining of the two wheels, join this wheel to the first three of these stitches, then make a stitch on the wheel you are now working, miss a stitch on the second wheel, and join to the next three stitches. There will be three stitches free between the joining of the three wheels, one from each wheel. Join another wheel to the next two wheels in the same way, repeat until you have joined five wheels to the ten wheels, as shown. Lay the completed border on a circle of linen,



DOILY WITH NETTED BORDER

top, and a hot iron run over it. Furs should also be well aired and beaten before laying them away. A good way to clean them is to heat rye-flour as hot as the hand will bear, spread the hot meal over the fur, and then rub in thoroughly; beat or brush it out.

I have found the best plan is to keep my bed-clothes in a large store-box. I line this box with newspapers, pasting them on the sides and bottom. The blankets and woolen comforts are then carefully laid in, with newspapers between and cloths saturated with turpentine scattered through them, also little sachets of lavender. Sheets of paper are pasted over the top of the box. I have never been bothered with moths while following this method. I put my furs in large paper bags, pasting the edges together.

The sleeves of all waists and wraps should be stuffed with tissue-paper, for it prevents their crumpling and creasing. All waists and corsages of gowns should be placed in large pasteboard boxes, and have sheets of paper pasted over the top of the box before the cover is put on. Dress-skirts will keep their shape much better if they can be left in the wardrobe, for to fold them just properly requires skill and patience. A good plan is to make large bags of muslin or calico, line them with paper, then slip them over the skirts as they hang. Sew little sachets of lavender on the inside. Tie tightly at the top. If they have to be put on closet-shelves, wrap in paper, and then slip in bags and paste up the edges.

Mark the contents on the outside of box or bag.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

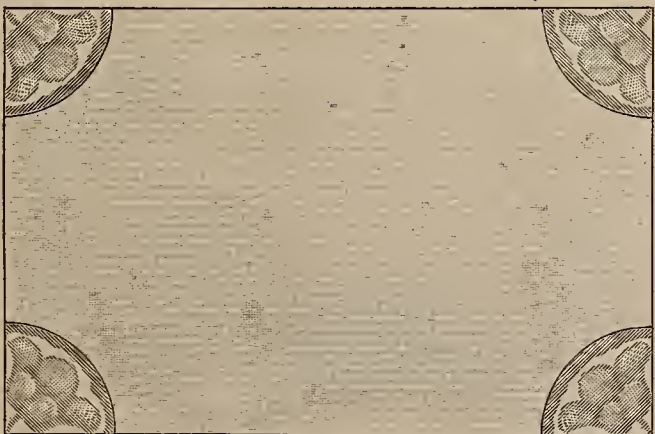
Doily with Netted Border

Use No. 30 or No. 40 spool thread, a one-fourth-of-an-inch bone mesh and a coarse knitting-needle. Set twenty-four stitches over the mesh, then tie the ends of the foundation-thread together securely, and work around four times over the needle. (There must be twenty-four stitches in each row.) This completes a wheel. While making the fourth row on the second wheel, join it to the first one this way: Draw the knitting-needle out of the work, then pass the netting-needle through a stitch in the first wheel, draw the thread up to the length of a half-stitch, then make a knot by forming

with the centers of the ten wheels on a line with the edge of the cloth. Baste the border firmly on the linen, then with a needle and thread buttonhole-stitch through the stitches of the wheels and the linen together around inside of border, then cut the linen from beneath the netting. A larger doily may be had by adding three more wheels. The wheels may be joined for yokes over a well-fitting paper pattern, and for cushion-covers, etc. MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

Blotting-Pad

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A BLUE FLAG IDYL

BY ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"



CHAPTER I.

AT LOAMWOLD the summer breeze blows across twenty acres of blossoming clover and is sifted through the boughs of a mammoth apple-tree before it enters Josephine Farvester's room. Josephine had nearly finished a long letter to her college-mate, Belle Marlow, lamenting that the good old days at Annathens were over, and begging for a visit from her before the summer was so far advanced as to lose its fresh, crisp greenness. She was yawning behind a pretty, well-formed hand, when voices reached her from the very apple-tree whose branches, stretching over the roof, rubbed against her dormer-window. She recognized her father's tones and those of the men in his employ, but the one whose voice was so close as to seem almost in her window was a stranger's. She sprang to her feet with the impulse to see who it was and what he could be doing there, when the truth came to her through the recollection of a bit of conversation she had overheard that morning.

"Oh, it's the young man who has bought Norton's eighty east of us!" she exclaimed in thought. "Father was going to see if he couldn't get him to show our men how to spray the apple-trees. They say he stood at the head of his class in the agricultural college, and is up to the latest things in scientific farming. I wonder if I can get a peep at him without being seen."

Josephine, as full of life as twenty-two years can crowd into a healthy body, tiptoed in the direction of the window, a spirit of mischief lurking in the dimples of her fresh young face. There was the atmosphere of a lark about her action, which she was already translating into humorous lines to form a killing postscript to her letter. Her imagination pictured Morris Harmer as a hollow-cheeked, slim-limbed, dull-eyed, angular creature, who cared more for the habits of the codling-moth than the companionship of the prettiest girl in the world, and she proposed offering him as a final inducement to Belle to come to Loamwold. "He's the kind of a picture-card I'll give you," she was going to write, "as they do at Spiceman's with each purchase of a pound of tea."

"She had reached the casement now, and cautiously pushed aside the drapery, but vain was her effort to avoid discovery. Morris Harmer had noticed the open window, and paused an instant to study how he was to spray a particular branch without throwing the liquid into the pretty chamber, when the curtains were moved aside and his eyes looked directly into those of wondrous beauty belonging to Josephine Farvester. He would never admit that his surprise had anything to do with the misstep which he made the next instant, but the girl behind the quickly replaced curtain heard a crash among the branches, heard the men below cry out, 'Take care!' and then she heard the thud of a heavy body on the hard earth below."

"Oh!" she groaned, "what did I do?"

Filled with dismay, she stood for a moment helpless in the center of the room. Voices came up to her in a confusion of anxiety and consternation. Then she heard her father's commands, "Carry him this way, boys; we'll take him into the house. Grant, drive for a doctor—Doctor Lyman—as fast as Swallow will carry you! Ed, where's mother?"

"Mother," repeated Josephine, coming to herself. "Oh, I saw her going down the road to Miller's! What will they do? I must go and help." The fear of something dreadful filled her eyes with tears for a moment. Every trace of mirth was gone from her face, yet it had lost none of its marvelous beauty, for a spirit of helpfulness had come now to dominate her features.

Flying down-stairs, Josephine met her father coming from the room where they had laid the luckless young man. "Mother is away, father. Can I help you? Is he badly hurt?" she asked, breathlessly. The color had come back to her face with the conviction that she was to blame for the accident. With that conviction was a prayer now that no one might guess the truth, for besides her guilt it seemed that all the foolish thoughts she had previously indulged must be revealed.

"I don't know what to do," murmured her father, helplessly, pacing to the window, and looking down the dusty road in the hope of seeing the doctor, and back to the door that gave a view of an unconscious form. "I don't see why mother must go away just when we need her most," he continued, with unreasoning impatience.

"Some cold water? The camphor? Arnica?" Josephine interrupted with questions.

"Yes, that's what your mother would get, I'm sure," declared the perplexed father, with great relief.

Josephine saw that she must take her mother's place, and waited for no further prompting. She must carry the water and the drugs to that room, and act, not waiting for her father's slow wits to return. She heard him murmuring against such luck as he paced up and down the room, and knew that he was blaming himself for the accident. He had asked the young man to give him this help as a particular favor, though he expressed a willingness to pay him well for his time. But Harmer had responded with glad alacrity, declaring he wanted no pay for a neighborly act.

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Josephine's movements were all quick and to the purpose. She snatched the dainty handkerchief from her belt, saturated it with the camphor, and applied it to the young man's nose, then with a sponge she bathed his brow with the cold water. His face and form were nothing as she had imagined them. The features were plump and boyish, and there was beauty and manly strength in the motionless frame that stretched the full length of the couch. Those lids might remain forever closed, yet she should always remember the handsome brown eyes that had looked into hers a moment out of the tree-top. Now, under the wetting, his heavy, dark hair gathered in little ripples that caught about her fingers, clinging there in a way that touched her heart.

Josephine kept back the sob in her throat. With deepest feelings she was arguing to herself, "I don't care—if he does die it won't be my fault. I didn't mean to cause it. I couldn't know that it would make him lose his balance. Oh, God, don't let him die!" she prayed.

She had no idea how long she worked, but by and by Edwin came, fetching her mother, and a moment later Mrs. Harmer hurried up the path, following the man who had been sent for her. Josephine was relieved from duty now, and stole to a shady nook in the front yard, where she could cry if she must without being seen. But Edwin, in pursuit of a butterfly, saw her, and striking his heels together, he ejaculated, "Humph! women always have to cry. Ma's cryin', too. He wa'n't no relation o' ours." Yet the boy was not heartless.

By and by the doctor came. Josephine had the better of her nerves by this time, and was prepared for the worst when, fifteen minutes later, her mother found her out.

"There weren't any bones broken, the doctor says," her mother explained; but before the words the girl had seen by the relieved expression in her face that the worst had not happened. "There's a sprained ankle, and he's been greatly shocked. The doctor says he mustn't be moved for a day or two. But he'll be all right in a week or ten days. I'm so glad, for your father blamed himself terribly. And poor Mrs. Harmer! I'm glad for her sake, too. I've had Grant bring a bed down, and they're putting it up in the room where he lies. She'll stay till he can be moved. She thinks she can sleep on the couch by his side. I've promised to go over and close up their house. Your father will have one of the men do the chores there and see to things generally till—till Mr. Harmer gets about again. 'Morris,' she calls him. He's only a big boy. He must have been awfully careless."

"Oh, I don't think so, mother. Accidents will happen in spite of the greatest care," Josephine returned, but with a very guilty feeling. "You know how father slipped from a load of hay last summer—"

"Well, I've always thought he was careless—"

"And the time you fell down the cellar stairs—"

"I shouldn't have done that if the heel hadn't come off my shoe."

"Maybe—Mr. Harmer, do you call him?—lost the heel off his shoe. I mean to look if I have a chance." And Josephine laughed in the relief that had come to her feelings.

that woman thanked Josephine for what she had done for her son, much to the girl's discomfort. All the while she was feeling that she ought to confess her part in causing the accident, yet she resolutely sealed her lips, arguing, "What good would it do, after all?" and "Was she really to blame, when her intention was altogether innocent?" She wondered what explanation Morris had given for his fall. She called him "Morris" now in her thoughts—his mother used the name so much that anything else would have been silly. She wondered if he knew how she had bathed his head, and—What had become of her camphor-soaked handkerchief? When would she see him again, and would a formal introduction be necessary? What had he thought of her in that moment of consciousness when they looked into each other's eyes? She laughed at the ridiculousness of that situation, and then was angry at him. He had no business so close to her window, and still less looking into it!

It was three days before Morris Harmer could be removed to his own home, and in that time Josephine did not once see him. His mother and her mother were all the nurses that he required, and she was very glad to work in the kitchen. She said so to herself. She said, too, that she thought he might have left some word of thanks for those first attentions. But if he knew nothing of them? She was afraid he did not, and she had come to be quite proud of her presence of mind and the way she had directed affairs until her mother came. But his mother knew, and would she not tell him of that, and who it was that had made the many dainty dishes that had found their way to his bedside during those three days of his stay? Surely she would not leave him to think the daughter of the house was some wild creature kept imprisoned in an upper room—for a wild creature must have been what he saw in the single glimpse he had caught of her. Anyway, they were to be neighbors, and sometime they would meet again, and whatever bad impression he had of her now, she would change it then.

CHAPTER II.

In the humbler home, half a mile down the road, Morris Harmer was inveighing against the lot fate had put on him. He had rejoiced in the opportunity to do a favor for his rich neighbor, but a clumsy movement on his part had turned the obligations all the other way. Now the wealthy Farvester's men were cultivating his small acres and looking after his handful of stock, and when anything like payment was mentioned by him or his mother the rich man turned it off with seeming displeasure, if he was not actually offended.

"I know how he feels, Morris," his mother would say, when they talked it over alone. "You would feel the same way in his position, and we must let him do as he wishes. After all, it will be only a few days, and then you'll be able to do your work again. Mr. Farvester says his men have gone on and sprayed his immense orchard, and done the work very nicely, thanks to the lessons you gave them. I really think he feels that he is doing no more than returning the favor. They are all as nice as can be—in fact, as nice a family as I have ever known—and I am so glad you chose this farm in preference to all others. Good neighbors are worth a great deal."

"I wish I had one half his wealth," said her son, musing on the problem that was very dear to him. "I could put my ideas of agriculture into practice on a large scale then, and the chances of success would be immensely increased. I wonder sometimes if I should not have done better to have engaged with some one like Mr. Farvester. My theoretical knowledge and scientific training coupled with his practical knowledge and large wealth would be a factor hard to beat. But I should have lost my independence, and he would have reaped all the credit—and profits, too."

"I don't think he's that kind of man, Morris," she interjected, with a note of rebuke.

"Perhaps not, mother," he admitted. "I was thinking more particularly of the type then, and not of the individual."

"That's where you are so apt to wrong the individual, trying always to classify it. But I suppose a mind trained to scientific investigation can hardly escape doing that very thing." And she looked at him fondly as he lay back, pillowed in an easy-chair. "There's their daughter, now," she continued, in a tone of introspection. "I should say she was the type of a well-bred city girl, and yet her mother tells me they have always lived right here. You didn't see her to be aware of the fact once while at their house? She's awfully sweet and pretty." Again the mother looked at him fondly, and a certain twinkle in her eyes recalled to him, as it was meant, conversations which they had lightly indulged in regarding a prospective Mrs. Morris Harmer.

"Now, mother, I thought I had persuaded you to give up match-making for me long ago," he returned, with scarcely more than an amused interest. Yet before his mind was a picture of a certain open window shaded by apple-boughs and lined with lace draperies, which, being moved aside from within, revealed a wonderfully beautiful face, with a pair of blue eyes the depths of which put to shame the infinite space of heaven. Though the recalled picture held him even

now, he could not understand how he had come to err in calculating the distance to that bough, missing which had plunged him headlong to the ground, twenty feet below. He had no doubt the face belonged to Josephine Farvester, whom his mother extolled to the skies. Perhaps the girl was all that she said, but he was too full of plans of world-wide importance to think seriously of the things his mother hinted now.

"If I can obtain a variety of corn that the frosts won't touch," he was thinking, with narrowed lids, having closed the book he had been reading. "And why not, if the seasons are favorable for the experiment and I watch the field closely and make careful selections for next year's planting? What if it takes ten, or even twenty, years to develop it if I win in the end? And that is only one of the schemes I have in mind. I shall seize upon every freak my farm produces, and make the most of it. And I shall visit other farms, and make inquiries for promising new varieties, and so make up somewhat for my lack of capital. Hundreds of varieties have been delayed, and many no doubt forever lost to the world, through the ignorance of the man on whose land the new form first appeared. I shall—"

A knock at their front door interrupted his dream. Mother and son exchanged questioning glances as she laid aside her work before going to answer the summons. The way was open through the hall to the yard save for the wire screen, and Morris heard his mother call with pleased surprise to their visitor before she reached the entrance.

"Mother and I are going to town this morning," said the visitor, "and mother thought perhaps you might like to send for something. We would be very glad to do any errand for you, Mrs. Harmer."

Morris recognized the delightfully modulated voice as the one he had heard in those outer rooms at Loamwold, and guessed it belonged to Josephine Farvester before his mother spoke her name. Again he saw his apple-bough picture, and caught himself wishing his mother might have some excuse for fetching her into his room, if only for a moment. He rubbed his hand across his well-formed chin with a sense of thankfulness that he had been strong enough to shave that morning—he had looked so barbarous with a week's beard on his face.

Meanwhile the voices at the front door continued. "Oh, he's lots better to-day," his mother was saying. "I've got him up in an easy-chair. It's really a task to keep him from using his feet. I'd like to take you to him if your mother would forgive me for detaining you. I'm so glad to have any one come in and keep him from his books. I'm afraid he'll read his eyes out."

Josephine hesitated a moment, with a glance back toward the carriage where her mother waited, and then, the color deepening in her face, decided to accept the opportunity she had really hoped to win when they set out. "I might step in just a minute," Morris heard her reply, modestly, and the next instant his mother was presenting a vision in white, and cautioning him to remember his sprained ankle, for he had started to rise from his chair.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Harmer," Josephine repeated after her, with almost entreaty in her voice, "I could never forgive myself if your fall did you any harm. And you are really getting on nicely? I am so glad. You cannot know how frightened I was that day. I thought you were really killed."

"It was very stupid in me to cause so much trouble," he began, meeting the blue eyes of his apple-bough picture with pleasure frankly expressed. As they had been surprised into those previous glances, he decided it would be better to ignore the incident now unless she referred to it. "I hope you will not think I am always such a blunderer," he concluded.

"Really, Mr. Harmer, you are too unfair. 'Stupid' and 'blunderer' and 'trouble-maker!' I am sure you are wrong in every count. If you insist on placing blame for the unfortunate accident, I don't know how I—how we are to escape. If father had not asked you for the favor," she was saying, not knowing where she would stop, when he interrupted.

"No, no, Miss Farvester, I would not have you think I wish to place blame."

They had not asked her to be seated, because of the mother waiting out on the dusty country road. But she dropped into a chair, turning toward him a radiant face. "This trying to account for an accident is so unsatisfactory," she was saying, with such delightful manner. "It makes me think of the time father slipped from a load of hay, and another time when mother fell down stairs. Do you know, they never to this day have agreed as to what caused their mishaps."

Mrs. Harmer felt bound to ask a ques-

tion regarding these mishaps, and the way opened, Josephine talked on and on, frank and at ease, with perfect good breeding, until the others feared she had forgotten her mother. She spoke of the six years that had taken her away to school, but how glad she was with each return of vacation to come home and spend the long summer days in the country. She was in love with farm life, but added, naively, "Maybe I should not be if I had to work as some girls whom I know. Father, you know, gives us everything to work with and all the help we require. But mother and I would rather do the work alone, except when it is so great that we should be simply overwhelmed by it, as in the canning-season or when we have harvesters." And now she rose, and moved toward the door. "Mother and I are coming to make a formal call soon," she told Mrs. Harmer. "I won't ask you to accept this. You're sure there isn't anything you wish to send for? There used always to be the mail, at least, but now the R. F. D.'s have taken that bit of neighborliness out of one's hands. Good-by, Mr. Harmer," she called back at his door, and stood a moment, hesitating, as if there was something more she would like to say, but she finally slipped away without saying it.

"Well, now, Morris, what do you think?" exulted Mrs. Harmer, coming back to him after seeing their visitor out of the house.

"She's certainly handsome—and quite friendly," he replied.

"She's the loveliest creature I ever saw," declared his mother, earnestly.

"Rather talkative," denominated Morris, more to spur his mother on in her praise than as unfriendly criticism.

"Talkative!" she exclaimed. "Everything she said and did was in perfect good taste. The only thing I doubted at all was her keeping her mother out there, and I believe now she was confident of committing no offense even in that."

"It's evident you're quite in love with her."

"I'm ashamed of you that you're not," she flung at him, and he laughed as he had not since his fall. He knew she was not angry, but half seriously, half in play, was pointing a line of action that would meet warm approval from her. He opened his book where a finger had marked the place, and went on with his reading; but at the end of each paragraph, and when he turned the pages, he saw now a vision in white, now a picture framed in apple-boughs, and he was more pleased with it all than he would confess even to his mother.

Morris improved rapidly, and in another week was able to attend to his farm work. Josephine and her mother made the promised formal call on Mrs. Harmer, but at an hour when Morris was far afield, so he did not see them. But his mother was a good raconteur, and at supper-time told him nearly all that was said, and further expressed a belief that Josephine grew more beautiful every day of her life. She declared they were both disappointed to find him so far away that he could not be called—Josephine more than her mother, was added, with a mischievous gleam in the eye. "They made me promise that when I returned the call I would come in the evening and bring you with me."

"Now, look out, mother," warned the young man, lest she ask too much of his credulity.

"Truly they did," she repeated. "And Morris, you must go, and that soon, too. It would not be treating them well after all their kindness following your fall—"

"Once their kindness following my fall was merely the return of a favor your son did them on a time. Do you remember?"

"But really, Morris, it wouldn't be polite. You must go. Don't you see—"

"Oh, if you insist," he acquiesced, with a grimace that was all pretense. "You said soon—then it will soon be over." And he left the table to get a book he was reading on progressive agriculture. But he found no fault with her when she interrupted the reading from time to time to relate something which Josephine had said during the call, and which she feared she would forget unless she related it at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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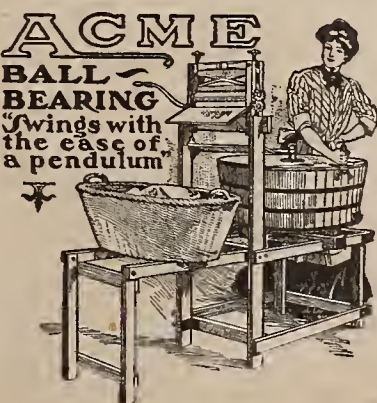
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SHIRT-WAIST WITH ROLLING COLLAR

Tight-Fitting Basque Coat and Full Skirt with Panel Front

SINCE variety is the order of the day, there is no reason why every woman should not have a skirt-and-coat costume exactly to her own liking. This Easter costume shows a short coat and extremely full skirt. The coat is good style for a short-waisted woman, and is cut in a deep point in front, buttoning over at the waist-line. The front of the coat is open, and is trimmed with a flat collar and revers cut in one. The jacket is tight-fitting at the back, the basque portion laid in two plaits at each side of the center back. The full, three-quarter puff sleeve is finished with a deep, tight-



TIGHT-FITTING BASQUE COAT AND FULL SKIRT WITH PANEL FRONT

fitting cuff headed with a flaring cuff. Heavy lace or broderie anglaise may be used for the double cuff and the collar and revers. The skirt is a nine-gored model with a panel front. The lower part is trimmed with flat bias ruffles. At the back the skirt is finished with two inverted plaits. Drape d'été in gooseberry-red would be an excellent material, with black satin bands outlining cuffs, collar and revers. The pattern for the Tight-Fitting Basque Coat, No. 509, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Full Skirt with Panel Front, No. 510, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.

How to Dress

Shirt-Waist with Rolling Collar

The rolling collar is one of the very new features in the spring shirt-waists. It is seen on many very smart models. This waist is made with a double-breasted front, with a stitched box-plait on each side. The center of the back is plain, but on either side is a graduated box-plait. The bishop-sleeve is full at the arm-hole, with a deep, tight-fitting cuff. The waist is cut at the neck, to be worn with a lace or linen chemisette. This waist in Rajah silk, which is a new raw silk, with the rolling collar of panne broadcloth or panne velvet, and worn with a lace chemisette, would be suitable for many dress-up occasions, while in handkerchief-linen, with the collar of the same in a different color, it would be good style for every-day wear. The pattern for the Shirt-Waist with Rolling Collar, No. 485, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

Shirt-Waist with Stole Yoke

This waist has a distinctive style of its own, which makes it a very desirable model for the business woman.



TAB-YOKE SHIRT-WAIST

The deep yoke forms a stole in front, and both in the back and front at the arm-hole is cut in a tab. A row of stitching outlines the yoke and heads the cuffs. The body of the waist is gathered to the yoke, and the fastening is at the side. The full bishop-sleeve is made with a deep, tight-fitting cuff with a turn-back tab as the trimming. Two tabs are sewed on the front of the waist to hold the tie in place. Butchers' linen and linen canvas are equally good materials to use. The pattern for the Shirt-Waist with Stole Yoke, No. 483, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

Tab-Yoke Shirt-Waist

The woman who likes a shirt-waist with a yoke will find much to admire in this model. The yoke is cut square in the back, and in front forms a deep tab. The body of the waist is laid in tucks back and front. The yoke fastens with big buttons, and below the tab there is a Duchess closing. The sleeve is cut on the now fashionable lines, having the fullness at the top. It is tucked at the wrist and finished with a narrow turn-back cuff. A light-weight butchers' linen is an excellent material for this style of waist. Cotton etamine would also make up to advantage. The pattern for the Tab-Yoke Shirt-Waist, No. 481, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.



SHIRT-WAIST WITH STOLE YOKE

Draped Bodice and Full Skirt

This very graceful gown is one of the new-style costumes for Easter wear and the spring. The fitted lining must be very carefully made and adjusted if the draped bodice is a success. This bodice is made with a yoke of lace back and front, outlined with two crossed embroidered bands. The opening of the waist is in front, under the rows of fine shirrings. At the shoulder-seams in front the waist is also shirred. The sleeve is a full three-quarter-length puff, with a deep, tight-fitting lace cuff finished just below the elbow with a flaring cuff. The full skirt is slightly gathered at the waist-band from either side of the front gore all the way around. The pattern for the Draped Bodice, No. 514, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. The pattern for the Full Skirt, No. 515, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 waist measures.



DRAPED BODICE AND FULL SKIRT

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

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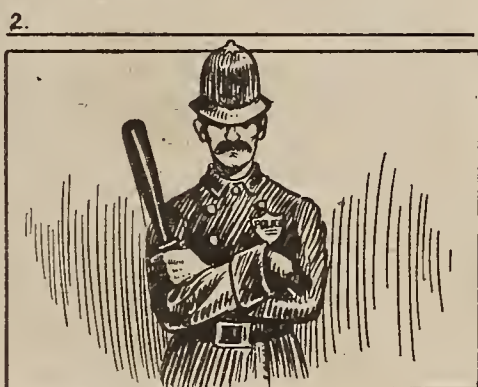
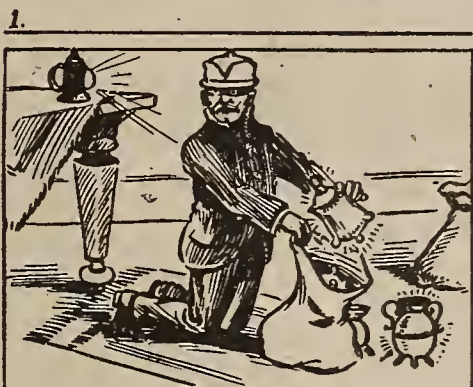
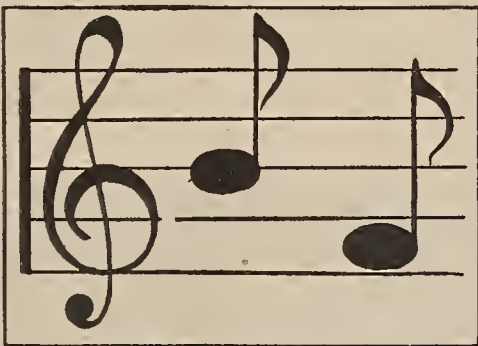
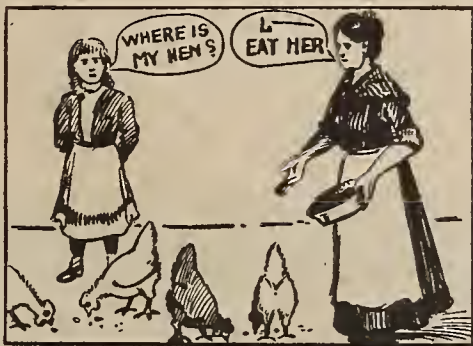
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ALSO A PRIZE FOR EACH STATE AND TERRITORY

As further rewards for our great family of readers, a book, entitled "One Thousand Ways to Make Money," will be given the person in each state and territory, the District of Columbia and each province of Canada who sends us the correct list and argument as above conditioned. The best argument and correct list, therefore, from each state and territory wins a prize, giving

equal opportunity to all our readers, wherever located. In the states or territories where the four cash prizes are awarded the smaller prizes will be given to the person who sends the second-best argument and correct list, so no person will receive two prizes. Answers must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor," FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE MARCH 1st ISSUE

- | | |
|----------|------------|
| 1-Adams. | 2-Pierce. |
| 3-Hayes. | 4-Jackson. |
| 5-Polk. | 6-Taylor. |

Prize Awards

Four first prizes of two dollars each were awarded to the following:
Leslie E. Cleek, Millboro, Virginia.
Nellie W. Hodges, Conduit Road, Washington, District of Columbia.
Ernest G. Morse, Duluth, Minnesota.
Mrs. Frank Mann, Hayward, Wisconsin.

As a consolation prize a book, "Priceless Recipes," was awarded to the following-named persons from the different states and territories, who were entitled to same in accordance with our offer:

- Alabama—Norma Pearce.
Arizona—T. R. Spaulding.
Arkansas—Leo Partlow.
California—Lynn Earley.
Canada { Nova Scotia—Edna V. Beckwith.
 Quebec—Isabel Meldron.
Colorado—Mrs. R. C. Aiken.
Connecticut—Mrs. M. Allarata Weld.
Delaware—Mrs. J. E. Rentz.
District of Columbia—Florence Nelson.
Florida—Mrs. E. M. Strong.
Georgia—Mary Floy Mauck.
Idaho—Miss Ruby Yant.
Illinois—Mrs. S. D. Kensil.
Indiana—George Boone.

- Indian Territory—Ada McGuffin.
Iowa—Clara Nace.
Kansas—Josie Ford.
Kentucky—Mrs. J. B. Davenport.
Maine—Hollis E. Rowe.
Maryland—Charles I. Prouse.
Massachusetts—Mrs. A. Hooper.
Michigan—Mrs. Edith Hurt.
Minnesota—Leon D. Carson.
Mississippi—Mrs. S. E. Hale.
Missouri—Mrs. Violet P. Lamb.
Montana—Arthur Sheperd, Jr.
Nebraska—Nellie Rickard.
New Hampshire—Mrs. Nellie Hill.
New Jersey—Isabel F. Pancoast.
Nevada—Mrs. C. G. Pierson.
New Mexico—Jennie May Attebery.
New York—Henricetta E. Jones.
North Carolina—Bertrand Culpepper.
North Dakota—Alta Durkee.
Ohio—Miss Anna B. Kyrk.
Oklahoma Territory—Alice Mitchell.
Oregon—Mrs. Rosella Kay.
Pennsylvania—John T. McLaughlin.
Rhode Island—Lester Burgess.
South Carolina—Myrtle Brown.
South Dakota—Abbie W. Winsor.
Tennessee—Bert S. Williams.
Texas—John Roddy.
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Heroes of Fire Island

CHAPTER III.
LIFE-SAVING

THROUGH the night the storm increased, and through the next day. When the blackness gave place to the scarcely less dense gray of the wind-and-rain-possessed dawn, fresh men were sent out to relieve the night-patrol. Coast-watchers were just as necessary now as during the night, for twenty feet from land all objects were invisible. The weather had moderated so there was no chill in the rain, and under it the thin glaze which had frozen over the rotten ice rapidly disappeared, and the soft, spongy mass beneath soon lost cohesive power and began to break apart.

About sunset a call for help was heard almost under the wall of the station itself—so near that Sammy, who had just come in from patrol duty, seized a coil of rope, and hurried out, thinking the boat had beached within a few yards of shore. But nothing could be seen except the driving wall of rain, and the great white-crested billows which the sea was pounding upon the rocks or sweeping in white, churning lines far up the beach. Again the call for help came, so near that voices could be heard and words distinguished. The boats were not even brought out, but as soon as the probable location was determined a Lyle gun sent a line through the rigging, and a breeches-buoy was quickly rigged and sent out. The boat proved to be a coal-barge from Philadelphia, with a captain and boy and two men, who were brought ashore. The barge, however, was hopelessly upon the rocks, and being pounded to pieces by the seas which lifted and dashed her back with terrific blows.

That night the crews of two small coasting-schooners were saved, and a portion of a local steamer's passengers; but when another dawn came, with the rain still driving in and the sea a spongy mass of slush ice, with here and there an irregular line of clear water, they found a portion of a brigantine's hull upon the beach, with no clue to its identity or its passengers. Perhaps it had broken up far out at sea, and this portion of the hull drifted in; possibly the vessel was a foreigner. No one ever knew, nor whether the crew, and possibly passengers, had been lost or saved.

Soon after a dull booming was heard out at sea, at first deadened, and almost lost in the violence of the storm. It was first noticed by the quick ears of Fitzzy, and brought to the attention of the others, who after a little intent listening also heard the signals of distress.

"Fastened on them rocks in the rapids," decided Keeper Briggs, at length. "It's three quarters of a mile out there, an' the rapids'll be open water an' boilin'. That signal's a liner, I think, or at any rate a big vessel. If she's square up on the rocks, an' settled, she may last forty-eight hours in this sea, or mebbe a little more; if her nose is just fastened, an' the rest poundin', she'll break up inside o' twenty-four. Now, how'll we get out to her?"

He studied the sea sharply so far as the rain beating in his face would permit. Above the station was soft ice reaching to the shore and extending out into the obscurity of the storm, with no open water; but opposite and for a few rods below, where an ocean-current rounded in, the water was almost wholly open, with only an occasional drifting floe. Like the ice-field, the open water extended out into the obscurity.

"I expect that water goes straight out for a quarter of a mile or so, to where the current swings off down the coast," said the keeper, reflectively. "Beyond that'll be soft ice again, like the rest. Now, if it's soft enough, mebbe we can crowd the life-boat through for another quarter of a mile, till we strike the rapids, where it'll be open again. We'll take along axes an' poles—it's the only thing we can do."

"An' if we can't crowd through we'll have to come back after the scooters, I s'pose," said Sammy.

"O' course; but they're poor makeshifts for a boat with a lot o' passengers, specially when it's a long way from shore, like this one. Scooters ain't made to carry but two, an' three or four's a risky load. Still, they'll go where nothin' else in the boat-world can. The life-boat's what we need here if we can crowd it through."

They had hurried into the station while talking, and were now rolling the life-boat down to the beach upon its wheels. In a few moments more they had slid it off into the water and taken their places.

It was easy to cross the open water to the ice, but when they tried to force the boat through that even with axes and poles they found it almost impossible to make any headway. The ice in most places was too rotten to bear a person's weight, but too thick for the passage of a boat. After an hour's hard labor with axes and poles, with scarcely a hundred feet progress, they were ordered to desist.

"It would take long enough for the vessel to sink 'fore we could reach her at this rate," said the keeper, anxiously. "We'll go back an' get the scooters, an' do what we can with them. If the boat was close in, so we could make a number o' trips, an' there wa'n't

The Young People

many passengers, the scooters might do, but I'm afraid they won't amount to much in this case. However, they'll likely help us save a few, an' we couldn't even get out to the boat no other way."

The return trip was made as swiftly as six pairs of strong arms could use the oars, for all felt that much valuable time had been lost, and that every moment now might mean life or death to those who were sending calls for help through the storm. As their shoulders swayed back and forth in unison to the strong, swift strokes that were almost throwing the boat from the water, their faces were set in stern lines, and even Fitzzy, filling his father's place, seemed more a man than a boy.

They did not waste even the few minutes necessary to replace the life-boat in the station, but drew it up on the beach, and then sprang as a man for their scooters.

"Every one's his own captain now," shouted the keeper, hoarsely. "Keep your heads clear an' hands steady, an' take any risk that'll help speed. Don't think o' danger or death, or anything 'cept jest the people out there waitin' for us. An' now may the good Lord stay right with us till this job's done."

As they swept out across the shore-ice and on into the storm, over hard floes and rotten ice, and plowing through slush, dodging cracks and heaped-up ridges crowded together by currents, the scooters acting the part of sled and boat with equal celerity and sureness, Fitzzy found, in spite of his supposed skill and experience in managing the odd craft, that these men, whose lives had been passed upon the water in all sorts of danger and trying situations, were vastly his superior in water and weather knowledge. Vigilant as he was, they saw many slight advantages of wind and

We found these people needin' help, an' must get 'em to shore quick as we can. But we can manage by ourselves, as there's only 'leven. Tell the folks on the vessel that we'll be there jest as soon's hard work'll let us. An' Fitzzy."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't try to carry more'n two passengers on that little scooter o' yours. More'd wreck it in this weather an' on

this ice. Carry all you can, but don't jam so you won't be able to handle the scooter quick. You'll save more. An' if the vessel's pretty well across the rapids, take the people to tother side. 'Twon't be fur there, an' you can make quick trips an' save more. It'll be rough on that shore, an' no shelter, but danger from exposure's better'n wuss danger on the vessel."

Fitzzy jibed until his sail filled, and then swept away once more on his course. The booming of the signal-gun was very plain now, but it was with the wind, and further away than any of them thought. When he came to the rapids the appeal for help was still ahead, and though it was more dangerous than any scootering he had ever done, he dropped unhesitatingly into the swirling water, and was swept nearly half a mile down before he could gain the opposite ice. Then he tacked back into the storm, following the booming, until at length, not an eighth of a mile from land, he suddenly found himself under the dark hull of a great ocean-liner very low down in the water. Evidently the vessel had struck upon the rocks in the rapids, and then been forced off by the fierce wind, and driven through the soft ice toward shore, where she had keeled over upon her side and was now sinking.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Jealous Cat

The household pet was a large gray cat named Tom. Not that we admired the name Tom above all others, but we had gotten into the habit of calling him that from the time he was a homely little kitten.

But homely kittens sometimes grow up to be beautiful cats, just as this one did. He was beautiful both in looks and manners. We were very fond of Tom, and he seemed devoted to us. When he came in of mornings he would usually go the rounds, greeting us all in turn by purring and rubbing his head on us, seeming by his actions to say, "I am just as glad to see all of you as I can be." Sometimes if we were sitting down he would jump into our laps, and put his fore feet up almost around our necks, very much as a child would do. His was a most loving nature.

He usually spent most of the day in the house, curled up, asleep. He was a cat that took many privileges, but seldom got into mischief. Sometimes he would sleep on top of the ice-box, or on the sewing-machine, or in a rocking-chair, but oftener he would go into the front bedroom, and jump up on the bed. There he would stretch himself at full length, and take the world easy for hours at a time.

But it seemed as though such perfect peace was not to be his forever. One day when he was asleep on the lounge the children brought in a little stray black kitten. As soon as it began to make itself heard, Tom's eyes were opened. And such a look I shall not soon forget. It was evidently very plain that he intended to resent the intrusion at once. He got up, and jumped upon a chair that stood by the one in which sat the child, holding and fondling the kitten. His eyes fairly glared as he took in the scene. It seemed to arouse a most vicious, jealous nature, such as we had never seen before, when all of a sudden he sprang upon the kitten and acted as though he would tear it to pieces.

Of course such conduct as that had to be suppressed at once, so out of the door he had to go. This only angered him the more. He went off a little way, and sat down, looking as though he would just like to come back and "finish" that kitten. He didn't come back, however, until the following morning, when, as usual, he came to the back door and asked to be admitted. We let him come in, but as soon as he saw the kitten it aroused his anger again. He started toward it, but we scolded him. This was like adding insult to injury. He turned, and went right out again, looking as angry and sullen as could be—a very much abused cat in his own estimation.

Finally the children began to feel sorry for him, and wanted him back again. They decided to pay less attention to the kitten when Tom was present, and try to win back his esteem. They coaxed him, rubbed him, and petted him in all sorts of ways, but his feelings were injured almost beyond repair.

One day shortly afterward he gave in, and came back to his old familiar place by the fire. How glad we all were to have him back again! A short time after this we were very much surprised to find them both on the same chair together. His jealousy seemed to have vanished, and now they sleep together as contented as two children.

Mrs. B. M. WADE.

Are you going to help FARM AND FIRESIDE get that million subscribers by sending in a new subscription?



READY FOR THE EXECUTION

PHOTO BY WILL G. HELWIG.

ice and water that entirely escaped his notice, and which quickly carried their scooters away from him in the direction of the dull booming that came at irregular intervals over the water. For a time the odd rasping of the sled-runners upon the ice, and the quick plashes of the pumpkin-seed-shaped hulls as they dipped into the water, were borne back to him on the wind, then they, too, were lost in the other sounds.

But Fitzzy did not lack in courage and determination. The dull booming was sufficient guide as to direction, and his previous experience kept him from being confused at the sudden dangers which seemed to spring at him from the storm. He could see only a few yards ahead, and there was no time to proceed cautiously. Often the first warning he had of an open space or fissure was when his scooter slipped off into the one or bumped across the other. Occasionally there would come a grinding as the scooter nosed against thicker ice after crossing open water, and then but for a few quick thrusts with his ready pole, raising the nose upon the new element to be crossed, the little craft would have stopped. Once a sudden jibing to meet a fierce blast which struck him squarely broadside threw him into the water, and only that his hand was closed upon the mainsail-rope like a vise, by which he gradually drew himself back on board, the scooter would have slipped away and left him without any possible chance of regaining the land.

Suddenly, as he was crossing a piece of firmer ice, he heard the sound of voices mingled with the wind, and a few moments later came upon the other scooters gathered about what appeared to be a small fishing-boat. Men and several half-grown boys were being transferred to the scooters. As his craft swung in toward them, Keeper Briggs called, "Hurry right on to the vessel, Fitzzy. 'Tain't but a little way off now.

The Young People

Daddy and Me

My dad he often looks at me,
And says how very glad he'd be
If he could only be a boy.
I guess that it's so long ago
Since he was one, he doesn't know
That being boys ain't so much joy.

Now, you just bet I'd be real glad
To be grown up as big as dad,
And have a beard, and never do
A thing 'less I just wanted to.

It's "Johnny, wipe your feet!" and "Say,
You do those errands right away!"
And "Johnny, are your lessons done?"
And "John, now run to bed, my son."

I don't wish daddy any harm,
But I would almost give a farm
If he could be a boy, and see
The trouble that he gives to me.
—American Boy.

Jamie's Bear

THERE was once a small boy who had a perfect passion for taming bears. Not that he had ever tamed any, as he was only seven years old; but his interest in bears began when he was only five, and to please him he was fitted out with a little hunting-suit when the family went to the country for the summer. Almost as soon as they arrived Jamie would take his bow and arrows and begin to look for a bear. He also kept one eye out for Indians, but so far he had seen neither.

No one told him that he would never find one, because he seemed to take so much comfort in looking for them; but when he had been hunting for three summers without seeing even the shadow of a bear, let alone an Indian, it appeared to him to be quite time for something to happen.

Papa and mama and Jamie, who were all the family, went to Maine that summer, and it looked so delightfully wild all around the country hotel where they were to stay that the young hunter felt quite sure of finding a bear this time. He intended to tame one, and lead it home in triumph. It was getting a little tiresome to be asked so often, "Found a bear yet, Jamie?"

Besides, Jamie had formed some very clear notions of his own during these

fell, with Bruin hitched to his double-runner sled! While planning these good times Jamie fell fast asleep the night they arrived at the hotel.

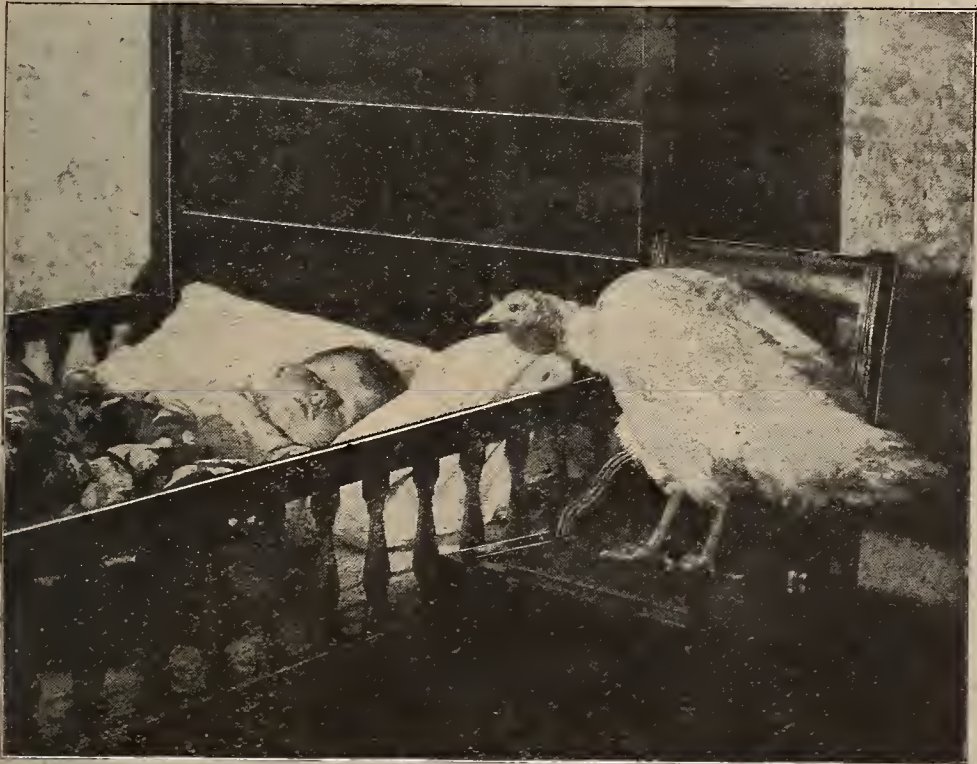
Bright and early the next morning, before any other member of the party was up, Master Jamie went out to explore the premises. All the ground in the county seemed to belong to that one house. But he was not dressed yet for hunting, and when he came suddenly upon his long-desired bear it was something of a shock. Not so much so, however, as if the bear had come upon him.

Fortunately the bear was chained. But he was not a pleasant creature to meet. His puffed-out cheeks, pointed nose, dull little eyes and short ears were the reverse of pretty, and his clumsy body made him look like a great brown pig, except for the thick, strong paws.

The animal's low growl as Jamie approached him was rather threatening, for he had eaten nothing since the middle of the day before. He did not seem to know how to live on his own fat, as the bears in books do, and he glared ferociously at what he believed to be his breakfast coming toward him. But Jamie was a boy not easily discouraged, and he made up his mind quickly that if the bear was not as handsome as the bears he had read about, yet it might be made as pleasant a playfellow.

It was a brave little fellow, though, who was venturing into the jaws of danger; and thinking that the bear was chained there to be tamed, he reminded himself of what he had read, that the first step toward doing this was to look the creature steadily in the eyes and approach it very slowly. The bear did not mind being stared at, and he just stared steadily back. But while Jamie said to himself that he was getting almost near enough to pat his head and make him his friend forever, Bruin was gloating over the attractive meal before him.

Fortunately the pat was never given, for a startlingly loud voice called Jamie to come to his mother at once; and dropping the bear (figuratively speaking, as he had not picked him up) he flew to the house to see what had happened to his beloved parent. The hungry animal was furious as his anticipated prey vanished from his sight, and he tried to break his chain; but his keeper, who



LITTLE JIMMIE'S DREAM

PHOTO BY WILL G. HELWIG

years of hunting of just what he intended to do with the bear when once he was caught and tamed. Whenever storytelling time came around in the past winter he would always coax his mama to read to him over and over again from the Jungle Book the story of the big black bear that was so kind to Mowgli; how it taught him to hunt, and guarded him while he slept.

Now, if an untamed jungle bear could be so good to a little forest boy, Jamie reasoned that greater wonders and docility could be shown by his bear after it understood he meant it no harm, but only kindness. He would teach it to draw his blue-wheeled cart next autumn when he went a-nutting, and when school-days came Bruin could trot along beside him and carry his book-satchel between his great strong teeth. Then to think of the fun he would have when the snow

was leading him about the country in a half-tamed condition, now appeared upon the scene, and silenced him for the time with a blow on the head.

There was nothing whatever the matter with Jamie's mother, but the hotel-keeper, who saw the boy's danger, had summoned him in this way as most likely to bring him quickly. There was a great deal the matter with Jamie, though, for in his haste he fell and sprained his ankle, which kept them all at the country tavern much longer than they had expected to stay. But during all that time the little hunter never got a glimpse of a bear, except the one he didn't tame.—Ella Rodman Church.

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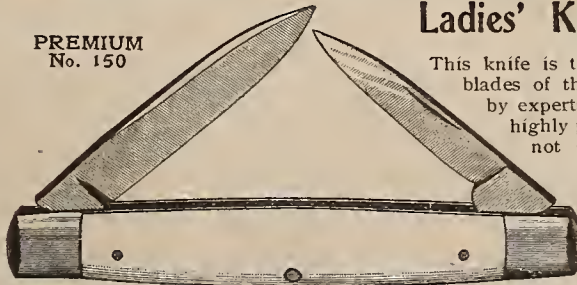
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By
CHARLES WAGNER



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The Shad-Fisheries

With the Opening of the Season the Little Town of Bayside, New Jersey, Becomes a Scene of Great and Interesting Activity

BAYSIDE'S oldest resident, "Catfish Billy," who has watched the seasons carefully for forty years, shakes his head, and says the past winter was akin to the winter of 1885, but that he never before saw Bayside so frozen over that a duck could not settle. For more than a month they did not see a duck—there was no place for them. During February last year shad were plentiful at Bayside, but this year the fishermen did not look for them before the latter part of March.

each week, and oftener if necessary. Within a week or two each spring Bayside increases from its two or three residents to as many hundred for the starting of the shad-season. They come in colonies—Swedes, Norwegians, Americans; in fact, nearly every nationality has a few representatives.

This far-famed place has never known the stroke of a paint-brush, but much money is handled here. The fish are shipped by rail or boat to Philadelphia. On red-letter days the excitement of the large catches often rivals the finding of gold in a new country. The owners of cabins on the marsh pay a land-rent. Those fishermen living in house-boats stay free.

CORA JUNE SHEPPARD.

Carnegie in Joking Mood

A reception was tendered Andrew Carnegie recently at the Builders' Exchange in Cleveland, Ohio. When he was introduced he jumped to his feet as nimbly as a boy. After saying that the Scotch are a good-looking race, "and I am the average," he continued:

"It's a great little country, Scotland. There's nothing you can't do with a Scotchman if you catch him young enough. They make great American citizens. While I am a Scot, I still love America, but in a different way. Scotland is my motherland, America my wifeland."

"My claim to nobility is good. In Skibo Castle there is a record of an event which I show to English earls, dukes, and even the king when he comes to visit me. That record? What is it a record of? My uncle was in jail."

A yell went up when Mr. Carnegie said this.

When the laughter had subsided he continued:

"What was he in jail for? Because he held a meeting in defiance of the government, which was trying to prevent religious and political freedom. Oh, I am proud of that uncle!"

"In England they have a king, and they believe in the doctrine that the king can do no wrong. But to make the doctrine work out right they won't let the king do anything. England is in reality a democracy, though they still preserve the kingly sham."



THE MAYOR OF BAYSIDE—WILLIAM WHITSAL, WIDELY KNOWN AS "CATFISH BILLY"

The fishermen have congregated at Bayside in goodly numbers, and the cabins are nearly all open, ready for the shad and sturgeon fishing. Duck and muskrats have been the game, and perch and rock are being caught.

The fishermen, who have been to Florida and the Carolinas, have been gathering at Bayside during the past month for the first of the shad-season. The Swedes and Norwegians, who are great fishermen in their own country, continue to fish when they emigrate to the United States. These thrifty races fish during



REPAIRING NETS IN THE SWEDISH COLONY

all the year—it is their business. They have very pretty and comfortable homes at Holly Beach, but the men leave their homes in the spring, and follow the run of the shad. These fishermen are quite independent when it comes to traveling, for the old-fashioned sail-boat is being done away with by the "snap shot," a boat with a naphtha-engine which moves rapidly over the water in any kind of weather.

The nets are the fishermen's chief anxiety. They are dried and repaired

"I am glad to see so many young men here. Get into business for yourselves. Don't work for wages any longer than you have to."

"The best friends I ever had in the world were my competitors in business. You only hate those you do not know. There is not much in dollars if you do not become attracted to your fellows. If you are true to the judge within you, you need have no fear of the Judge hereafter. I am a great believer in the fellow who does something for himself."

Sunday Reading

Some Other Day

BY ELIAS HOLLINGER

When clouds the sullen skies o'ercast,
And raindrops patter thick and fast,
And all the earth is chill and drear,
Within your heart let love and cheer
Still live and reign.
The clouds will pass, so never fear;
The sun will greet the earth again
Some other day.

When loud the winds of winter wail,
And flowers perish in the gale,
Let not your burdened spirit weep
As you ascend life's rugged steep,
Or blindly grope
Your way through valleys dark and deep;
Again will shine the star of hope
Some other day.

Some days are filled with clouds and rain,
And life seems naught but grief and pain,
But brighter days shall come anon,
When clouds shall all go sailing on,
And fade from view;
And lo! behold that promised dawn
And gleaming skies of azure hue
Some other day.

Some other day life's toil and strife
And storms that seem forever rife
Will pass away, and souls oppressed
Shall lay them down to peace and rest
In realms afar,
That haven of the true and blessed,
That port where saints immortal are,
Some other day.

Keeping Clean All the Way

IT WAS on a transcontinental train.
We were fellow-passengers, and had
become quite well acquainted by reason
of our sharing the same section
for a day or so. He was a young man,
full of hopes and ambitions. Learning
who I was, he became quite confidential,
and told me of his plans for the future
and the purpose of his present journey.

He was on his way to a Western town
to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood
days. On the second day, after a very
dusty ride across the desert, I missed
him for a time. He soon came back
from the toilet-room, cleanly washed
and shaved, his clothing neatly brushed,
and fresh linen in place of the soiled.

I said to him, "You must be getting
near the end of your journey, where you
will meet your future bride."
"Oh, no," said he. "I find that the
best way to be clean at the end of the
journey is to keep clean all the way
along."

Oh, if the young men and women of
our day would not put off cleaning-up
time until the end of the journey! If
they would not think that they will have
time enough to prepare to die! If they
could only be made to realize that it is a
far more serious thing to live than it is
to die, and that the only way to be
clean at the end of the journey is to get
clean now and keep clean!—The Rev.
Bruce Kinney.

Armor-Plated Boys

One of the chief means of protection to
the great battleships are huge armor-
plates. It is important in these days
that there should be armor-plated boys.
A boy needs to be ironclad on:

His lips—against the first taste of
liquor.

His ears—against impure words.

His hands—against wrong-doing.

His feet—against going with bad com-
pany.

His eyes—against dangerous and
worthless books.

His pocket—against dishonest money.

His tongue—against evil speaking.—
The King's Own.

True Ladies are Born, Not Made

I think it was Zangwill who said that,
like a poet, a gentleman was born, not
made. The same aphorism can be applied
to the opposite sex. A true lady is born,
not made.

Being born a lady, she can be im-
proved by education and by refining in-
fluences, but she will not suddenly begin
to be a lady—she will always have been
one; while if she was not born a lady no
amount of education or refinement or
stimulating environment will make her
a true lady.

She may educate herself to become a
very passable imitation of a lady by cul-
tivating her sense of her obligations to
her brothers and sisters in this world.
She may act the part so often and so
well that after a time she will convince
people that she is a lady; but if she only

takes the trouble to be born one, if she
will only choose for her ancestors kindly,
unselfish people, she will be apt to start
her life with the chief requisites, and
then, no matter what her education may
or may not be, her heart will every day
incline her to ladylike actions, and peo-
ple will say of her when she has passed
away, "She was a true woman if ever
there was one."

To be a true woman is to be the best
possible kind of a lady.—Brown Book.

Why Some are Indifferent

The church is blamed in these days for
almost everything—for the indifference
of men to it, among other things. It
would be well for those who so readily
publish their criticisms of the church to
attempt seriously the work of bringing
men to a knowledge of and submission
to God. They would soon find that
others besides the church are at fault.
The truth is that the more Christlike the
church, the more unacceptable it is to
some people. Many are indifferent to
the church, and even hostile to it, be-
cause they are indifferent and hostile to
Christianity, which they will not accept
because it interferes with their manner of
living.

Mr. Moody was once in conversation
with a man who sold soap which he
claimed would do remarkable things, one
of which was to remove grease-spots.
"The soap will do all that is claimed for
it," said the man, "but the truth is it rots
the clothes. If I become a Christian I
must give up my business, and I can't
afford to do that." Mr. Moody remarks
that it was soap that kept that man out
of the kingdom of heaven.—Northwest-
ern Christian Advocate.

"Abide with Me"

Few people there are who have not at
some time in their lives heard and been
touched by the words of this beautiful
poem. It was written more than half a
century ago, but the pleading sweetness
of the words will never grow old. Henry
Francis Lyte, the author, was born in
Ednam, Scotland, more than one hundred
years ago. When he had passed middle
life, after having had charge of one
church for twenty-five years, his health
so far failed that he was admonished to
give up his work and seek a milder cli-
mate, his charge being in Devonshire,
England. After preaching his farewell
sermon, and administering the sacrament
to his weeping people, he was taken to
his little cottage home, where in the
evening he composed this matchlessly
pathetic and beautiful hymn:

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide.

He felt that he was slowly dying; he
had bidden his beloved people good-by,
had partaken of the sacred emblems with
them for the last time, and now he was
alone with his Father. He died at Nice
a few weeks after writing this hymn.—
The Christian Herald.

Age of Cathedral-Building

"Are we entering upon a new age of
cathedral-building?" asks the New York
"Tribune." Not long ago it was an-
nounced that seven hundred and fifty
thousand dollars had become available
for work on the new cathedral of St.
John the Divine; it is a matter of months
only since the great Roman Catholic
Cathedral of Westminster, in London,
was finished; and it is less than a year
since a bequest of one million dollars
toward the construction of a cathedral
for Boston was recorded. These facts
lead the "Tribune" to remark: "The
vast commercial structures, the luxuri-
ous hotels, must reach at last a limit
beyond which men will go only for 'God
and country.' Has the time come? In
this period of magnificence and lavish-
ness in building, are we at last turning
some of our riches to the visible glori-
fication of religion? If so, we are com-
ing to a new age of cathedral-building."

Whistling at Prayer-Meeting

A. F. Lines, of Evanston, Ill., recently
introduced whistling at prayer-meetings
as an accompaniment to the songs and
as an act of devotion. He is a member
of the Epworth League of the Emmanuel
Methodist Church. At a prayer-meeting
recently, when the singing began to drag,
Mr. Lines, who was leading the services,
requested the men to whistle the accom-
paniment, and they responded with such
zeal that it added new fervor to the
meeting.

You Must Not Give Up

*You are going to get well
if you do your part
and just try.*

**Report of Marvelous Cures by a fam-
ous doctor—His sweeping offer of a
full trial treatment free—The
only way to convince the
Sick and Afflicted.**

You mustn't give up, no matter how sick you are or how poor. You are going to be well again no matter what your disease may be, or what anyone thinks about it. You have one able friend who says that it isn't a fair thing for any doctor to come in and begin asking the sick for money.

And yet that's the very thing that usually happens; most sick people know it to their sorrow, and maybe you do too. But you can't really blame the local doctor exactly, either, for any small neighborhood practice and a few patients almost compel your local physician to charge you as soon as you call him in. It isn't his fault and he cannot help it, but there is a help elsewhere for it if you're willing to try by going outside of your home town.

You know now the same as everybody knows that the greatest doctor in the world—Dr. James W. Kidd—will take your case and send you his expert medical council and complete trial treatment, if you ask him, and you don't have to pay a dollar either down or afterward, not one single cent.

If you read the papers regularly you have seen this wonderful offer before, for Dr. Kidd publishes the accounts regularly—of both diseases and cures—he names the patients themselves—the earnest people who are grateful and willing enough to speak out and help others by telling their own stories in their own way.

**Free To All Means
Free To You.**

You can believe this and trust the words—for when Dr. Kidd says free he means it in the same sense you mean it—free; the willingness that you should try to get well without paying for the right to try. That's what he means by a trial that is free; no sly deceit or round-about trick, but the full honest trial treatment in your houses at his cost. Will you turn away the man who comes to you in this way—openly—and in good will?

HEALTH

**400,000 Patients
—80% Cured**

Think what that means; letters from 400,000 sick people written to Dr. Kidd—many of them the last desperate hope and faith of that great body of the human race. That number of cases covers every affliction in every form and stage, hundreds of times over. It covers your case—your own suffering—it is a record that means that your chances of getting well under Dr. Kidd's treatment are 80 out of 100 in your favor. Your house doctor may never have seen one case like yours. Dr. Kidd has encountered hundreds. He and his assistants have had a thousand times as much experience as the ordinary Physician and experience in medicine is everything. You can't afford for an instant to let someone practice on you for the benefit of others. You must get well yourself and a treatment that helps eight out of every ten of the most desperate cases on record is the treatment you want. You cannot only afford to take the trial treatment under Dr. Kidd's magnificent offer—but you can't afford not to take it—and you're not going to let it go by when you come to know that the offer is absolutely free and un-
restricted.

**Cures That Seem
Beyond Belief.**

Dr. Kidd does not claim to do the impossible or miraculous, but nevertheless the cures told of in the many grateful letters received from patients are positively astonishing and marvelous. The following extracts from a few letters tell a vivid story of long suffering and wonderful cures: A. Hinkelman, Lombard, Montana, says: "I suffered from heart trouble since 1892, more than I can describe. Life was miserable. I took treatment from doctors in all parts of the United States without a particle of good. To-day I am as well, healthy and sound as any man could wish to be, and I owe it all to Dr. Kidd." Mrs. Jane Ash, Chestnut Mound, Tenn., says: "I had rheumatism about 30 years. I could hardly get out of a chair. Fifteen days' use of your treatment cured me."

E. J. Mills, of Woodbine, W. Va., sixty-two years old, a sufferer for ten years from kidney, bladder and stomach trouble, tells of a remarkable cure: "When I began your treatment I could hardly turn myself in bed; I was nearly paralyzed in my left side. I am entirely cured." More remarkable still is the case of S. V. Corley, Kestler, Ala., who says: "My condition was such that the case baffled the skill of local doctors, and I was given up by my friends and family. After seven days' treatment, I am able to eat heartily, ride horseback, perform manual labor of any kind. I know that I am cured and I thank Dr. Kidd for my recovery." Hundreds of letters of this kind from men and women cured of rheumatism, kidney trouble, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrh, bronchitis, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, female troubles, lumbago, skin diseases, scrofula, impure blood, general debility etc., prove the doctor's remarkable ability.

The Newspapers:

In an interview last month Dr. Kidd said in his office to the reporters present: "Gentlemen, I know why they are talking about me and saying my methods are revolutionary. You may state for me and from me that I have some faith yet in human nature. I know that the four hundred thousand sick and hopeless people who stretched out their hands to me without a dollar in them—knew and believed in my honor and skill and in the power of Kidd's treatment to lift them up again and make them well and strong. It's pretty late in the day for criticism. No petty jealousy is any answer to my army of patients who are well today and voice the praise of my treatment. They know it—these people know it. I know it. And I value that great health-record and the confidence of my patients infinitely more than picking a dollar here and there from the fingers of some sick woman. You may publish that statement or not—as you please."

When You Write In.

When you write in to the doctor—and the good time to do that is right now when you're in earnest about yourself and really mean to get well—tell the doctor the whole story of your case; don't keep anything back. Your letter is a sacred confidence—no word will be said—never. You must tell him plainly in your own words and in your own way just how you are. And just remember when you're doing that that there isn't anything more for you to do but just be willing to tell your trouble truthfully and take the free trial treatment; and don't give up for you're going to get well—you're going to get well right away.

It is better when you write to put down the address exactly as the doctor gives it, this way:—Dr. James W. Kidd, Box 204, Fort Wayne, Ind.



She's Mine, All Mine

A WALTZ-SONG

Written and Composed by Julia Marion Manley

Intro. *Tempo di Valse.* *f*

1. The sweet - est girl in all the
2. She's just the sort of girl you'd

mf

town will short - ly be my wife ;..... And all the lads are jeal - ous of the luck I'll
turn to look at on the street ;..... As pret - ty as a pic - ture, and in style not

have for life ;..... She's ev - - 'ry - thing that I could wish - no bet - ter girl I
swell, but neat ;..... For she's the kind you read a - bout, and with me you'll a -

know ;..... I'm sure that we'll be hap - py,..... for we love each oth - er so.....
gree,..... You'd like to be in my place,..... but this girl be - longs to me.....

CHORUS.

When you see her, re - mem - ber that she's my girl ;..... There's no boy in the

land who can steal my pearl ;..... For she loves on - ly me, does this maid di - -

vine ;..... Try as you can You can't win her a - way, For she's mine, all mine..... mine.....

1. 2.

Author of "Dixie"

IN AN article in the "Lamp," under the title "Does It Pay to Be Famous?" Mr. William D. Hall sketches the life of Dan Emmett, and tells how one of the most famous songs in American history was written. In Emmett's own words:

"The original title of my 'Dixie' song was 'I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land.' It was written, or rather finished, when I was a member of Dan Bryant's minstrels, then located at Mechanics' Hall, 570 Broadway, New York City. I went with Bryant in 1859, and 'Dixie' was written a year later, but not on a rainy Sunday, as is generally supposed and certain Boswells have seen fit to put it. The idea for 'Dixie' was conceived long before my joining Bryant. 'I wish I was in Dixie' was a circus expression that I had heard up North while traveling with canvas-shows. In those days all below the Mason and Dixon line was considered South, and it was a common occurrence on a cold day when traveling through the North to hear a shivering circus-man remark, 'I wish I was in Dixie's Land.' 'Dixie' never impressed me as being as good a song as 'Old Dan

Miscellany

structure must be rebuilt in order to insure public safety.

Its rate of deterioration has been one million dollars a year, which the engineering experts have attributed to overstrain and electrolysis. Overstrain perhaps was to have been expected of the only direct connecting link between two great cities, but electrolysis as a cause of destruction of so noble a structure represents a certain knowing heedlessness on the part of trolley companies, whose experiences should have called for some provision on their part against such disastrous consequences. The electrical journal thinks that better means ought to be taken to prevent similar destruction of the new bridge further up the river.

Treasure-Seekers Clash

In a recent issue we told of the fitting out and sailing of an English ship for Cocos Island in search of the pirates' treasure said to have been lost soon after

whistles to whisky, from dust-pans to diamonds. The postage-rates are so excessive that none of the local newspapers can afford to exchange with the American dailies. When I arrived in St. Johns a little packet of letters was awaiting me at the post-office. The attendant smiled sweetly, and said, "One twenty-nine excess, please." One letter that left the States with four cents in stamps on it, and which was underweight at that, was assessed twenty-two cents.

A Shock to the German Court

Princess Charlotte of Prussia, a sister of the Kaiser, and the wife of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen, has created quite a stir among the social set in the Fatherland by the writing of a paper advocating polygamy. The Princess writes that the main cause for divorce is boredom, and that a social millennium would result if a man were allowed to make two, or even three, women happy. But polygamy has been tried before—in Turkey and Utah, for instance—and we've yet to hear that these two places are paradises.

Parker Getting Rich

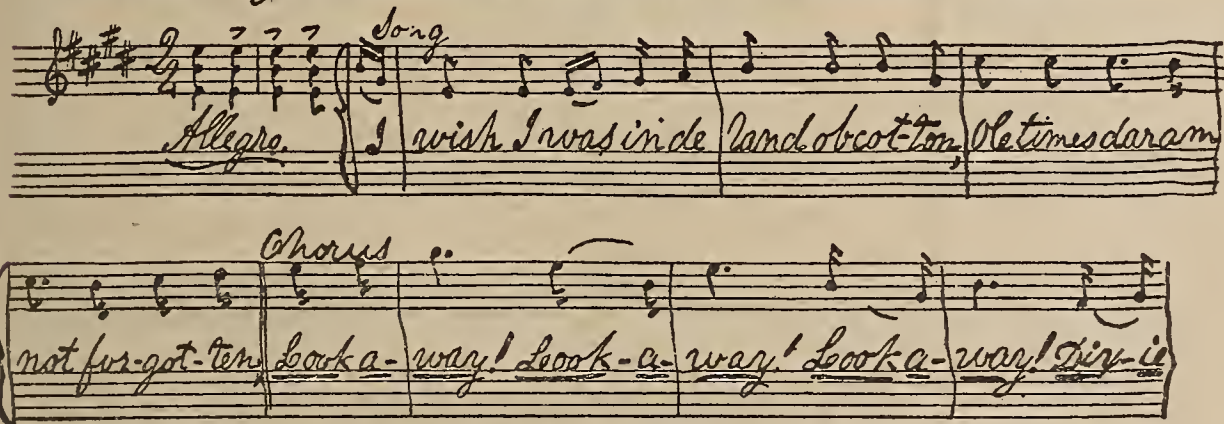
Alton B. Parker, the defeated candidate for President, promises to become wealthy in the next five or ten years. Well-informed lawyers say no man in the profession ever made a more advantageous arrangement on beginning business here than he has with the Sheehan firm. The guarantee of fifty thousand dollars which Grover Cleveland accepted from the Stetson firm when he retired from the presidency the first time was the marvel of the day. Mr. Parker, it is understood, declined a guarantee of fifty thousand dollars, but accepted a proposition whereby he shares in the earnings of the firm and is left free to accept outside business, also.

Effect of Piano-Playing

A Berlin physician says that out of one thousand girls who played the piano before the age of twelve years he found six hundred cases of nervous diseases. Of the same number who did not play he found but one hundred cases. The author says the piano should never be used by a child before the age of sixteen years, and only two hours a day at most.

Dixie's Land.

Composed by Daniel D. Emmett in N. York 1859.



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF "DIXIE."

Tucker,' which was one of my first compositions, but 'Dixie' caught on from the first, and before I knew it it had taken the country by storm. We kept 'Dixie' on for six seasons. I always look upon the song as an accident. One Saturday night Dan Bryant requested me to write a walk-around for the following week. The time allotted me was unreasonably short, but notwithstanding, I went to my hotel and tried to think out something suitable, but my thinking apparatus was dormant; then, rather than disappoint Bryant, I searched through my trunk, and resurrected the manuscript of 'I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land,' which I had written years before. I changed the tempo, and rewrote some of the verses, and in all likelihood if Dan Bryant had not made that hurry-up request 'Dixie' never would have been brought out."

Danger in Brooklyn Bridge

The great Brooklyn bridge has reached a period in its history when the question of danger becomes paramount, and overrides all other considerations. The

the War of 1812. This ship, a large ocean-liner, carrying its owner, Earl Fitzwilliam, a wealthy English peer, and a party of daring gentlemen sailed away for the South Sea, and in due time arrived at Cocos Island, about which the fifty million to one hundred million dollar treasure is believed to be. Now comes the story from this famous island that a rival expedition under command of another Englishman, Harold Gray, has also appeared on the scene, and that there has been a clash of arms between them. The Gray party claimed to have a Costa Rican concession to search for treasure, and objected to interlopers.

These treasure-hunters have put thousands of dollars into ships and equipment, and the outcome will be watched.

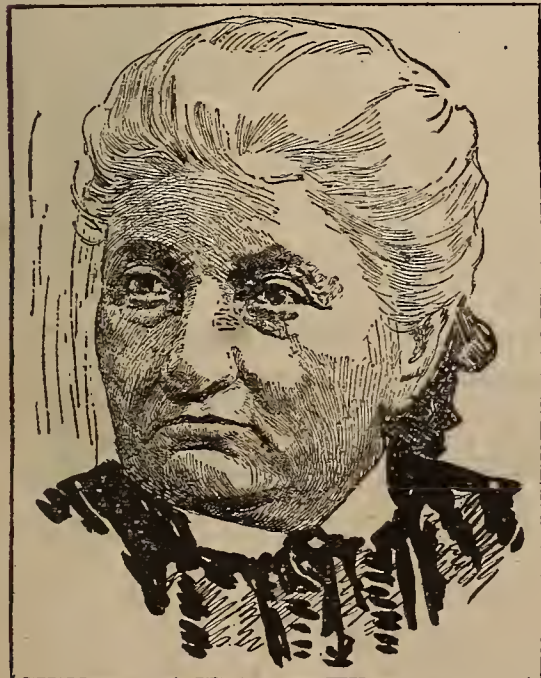
Cocos Island is one of the most picturesque spots in the world—just such a place as Robert Louis Stevenson depicted in his "Treasure Island." Numerous pirate bands are said to have made their headquarters here, and it was a well-known hiding-place for bucaniers after the War of 1812. Many expeditions have searched for the gold, but failed.

All Siamese Girls Get Married

In Siam if a girl does not marry before a certain age the king takes them in charge and finds a husband for them. This is a simple thing to do, for he goes through the list of prisoners in the jails, picks out one man, and tells him he can have his liberty if he will marry one of these girls.

Newfoundland's Heavy Taxes

The system of taxation in Newfoundland is for revenue only, and only a few articles escape the revenue. The customs officials will pass crutches



MADAM KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA

A Russian revolutionary leader who has been lecturing in this country under the auspices of the Russian Revolutionary Aid Society. She is known as "Little Grandmother." The story of her years of exile in Siberia has entertained large audiences in the United States.



GENERAL ALEXEI NICHOLAIEVITCH KUROPATKIN

Defeated at almost every turn by Oyama's armies in the great Manchurian campaign, he has been replaced by Nicholas Nicholaievitch, a cousin of the Czar. General Linevitch is the present active commander in the field. Kuropatkin, though heralded as Russia's ablest general since Skobeleff, has met only disaster from the Yalu to Mukden.



Selections

The Master of the Soil

I like the honest farmer man,
The hardy son of toil;
The man who hoes and rakes and
mows—
The master of the soil.

The man who wears a battered hat,
Whose trousers show repair;
Whose horny hand attacks the land,
And plants a garden there.

The man who turns his rested eye
To greet the waking dawn;
Whose herd he feeds and tends its needs
Before the breakfast-horn.

All hail the honest farmer man,
And compliment his toil;
The man of worth, who feeds the earth—
The master of the soil.

—Joe Cone.

The Farm Boy's Heritage

It is well said by "Vick's Family Magazine" that the boy who is brought up on a farm has a heritage in a healthy body, strong nerves and sound moral principles which is of more value in the battle of life than money-bags or social prestige.

"The farm work which seems such a grind brings with it compensating joys and experiences which can be found nowhere else on earth. Never have I heard the birds singing so rapturously sweet as in the old orchard away back there in the hills at 5 A.M., where, as a barefoot boy, I went to call the cows; never have sounds of industry brought such harmony and contentment as the buzz of the bees in the clover on the old farm; never was my heart lighter or my whistled tunes more exuberant with joy than when I was driving the cows down the long lane and across the brook to pasture; never did the cool shade seem more refreshing than when I lay under the old apple-tree for half an hour after dinner for the accustomed 'noonin'; never has water tasted so sweet and refreshing as when I lay on my face and drank long and deep from the bubbling spring under the old maple-tree on the hillside, and now, as I sit at my desk and listen to the noise of the streets, the discordant shrieks of whistles and the ceaseless hum of industry, or as I pass along the crowded streets amid the press

Dining in Japan

If it's your first Japanese dinner, you're having a dreadfully hard time. In the first place, you must sit on the floor, for they don't have any chairs in Japan. You kneel down, and then you turn your toes in until one laps over the other, and then you sit back between your heels. At first you are quite proud to find how well you do it, and you don't think it's so very uncomfortable. But pretty soon you get cramped, and your legs ache as if you had a toothache in them. You don't say anything, because you think that if the Japanese can sit this way all day long, you ought to be able to stand it a few minutes. Finally both your feet go to sleep, and then you can't bear it a moment longer, and you have to get up and stamp around the room to drive the prickles out of your feet, and all the little dancing-girls giggle at you. This isn't your only trouble, either. All you have to eat with is a pair of chop-sticks, and you're in terror lest you spill something on the dainty white matting floor. Now, the floor of a Japanese house isn't just the floor; it's the chairs and sofas and tables and beds, as well. At home it would be mortifying enough to go out to dinner and spill something on the floor; but in Japan, where people sit and sleep on the floor, it seems even worse. So you are unhappy until your little nesan (who is the waitress, and almost as prettily dressed as the dancing-girls, but not quite) comes laughing to your aid, and shows you how to hold your chop-sticks. After that you manage nicely the rice and the omelet, but the fish and the chicken you can't contrive to shred apart without dropping your chop-sticks all the time. So, between dances, the maiko—little girls about twelve years old—kneel down beside you and help you. They can't help giggling at your awkwardness; but you don't mind—you just giggle, too; and everybody giggles, and all have a lovely time.—St. Nicholas.

No Race Suicide Here

Does the accompanying picture look anything like race suicide? John Riggins, of Deerfield, N. J., has nine healthy boys to help him on his farm. Before the picture was taken, Mr. and Mrs. Riggins had lost one boy out of their row of



MR. AND MRS. JOHN RIGGINS AND THEIR NINE SONS

of the busy crowd, a longing comes over me to be again near to Mother Earth, to hear the birds sing again in the old orchard, to hear the bees hum in the clover and to drink again from the spring under the old maple-tree on the hillside. But those things cannot be. To be sure, the orchard and the birds, the clover and the bees, the spring and the old maple-tree are there, but he who has grown to man's estate can never be a boy again, and the sounds and sensations which filled his heart with rapture in youth now have a strange, far-away sound. Give the boys a chance; let them have a good time; teach them to love the country by pointing out its beauties and advantages, and in after-years they will rejoice, as I do with all my heart, that they spent their boyhood on the farm."

Jiu-Jitsu a Fine Art

In Japan there are ten degrees of proficiency in jiu-jitsu. Recently, when an officer who had shown great proficiency in the art died heroically at Port Arthur, his name was advanced a degree in jiu-jitsu, as that was deemed the highest possible honor to his memory.

steps, and since then a little girl has been born to them.

The picture was very hard to get, because the baby had a new rocking-chair and was determined to keep in motion. A lively tune on a mouth-organ at last held his attention for a second.

A Human Ostrich

An inmate of the Hospital for the Insane at Danville, Pa., died recently, and in the man's stomach were found five large handkerchiefs, a four-in-hand tie, a silver spoon, an old pair of spectacles, two pieces of rubber tubing of nine and twelve inches in length, and a skeleton of a mouse. The man whose stomach contained this bargain-counter assortment of goat's food was a foreigner, and was known only as Alexander. It was said that the fellow had been detected in an effort to swallow a watch and chain, but at the time nothing was thought of it.

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The Quality of Advance Fence is Highest. We use only the best quality of galvanized steel wire. The fence is woven under careful supervision on the most improved fence machinery in existence. The top and bottom selvage of Advance fence are double strength. The stay wire is continuous, being twisted with the selvage from one stay to the next, and wrapped twice around each line wire as it passes across the fence. This unique method of weaving gives us a continuous or endless stay wire. We obtain twice as much strength from the wire used as fences with cut stay wires. The slight crimp at the intersection of the stay with the strand wire prevents the stay from slipping, and also provides amply for expansion and contraction.

Twenty Six Styles to Choose From. Where the dealer offers you a very limited selection to choose from we give you 26 Styles and sizes of fence for all purposes, besides 24 styles and sizes of steel frame Gates. This enables you to make a wise selection as well as a satisfactory one, and prevents your having to buy a 12 strand fence for a 10 strand job, and paying for useless wire, just because the dealer hasn't the size you want on hand.

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Our 18 strand garden fencing is in high favor with Poultrymen because it is not only woven closely enough to turn poultry, but it is strong enough to turn all common farm stock. It lasts many times as long as ordinary poultry netting. It is just the thing for gardens, orchards, lawns and barn lots.

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THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL

Is given each customer that he may be sure he is satisfied and his money is returned to him if he is not.

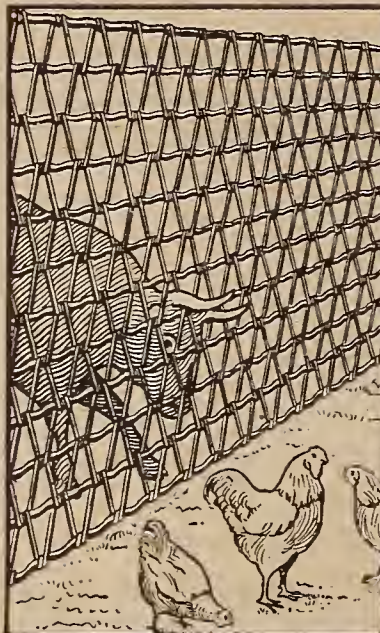
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We use nothing but High Carbon Spring Steel Wire, and make it ourselves that we may be sure it is good. We coil it that it may provide for Contraction and Expansion. We heavily galvanize it with Commercially Pure Spelter, to avoid rust and corrosion in all climates.

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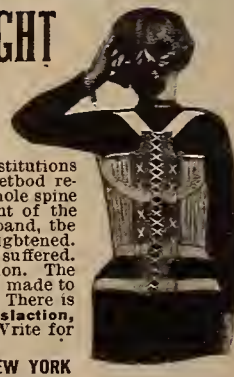
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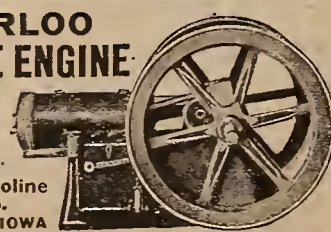
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The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

How to Economize Life

A MAN has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer he uses up each day, the more days will they last. I believe a man might last two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes live to such an advanced age—because they sleep most of the time. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment—that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake.—Tesla.

Wood-Alcohol

John Uri Lloyd says: "An investigation at the beginning of the present year by two prominent physicians—Dr. Frank Buller, of Montreal, and Dr. Casey Wood, of Chicago—has shown that about one hundred and seventy-five cases of blindness and over one hundred deaths in the past seven years can be directly imputed to wood-alcohol in the various forms in which it is manufactured."

Good Advice

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers; walk, ride, row, swim or play, but whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it.

Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables in summer, and cut down your meat diet. Drink a liberal allowance of pure water at all times, but not ice-water. Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight. Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth-preservers.

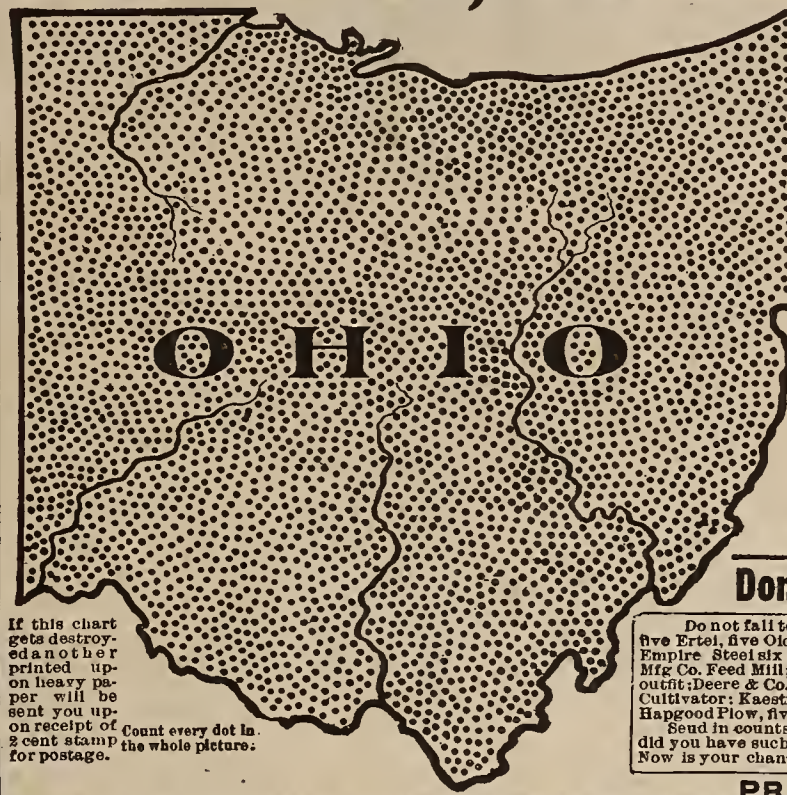
The Salt-Rub

Various sanatoriums and private hospitals are using the "salt-rub," and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish-bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction. It is just as good for well people as sick ones, is the most refreshing of all baths and rubs ever invented, only excepting a dip in the sea, and matchless in its effect upon the skin and complexion. With all these virtues, it is the simplest and most easily managed of all similar measures, and can be easily taken at home. Put a few pounds of coarse salt—the coarsest you can get, preferably sea salt—in an earthen jar, and pour enough water on it to produce a sort of slush, but not enough to dissolve the salt. This should then be taken up in handfuls, and rubbed briskly over the entire person, but any one in ordinary health can do it for himself very satisfactorily. This being done, the next thing is a thorough douching of clear water, preferably cold, and a brisk rubbing with a dry towel. The effect of elation, freshness and renewed life is immediately felt, and the satiny texture of the skin and increased clearness and brightness of the complexion swell the testimony in favor of the salt-rub.

Prevention of Disease

While it is still true that "the highest duty of the physician is to heal the sick," yet he also has a broader scope and a greater responsibility—that of preventing disease. That this is possible in many diseases has been shown by trial. The results of the battle against tuberculosis in New York and other cities are encouraging, while the eradication of yellow fever in Havana by proper sanitary precautions is most gratifying. But the need of popular education is evident in other, though perhaps less serious, ailments. The dispensary physician constantly sees multitudes of pitiful cases, especially among children, that could have been prevented by proper precautions. Unwholesome food and insufficient, or perhaps too much, clothing, impure air, unclean surroundings and lack of proper sanitation are some of the correctable evils. Then, the numerous victims of hereditary disease must cause one to pause and consider if the time is not come when the law should prevent marriages between parties who are so afflicted. And it is from the medical profession that this agitation should come. If the physical well-being of civilized man is to increase with his mental development, these problems must be solved.

GRAND CONTEST! BIG PRIZES FREE! TWO PIANOS, CASH! ORGANS! FREE!



GASOLINE ENGINES, INCUBATORS, CREAM SEPARATORS, BUGGIES, BONE CUTTERS, ETC. **FREE!** If You Can Tell How Many Dots in Ohio?

IF YOU CAN COUNT AND PLAN YOU CAN WIN!

SUCCESSFUL FARMING will give to those who can count the dots in Ohio correctly or nearest correctly, the following list of prizes: **CAN YOU DO IT?**
TWO ELEGANT PIANOS, one to a lady and one to a gentleman.
2nd. AN ELEGANT CABINET GRAND SIX OCTAVE ORGAN.
3rd. \$150 CASH. 4th, \$100 CASH. 5th, \$50 CASH.
6th. WEBER GASOLINE ENGINE.
7th. DeLAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR.
8th. ELEGANT ELKHART TOP BUGGY.
9th and 10th. EACH A 100 or 150 EGG INCUBATOR.
11th. EMPIRE SIX-HOLE STEEL RANGE.
12th. F. W. MANN BONE CUTTER.
NEXT 20, \$5.00 EACH. NEXT 25, \$2.00 EACH.
CONDITIONS: Counts must be accompanied by subscription. 50c pays for one year and one count. \$1.00 pays for two years and three counts. You get \$50 extra if you have three counts. It will pay you to have three. See conditions below.

Don't Delay! If you want a Piano or other Prizes **Free**, send your counts at once. **Win! Win!**

Do not fail to get counts in at once. Our complete list of prizes contains six pianos; five Ertel, five Old Trusty and five Sure Hatch Incubators; five Galloway barrow carts; five Empire Steel six hole ranges; Hoover-Prout Potato Digger; Smith Manure Spreader, Star Mfg Co. Feed Mill; Parlin Orendorf Corn Planters; Osgood Scales; a \$175 DeLoach Sawmill outfit; Deere & Co. Cultivator; an Electric Handy Wagon; Campbell Fanning Mill; Tower Cultivator; Kaestner Feed Grinder; Moline Stump Puller; Stearnes' Bone Cutter; Carriages; Hapgood Plow, five C.A.S. Farm Forges, Wilson Bone Cutter; Elkhart Driving Harness, etc. Send in counts and subscription as above and get our complete premium offer. Never did you have such an opportunity before. Don't delay, you want some of these premiums. Now is your chance.

Test of Skill This contest is not to be confused with the guessing or estimating contests which are not permitted by the Post Office Department. Our contest is a test of skill in counting and getting up best plans and the best man wins. It depends upon you. There is no guess or chance about it. Do not hesitate about entering but get your counts in at once.

Conditions—50 cents pays for one full year's subscription to SUCCESSFUL FARMING, and entitles you to one free count; \$1.00 pays for two years and entitles you to three counts and makes you eligible for the \$50.00 prizes given to winners of 1st prizes if they have three counts. See below.

\$50 Prizes—We believe everybody should have three counts so they can have one each side of what they think is correct to be more sure to hit it. To encourage this we will give \$50.00 extra to winners of 1st prizes if they have three counts. Remember if you have one count you get 1st prize only, but if you have three counts you get \$50 extra.

Awards will be made as follows—The person giving correct or nearest correct count will get 1st prize. Next nearest correct, second prize, etc. In case of a tie for any prize it will be awarded to the person giving best plan for counting the dots. State whether you enter ladies' or gents' contest, as one piano goes to lady sending best count or plan, the other to gentleman sending best count or plan.

Time Prize—We feel early counters should be rewarded and will give \$50 to person sending best count or plan by April 30. If you send best count or plan before April 30 you get \$50 extra.

Judges—The awarding of prizes will be wholly in the hands of disinterested judges. We have chosen bankers, ministers, public officials, etc., to act as judges in our contests. Ex-Governors, Mayors, Treasurers, etc., have acted as judges. We are bound our contests must be absolutely fair.

Our Financial Responsibility—As to whether we are abundantly able to do as we say, we are glad to refer to Iowa National Bank and Central State Bank. Our offer will be carried out to the letter.

In the event more than one person should submit the same plan and this was considered the best plan by the judges, each person so tying will be asked to tell in 50 words how best to improve Successful Farming. The one making the best suggestions gets first prize, next best next, etc. Understand this only in case of tie in plan, which is not at all likely.

Nobody connected with our paper will be allowed to compete. Contest closes June 30. Every letter must be mailed on or before that date. Positively no extension beyond June 30, so get your counts in at once. See about time prize above. Any body having three counts entered may enter additional counts at 25 cents each. Be careful to give your plan of counting, as the best plan used will decide all ties.

Publisher SUCCESSFUL FARMING, 389 Plum St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 I enclose \$..... for subscription to Successful Farming, and I wish to enter the..... (write ladies' or gents') Contest. If \$1.00 is paid send three counts; if more than \$1.00 send one additional count for each 50c over \$1.00; if only 50c is paid send only one count. The extra \$50.00 go only to those having three or more counts entered.

My Count is: (1)..... (2)..... (3).....
 Name..... P.O..... State.....
 Remarks: My plan of counting is.....

Address all letters to SUCCESSFUL FARMING, 389 Plum St., Des Moines, Iowa.

PRIZE WINNERS IN PAST CONTESTS

A Piano for \$1.00. Surely people may enter your contests knowing that they for a prize and never heard of you until I answered your ad. Your paper is worth twice the subscription price. W. C. Elliott, Audubon, Iowa.

A Piano for Illinois. An elegant Piano for a Dollar. That is what I got and anybody that thinks your prizes are not awarded fairly don't know. There can be no favorites or I would not have won. Mira E. Fushman, Panola, Ill.

\$100.00 Prize. I got my \$100.00 and it was the easiest I ever earned. The dots are hard to count but I know the prizes go to those who win them fairly. Amy R. Barnes, Van Horn, Iowa.

Won \$350 Cash. grand prize of \$350.00 Cash in last contest. I was much surprised. I want to vouch as to Successful Farming's fairness to any and everybody. John A. Goodwin, Akron, Ohio.

\$100.00 CASH. Do you want \$100 Cash. I received greenbacks. Thanks to you gents. men. Your contest must be fair, the judges have been impartial. Refer to me. J. W. Smith, Rome, Okla.

\$50.00 for Canada. Canada I won \$50. Never knew there was such a paper until I answered ad, now I will never be without it again. Miss E. Fornier, Matane, Quebec.

Won a Piano. I receive the elegant piano which I won in your recent contest, and all was perfectly grand. I am recommending you to all my friends and you are at liberty to use my name as reference any time you wish. ISAAC SHOTWELL, Rockland, Ohio.

Others Who Have Won: \$100—Eva I. Buckner, Fredonia, Kas. \$100—C. S. Wyman, Vinton, Ia. \$50—S. Irving Steyer, 225 E. Baltimore, Md. \$100—E. M. Hall, Montrose, Mo. \$50—L. F. Stinson, Arcata, Calif. \$50—A. J. Perdue, Altoona, Ia. \$50—Albert Peterson, Holdrege, Neb. Piano—Mr. Libbie Greulich, St. Paul, Minn. Piano—W. S. Keever, 517 Freeman St., Cincinnati, O. Piano—G. Gemachlich, Kensington, Kan. These are but a few of many. We could give a list of hundreds if we had space. You might as well be a winner, if you go at it at once.

\$50.00 CASH. \$100—Eva I. Buckner, Fredonia, Kas. \$100—C. S. Wyman, Vinton, Ia. \$50—S. Irving Steyer, 225 E. Baltimore, Md. \$100—E. M. Hall, Montrose, Mo. \$50—L. F. Stinson, Arcata, Calif. \$50—A. J. Perdue, Altoona, Ia. \$50—Albert Peterson, Holdrege, Neb. Piano—Mr. Libbie Greulich, St. Paul, Minn. Piano—W. S. Keever, 517 Freeman St., Cincinnati, O. Piano—G. Gemachlich, Kensington, Kan. These are but a few of many. We could give a list of hundreds if we had space. You might as well be a winner, if you go at it at once.

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SAW MILL MACHINERY
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 No cast metal, no wood. Strong, light and compact. Double lift bar, powerful compound levers. Ask any dealer.
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Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office. \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. **The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.**
2941 Hidden Name, Friendship, Silk Fringe, Envelope and all other kinds of CARDS and Premium Articles. Sample Album of Finest Cards and Biggest Premium List, all for a 2-cent stamp. **OHIO CARD COMPANY, OADIZ, OHIO.**

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The razor is guaranteed to give the very best of satisfaction if properly used, and may be returned if not as represented.

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AGENTS and Club-Raisers wanted at every post-office in the United States and Canada for our two big journals, **WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION** and **FARM AND FIRESIDE**. Costly premiums given away, or biggest cash commissions. Address Dept. C, **THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Ohio.**

Biggest Cash Commissions

Wit and Humor

Concerning Shopping

Do you go to a store merely to buy something which you need, and which you find with expedition and pay for with dispatch? Then you're no shopper—a man can do as much as that.

But if you go to a store as you would go to a museum, and get the saleswoman to hand you down the exhibits in A, and you toy with them and paw them, and then pass on to exhibit B without having bought, you are a shopper.

Some shoppers are born, others achieve shopping, and others have shopping thrust upon them. These last generally live in cities, and have out-of-town

there to wait on you and to show you the finest things on its walls and counters. It makes you feel that riches are not so much, after all. They can take unto themselves wings, but though they fly to the uttermost parts of the morning you can still go on shopping, as all that it needs is a pitiless energy and an insatiable curiosity.—Charles Battell Loomis.

The Auto Welcomed

When it was proposed last fall to set aside one of the public roads of Long Island during a part of a day as an automobile race-course there was loud objection from the country-folk.

"What did you think of it?" a traveler asked a man a day or two later.

"The best thing for me that ever happened!" was the emphatic reply.

"What!"

"Yes, sir-ee! You see, I have a balky mule that draws my truck to market every morning. Yesterday that mule balked half-way to town. I couldn't get him to stir. While I was cogitating what to do, I saw a funny rubber thing in the road. I picked it up, and accidentally squeezed it. It let out a terrible noise. It was one of those auto-tooters, that got lost.

"Well, when that mule heard it behind him he started so quick I hardly had time to grab the tail-board, and he never let up till he reached the ferry.

"I brought the thing home, and showed it to Mandy, and she squeezed it and squeezed it. Every chicken on the farm ran for the coop at the first sound; every pig hid in the pen, the cow ran behind the barn, the cat got under the stove, the dog raced for his kennel, and Mandy and I spent the quietest night we've ever had. Of all the labor-saving machines I ever saw, that is the best, and the autos can race on my road as often as suits them."—New York Times.

The Pastor, the Girl and the "Fella"

A story is told of a shock received by a Duluth pastor after the services the other night. He makes it a point to welcome any strangers cordially, and that evening, after the completion of the service, he hurried down the aisle to station himself at the door.

A Swedish girl was one of the strangers in the congregation. She is employed as a domestic in one of the fashionable East End homes, and the minister, noting that she was a stranger, stretched out his hand.

He welcomed her to the church, and expressed the hope that she would be a regular attendant. Finally he said that if she would be at home some evening he would call.

"Thank you," she murmured, bashfully, "but I have a fella."

Three of the members of the congregation heard the conversation, and in spite of the fact that their pastor swore them to secrecy, one of them "leaked."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

For the Thief

"If you steal—I don't care what you'll repent it."

"Bah! didn't you ever steal a kiss?"
"Yes; and I married the girl, by gum!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Ingenuous Puer

Mama—"I thought there was an apple on the sideboard, and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there."

Freddy—"Well, will you give me something else, mummy, 'cause it wasn't a very good one?"—Punch.

The Gunner's Prayer

"T. P." in "Harper's," recalls a good story of British piety on the eve of a battle.

Just before the battle of Trafalgar a lieutenant of H.M.S. "Revenge" discovered one of the gunners on his knees before his gun.

"What in thunder are you doing?" shouted the amazed and angry lieutenant. "You're not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" cried the gunner, scornfully, rising from his knees; "no, I'm not afraid. I was praying."

"What were you praying for if you are not afraid!" retorted the lieutenant.

"I was praying, sir," was the response, "that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money—almost all of it among the officers!"

Reflections of a Bachelor

When a man asks a girl for a photograph it is a sign she has it ready for him.

It's a mighty lucky thing for everybody that it isn't necessary for a woman to have sense in order to be as nice as she is.

One of the hardest things is to convince a woman that there oughtn't to be more in four pints than in two quarts.

Women have such funny ideas they would want to stop and put on their best nightgowns before going down a fire-escape.

A woman doesn't like to go shopping on a rainy day, because she knows there won't be a big crowd for her to fight through to get to the bargain-counter.—New York Press.

The Secret as They See It

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.—Brown Book.

Wasn't the Job for Him

A ship-builder tells of an Irishman who sought employment as a diver in the service of one of the ship-building companies.

The first job to which the Irishman was assigned was to be performed in comparatively shallow water. He was provided with a pick, and told to use it on a ledge below.

Mike was put into a diver's suit, and with his pick was sent down to tackle the ledge. For about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal-rope, indicating that Mike had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants hastily pulled him to the raft, and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rust of it," said Mike.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked they.

"Take off the rust of it," doggedly reiterated Mike; "I'll wur-rk no longer on a job phwhere I can't shpit on me hands."—Harper's Weekly.

Completed Proverbs.

"A fool is never wrong;" few of us are.

"He who hesitates" when lying "is lost."

"Whatever man has done man can do" better.

"There's many a slip 'twixt" the cradle and the grave.

"No fool is like an old fool" in the toils of a woman.

"Look before you leap" out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"Honesty is exact to a penny," but not always to larger amounts.

"The second blow makes the fray," but not if the first is well placed.



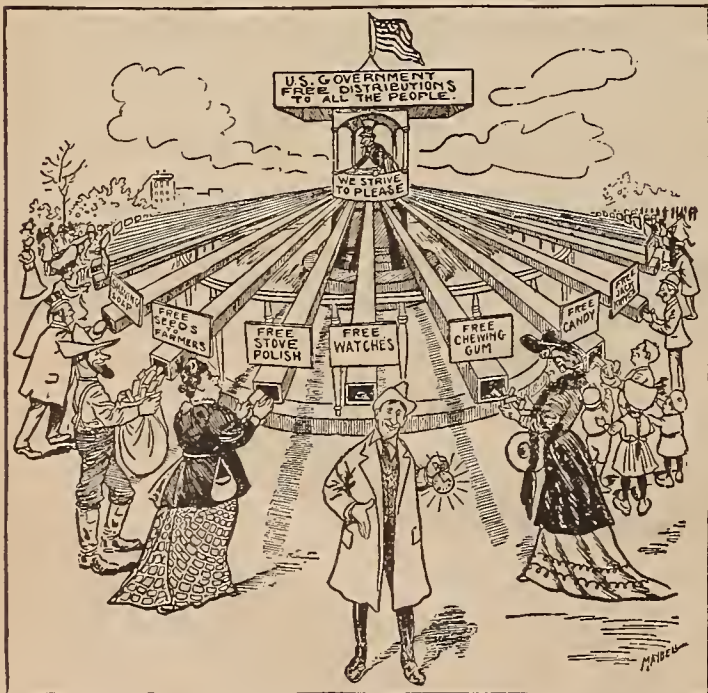
SURE

Jiggs—"You look worried lately. Why don't you join the Don't Worry Club?"

Jaggs—"I belong to it now. I'm behind in my dues, and I'm worried almost to death for fear they'll put me out."

cousins who deputize them to get them things that they think they want and which they will be dissatisfied with when they see them.

But your born shopper does not shop to please any one but herself. Just as a man with an empty pocket can feast his eyes on the masterpieces of all ages in a museum, so can the shopper feast her eyes in the shops even if she be stone-broke. You can tire out a clerk just as fast with not a penny in your pocket as



—Maybell, in the Brooklyn Eagle.
FREE SEEDS FOR FARMERS, WHY NOT FREE THINGS FOR EVERYBODY?

you could if you were buying the products of the East with the wealth of the Indies.

Oh, the joy of making a girl reach up to hand you down something on the top shelf that you do not intend to buy, and at which you will sniff with disdain. Here is a great store that employs hundreds of clerks, and you are a woman with two dimes and three pennies and a car-ticket in your pocket and an all too short afternoon before you, and the whole force is



—Carter, in the Minneapolis Times.

One czar to another—"It's hard luck, brother!"

"Until a man finds a wife he is only half;" thereafter he is still less.

"The best things are not bought and sold;" they are stolen and kept.

"A fool and his money are soon parted" when the fool has friends.

"Everything comes to the man who waits," except that for which he waits.

"It takes two to make a quarrel."

How about husband and wife, who are one?

"Pity is akin to love," but it does not necessarily follow that kinship always signifies friendship.

"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door," but often makes sure that the man is out before doing the knocking.—Literary Digest.



SHE'D HAVE TO GET UP

Mrs. Newpop—"I don't know what to do to get Mary Ann up in the morning. I've tried the alarm-clock, but it's useless."

Mr. Newpop—"Let the baby sleep in her room."

Christianized Japan

The following is from an essay on the Japanese written in the recent grammar-school examinations by a lower-school boy: "Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian."—London Daily Telegraph.



Wit and Humor



Sary Ann

Beats the deuce how Sary Ann
Tears up jack, like some folks can,
Clean from mornin' till plumb night,
Then some after candle-light.
Grumbles all the time, an' 'lows
Ain't nobody 'bout the house
Fit for anything but her—
All too triffin' fer to stir
Though the place was burnin' down,
Ef it wa'n't 'at she's around.

Ain't a single man 'at walks
Had orto live, the way she talks.
Says she hates 'em, an' declares
They're a nuisance anywheres.
Keeps the parlor shet in gloom,
Fastens up the settin'-room,
Drives you in the kitchen, where
She can fuss at you, an' rare,
Till yer patience seems to you
Mighty nigh wore through and through.

Irish Testimony

"When did you last see your brother?"
asked the judge in a New York court.
Pat replied, "It was about eight
months ago, your worship, when he
called at my house and I was out."
The court broke into a roar of
laughter. "Then you did not see him on
that occasion?" asked the magistrate.
"No, your worship," was the reply; "I
wasn't there."—Harper's Weekly.

Hard to Lead the Simple Life

I owe my newsboy fifty cents, the rent
is overdue, the beer-man's bill is now
immense, and so's the coal-man's, too.
The ice-man has not yet been paid, and
though he has been nice, his bill, I'm
very much afraid, will have to go on ice.
I've owed my tailor for a year, and I re-
gret to say he threatens now my job to
queer unless I promptly pay. I hocked



RUSHING THE CAN

—Detroit Journal.

When she takes them spells o' hern,
I jist git my ole dad-burn
Maul an' wedge an' ax, an' go
To the dead'nin' kinder slow,
Sorter thinkin' 'at I could
Stay out then an' jist split wood;
Let my feelin's drift along
To the tune o' Nature's song
Blame sight music'er to me
Than her voice is—yes, sir-ee!

Some folks 'lows 'at Sary Ann
Orto married some good man
Long when she was 'bout eighteen;
When all girls is young an' green.
Think perhaps it might, by gum!
Softened up her temper some,
But I'd jist about as soon
Go up in a fool balloon,
With no chance o' gettin' down
As to have her fussin' 'round.
—Edwin C. Davis, in Cincinnati Com-
mercial-Tribune.

Mark Twain and the King

Admirers of Mark Twain will recall
his famous letter to Queen Victoria.
According to his own ac-
count, he once wrote: "I
don't know you person-
ally, but I have met your
son. He was at the head
of a procession on the
Strand, and I was on a
'bus.'"
During a late visit to
London, Mark Twain was
presented to King Edward, who showed
his appreciation of the American humor-
ist by remarking, "I have met you be-
fore. You must remember. It was on
the Strand, and you were on a 'bus.'"

Horned Things

The teacher had been telling the class
of the rhinoceros family. "Now name
some things," said she, "that it is danger-
ous to get near to, and that have horns."
"Automobiles!" replied little Jimmie
Jones promptly.—Pittsburg Post.

The Servant Question

"Bacon—"How many servants does
your wife require?"
Egbert—"Two—one going and one
coming."—Yonkers Statesman.

By Right of Purchase

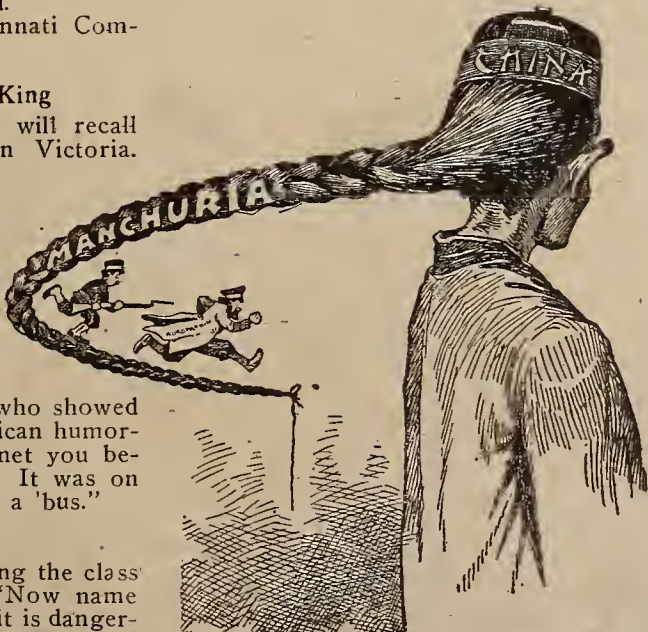
"You must never borrow trouble,"
said the ready-made philosopher.
"I didn't," answered the proprietor of
a new automobile; "I bought mine out-
right."—Washington Star.

my watch to-day to buy a present for
my wife, and I'd just like to know how
I can lead the simple life.—Houston
(Texas) Chronicle.

The Modern Novel

- CHAPTER I.
The prettiest girl you ever saw.
- CHAPTER II.
The young man interviews her pa.
- CHAPTER III.
A wedding grand without a flaw.
- CHAPTER IV.
An oath—a tear—a lot of jaw.
- CHAPTER V.
"I'm going back home to my ma!"
- CHAPTER VI.
Her maiden name restored by law.

—The Editor.



—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"The war will be prosecuted to the end."—Czar.

Two Opinions

"I think the money in the world should
be more evenly divided," said the long-
haired man.
"Well, I think it would be better to
more evenly distribute the hair," said the
bald-headed one.—Yonkers Statesman.

"The World Do Move"

Jimmy—"Now, den, kids, tell yer
teacher w'at makes de world move."
Sammy—"De landlord in most cases—
dat's a cinch."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Two Beautiful PICTURES FREE

Hundreds of thousands of people were pleased
and delighted with the two grand pictures sent
out with the March 15th Farm and Fireside,
and we believe these pictures composed the
most beautiful and valuable art supplement ever
sent out with Farm and Fireside.

Because they were so popular and pleasing,
and so many people wanted them, we decided
to print an extra supply for free distribution.

To All Who Subscribe or Renew Their Subscriptions During the Month of April

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supplement containing two charming pictures.
There is only one condition—when you send
in your subscription to Farm and Fireside you
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The picture is entitled "God Speed," and depicts a scene not uncommon in the days
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a body of armed men, bent on some warlike errand. Behind them their leader halts for an
instant at the steps of the postern gate. Mounted on his charger, he makes a brave picture,
his burnished helmet with raised vizor shining in the sun, and his rich cloak half concealing
the suit of chain armor he wears. His reason for pausing is obvious. On the steps of the
postern stands a beautiful maiden, who whispers the knight "God Speed," and binds on
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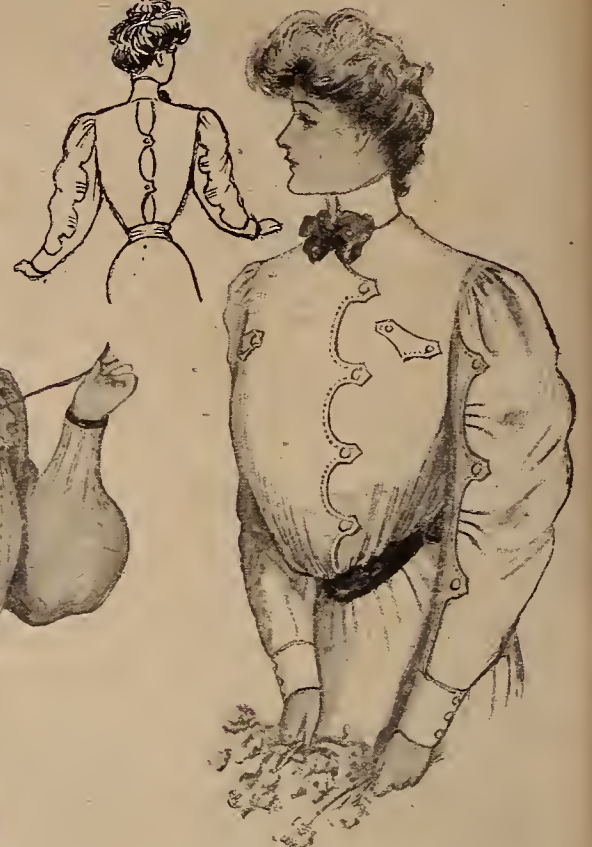
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No. 451.—COMBINATION WAIST AND DRAWERS. 10 cents. Sizes, 1, 2 and 4 years.



No. 496.—BISHOP DRESS. 10 cents. Sizes, 1, 2 and 4 years.



No. 478.—BLOOMER CREEPING-APRON. 10 cents. Sizes, 1 and 2 years.



No. 475.—BAG NIGHTGOWN. 10 cents. One size only.



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No. 2032.—BOYS' BOX-PLAIED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents. Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

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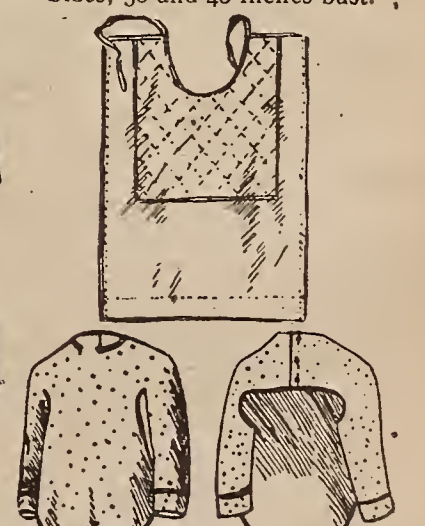
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Farm Selections

Why a Manure-Spreader is Needed

I HAVE been using a manure-spreader for about twelve years, putting out on an average of two hundred loads per annum. The number of loads that can be distributed each day will depend of course upon the distance to be hauled and the condition and accessibility of the manure. With one man I have spread as many as twenty-five loads of fifty bushels each; this during the short days of winter or fall. To have spread this by the old method would have required from one and one half to two days, with a great deal more labor.

Add to this the fact that I probably treated twice the territory of land with the spreader, and that, too, with more efficiency, and the economic features of the spreader in labor, time and material will have assumed immense advantage over the old way. If a load of manure is worth fifty cents in the manure-shed of a farmer who does not expect to use a spreader, I believe the same amount would be worth one dollar if put out with a spreader. As before stated, it covers more ground, and being free from large lumps, every particle is immediately available and at the spot where it is most needed.

In top-dressing wheat in the fall or spring, and grasses, then, in my opinion, the manure-spreader is most advantageously used. As a top-dressing I use from ten to twenty loads to the acre. The amount, however, will be governed by each individual, according to his desires and requirements. In handling manure direct from the stable with a spreader it is always best to use two men, as it is difficult there to get it into forkable condition, and one man can have a load ready while the other is driving the spreader. I think it well to add a word at this point in regard to loading the spreader. Care should be taken not to allow all of the manure to drop in or near the center.

I count the spreader as almost indispensable among my corn-making tools. In manuring for corn I lay off the field with a two-row planter having broad shovels, leaving a broad, deep furrow, and follow with the spreader. I should mention that I attach the hood to the spreader.

Having thus applied the manure, the amount to the acre depending somewhat upon the natural fertility of the soil, I run the same planter, containing the seed, but with somewhat narrower shovels, in the same rows, planting as ordinarily. As can readily be seen, this leaves the soil and manure well mixed, obviating the tendency to "fire" in a dry season.

The other use referred to, to which the hood may be put, is in spreading dry straw or other friable loose substances used as a mulch. By taking the shoots from the hood, and removing the wire tooth-rack from over the cylinder, these can be spread very smoothly and evenly even in a gale of wind.—John S. Byrd, in American Agriculturist.

Catalogues Received

Phoenix Nursery, Bloomington, Ill. Catalogue of hardy trees and plants.

Quaker Hill Nurseries, Newark, N. Y. Illustrated catalogue of nursery stock.

The Advance Fence Company, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated catalogue of farm fencing.

J. F. Barbee, Millersburg, Ky. Price-list of horses bred at the Barbee stock farm.

Great Northern Seed Company, Rockford, Ill. Catalogue of garden and flower seeds.

J. A. Goodrich, West Branch, Mich. Pamphlet on the resources of northern Michigan.

H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill. Plant guide for 1905, listing garden, field and flower seeds.

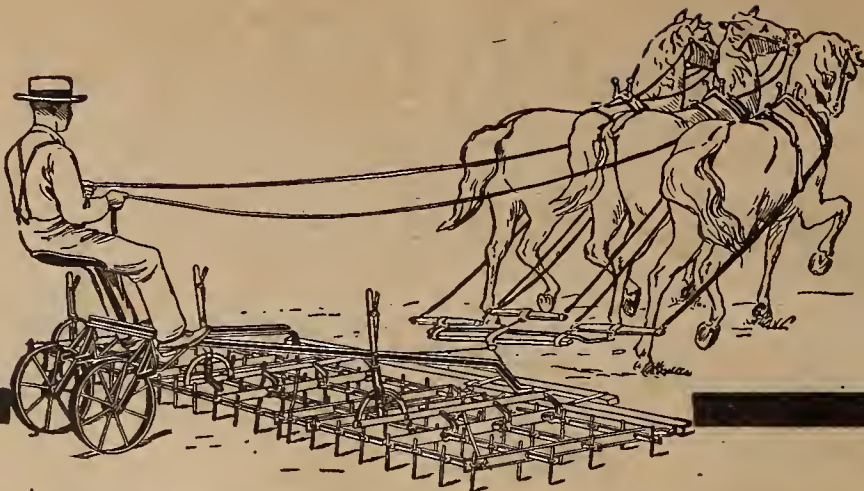
Double Power Mill Company, Appleton, Wis. Illustrated catalogue of "Two-wheeled" power windmills.

Kokomo Fence Machine Company, Kokomo, Ind. Illustrated catalogue of fence-machines, farm and ornamental fencing.

Caldwell Manufacturing Company, Rochester, N. Y. Descriptive circulars of screen-door checks, door-holders, window hardware, etc.

Two Pictures Free

We have printed an extra supply of the March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE picture supplements, which will be sent free to all who renew their subscriptions and request the pictures during April. This supplement has greatly pleased hundreds of thousands of our subscribers.



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Costs \$7.50 Flat Tire, \$8.00 Oval Tire

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FARM FIRESIDE.



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TERMS { 25 CENTS A YEAR
24 NUMBERS

Some Perplexities of Irrigation Farming

By EDMUND G. KINYON

IN TIMES of drought or flood or other climatic distress the farmer of a rain country doubtless envies his brother of the arid region, who may exercise a controlling hand upon his moisture-supply. It is, in truth, a great advantage to be independent of the idiosyncrasies of Nature in the matter of rainfall. To know that the promises of the year will not be blasted because of insufficient rains at the proper time or by an oversupply of that needful element lends an additional attraction to the profession of agriculture. Where conditions are favorable and all arrangements perfected, the operator may feel, too, that he has practically an assurance of ample returns for his season's labor. Still, farming in an arid region under irrigation conditions has its drawbacks, and involves problems and difficulties never dreamed of by the rain-country farmer.

The vocation of agriculture is a skilled trade anywhere. It is doubly so in an irrigation country. To believe that the only thing necessary is to open the headgates and pour the water upon the fields is the gravest error. Very likely such a proceeding would ruin the growing crop and entail lasting damage upon the soil. The irrigator must know his soil, his water and his crop. He must know the amount of water necessary for the particular need. Too much is fatal, and too little worse than none at all; and to place water heavily charged with mud and alkali upon a tender crop is ruinous.

In an irrigation country the farmers are not as independent of each other as in a rain country. They must of necessity associate themselves together to secure and maintain a water-supply. No man can live upon his holdings, and carry on his farming operations independent of his neighbors' plans and inclinations. Cooperation and the adoption of plans best adapted to the public good must obtain very largely. In one valley in Arizona some forty miles long and from five to seven miles wide there are about twenty coöperative companies taking water from the river. These companies are officered, managed and the stock is owned by the farmers along the way. But all of the companies are not upon an equal footing as regards the use of the water—some have very little in the way of rights.

The doctrine of priority rights prevails throughout the West—that is, the individual or canal first appropriating water from a stream has perpetual rights superior to subsequent appropriators. In the valley above mentioned one canal company—the oldest one—has been awarded a certain amount of water by the courts, and wet or dry, flood or drought, it must have that water before any other ditch can extract a drop. During times of water-shortage it frequently happens that the farmers under that canal are the only ones in the valley who have water for their crops. They may sit in the midst of utter crop-desolation and watch their fields mature an abundant harvest. Above and below their neighbors' farms are barren and blasted by drought. The stock of that company is worth five hundred dollars a share, one share being sufficient for the irrigation of about ten acres of land.

The canals are built, maintained and owned upon a coöperative plan. Each shareholder is assessed in labor and cash a sufficient amount for the construction work and the yearly repairs necessary. The main canals are costly to build and a constant source of expense. The sediment in the water fills them up, and the torrential floods of summer break and damage them. The assessments are frequent and heavy.

Each canal company employs a water-overseer. He has charge of the ditches, and no one is allowed to use water without his sanction. The temptation to do so, however, is very great at times, and it is not uncommon for prominent citizens to plead guilty to the charge of petit larceny in a justice's court and submit to a fine. If an irrigator permits the water to run upon the public highway or upon a neighbor's land, he, also, is subject to arrest and fine.

In the valley under discussion the greatest problem confronting the landowners is the mineral matter contained in the water. The mineral matter is placed there in the form of concentrates by the great copper-mining companies whose mills are located upon a tributary stream, forty and fifty miles above. So extensive are the operations of these companies that they throw into the river daily over fifteen hundred tons of tailings, a powder as fine as flour, the refuse from the copper ore. In the course of a year half a million tons of this substance must be disposed of. In earlier days this mineral matter was thought to have fertilizing value, and the farmers congratulated themselves upon the manna which fell upon their lands. Gradually they awoke to a realization of the fact that the enormous quantities of waste were becoming injurious to the soil, and that it was likely to seriously detract from the crop-producing abilities of the valley.

Every application of water carries the concentrates upon the soil in solution. When evaporation has taken place a white covering is over the ground of sufficient thickness to form a crust. It is the universal opinion of the landowners that this refuse matter has already worked great injury to the fields, and that in time they will be utterly ruined. The United States Department

products of the valley, and the ranchers are therefore reluctant to engage in legal controversies with the mine-owners. Still, they cannot sit idly by and see their fields destroyed.

The problem of the tailings in this valley is one of the many which beset every irrigation community. In the arid region the water question is paramount to all others. It is the subject of constant discussion and of constant legal contention. Each season and each month presents a new phase for consideration.

Every farmer has doubtless wished many times that he might have control of the rain-clouds. This is practically accomplished in the West, but the doing of it brings a long train of insistent and irritating perplexities.

To Prevent Scab on Potatoes

CORROSIVE-SUBLIMATE TREATMENT.—Procure from a druggist two ounces of powdered corrosive sublimate (mercuric bichloride); put this into two gallons of hot water in a wooden or earthenware vessel, and allow it to stand until dissolved. Place thirteen gallons of water in a clean barrel, pour in the solution of corrosive sublimate, and allow it to stand two or three hours, with frequent stirrings, in order to have the solution uniform. Select potatoes as nearly free from scab as can be obtained, put the seed-potatoes into bags, either before or after cutting them, and then dip them into the corrosive-sublimate solution, and allow them to stay in for one and one half hours. If seed-potatoes are treated in this way, and then planted on land free from scab, the resultant crop will seldom be seriously injured by scab.

The expense of this treatment, including labor, should not exceed one dollar an acre, as the material may be used repeatedly. The treated potatoes should never be fed to animals, as corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison.

FORMALINE TREATMENT.—Instead of the above, commercial formaline may be used at the rate of eight ounces to fifteen gallons of water, and the potatoes soaked in it for two hours. This is not poisonous, but is slightly more expensive than treatment with corrosive sublimate. If it stands a long time without being covered it will probably lose strength.

Notes

The rapid growth of the United States Department of Agriculture is shown by the fact that in 1863, the second year after its organization, the number of employees was but twenty-nine. In 1889, when the report of the first Secretary of Agriculture was issued, the number had increased to four hundred and eighty-eight. In 1891, when the Weather Bureau was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, the number was increased to one thousand five hundred and seventy-seven. Since that time the number of employees has increased so rapidly that on July 1, 1904, the number enrolled was four thousand five hundred and four.

The amount of maple syrup (so called) eaten by the people is nearly seven times as great as the actual production in the maple-sugar orchards. These statistics show the magnitude of the imposition practised upon the consumers. In the endeavor of the state chemist of the New Hampshire board of health to protect the producers of pure maple syrup he found that out of forty samples of sugar and syrup but two of them were pure. Maple sugar and syrup producing states lead in the following order: Vermont, New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire.



SHOWING THE DRIFTS OF CONCENTRATES IN THE RIVER BELOW THE COPPER-SMELTING MILL

of Agriculture has been appealed to, and has sent its chemists and experts to make investigations. Strange to say, analysis fails to reveal anything in the tailings deleterious to plant-life, yet the fact remains that the fields are being damaged. The mining companies profess to be willing to keep the noxious matter out of the water if a way can be devised, but nothing has been done. The mills throw off the waste in solution, accompanied by a large volume of water, and wherever deposited the mass finally reaches the river. These undesirable conditions have prevailed for a number of years, and the matter is now becoming very urgent. Injunction suits and damage suits are talked of, and it is probable that the courts will finally be called upon to adjudicate the difficulty. The financial interests involved are very great. Lands the entire length of the valley are valued at from seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars an acre, and the product of the mills amounts to millions yearly. The workers of the mines and mills furnish a splendid market for the

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About Rural Affairs

BY T. GREINER

WASHING MELON AND OTHER SEEDS in bluestone (copper-sulphate solution) may be a good practice as insuring the death of blight or other fungus-spores that might have found lodgment on the seeds. The solution should be very weak—say one ounce to each gallon of water, and the seed left to soak not over a few minutes. We have much to learn on this subject.

FOR KILLING AN OLD HORSE, or any horse (for sometimes we have to kill even a young, and perhaps very valuable, horse), use a good rifle, and send a bullet at close range straight through the animal's brain. Imagine a line drawn from each ear to the opposite eye, and aim just a little above the intersection of these imaginary lines. This I believe to be the most humane way of getting a suffering horse out of its misery. It is more humane, in my estimation, than letting an old and used-up animal die a lingering death from old age. I do not take kindly to the idea of keeping a horse after its days of usefulness are past simply in remembrance of the services the good old, faithful friend has rendered us. It is no kindness to the old animal to expose it to the aches and pains and miseries liable to come with its rapid decline, while much more suffering could be relieved by giving the good food to many a good cow that is only half taken care of and half fed during the winter, often from mere ignorance of her owner in regard to the natural needs of the animal and proper ways of feeding.

THE PROFITABLE COW.—It is doubtless true that many cows are kept that do not pay for their feed. I know that there is a great difference in cows. At present I have two. What I am after is to have a continuous full supply of good milk and a No. 1 but-

ter for my family. The surplus is sold to neighbors or friends of the family. One of these cows is a Jersey grade (about seven eighths) seven years old. The other is a pure Jersey three years old. They are of about equal weight, and receive about the same rations, the older cow appearing to be the heartier eater of the two. Yet the young Jersey gives not less than five quarts of milk a day more than the older cow, and nearly twice as much cream. I have been trying to figure out how much more the young Jersey is worth to me than is the other cow. Provided the average product of the Jersey above that of the other each day during the whole year is three quarts (and I am sure it is even more than that), the young cow gives me fifteen cents more in milk a day (figuring milk at our regular retail price), or in a year the nice sum of fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. In a few days I shall be able to tell about the number of pounds of butter the young cow makes each week, and afterward I shall likewise test the older cow. But on the basis of the figures already obtained I know that if the older cow just pays for her keep, the

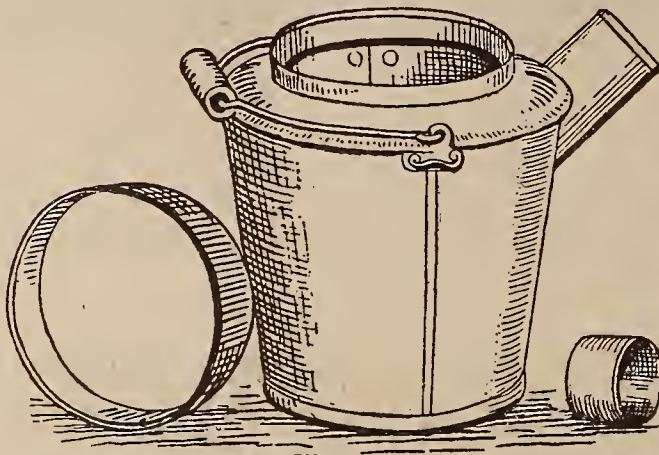


FIG. 1—MILK-PAIL

younger one, consuming no more than the other, gives me a clear profit of over fifty dollars a year. Now, suppose I wanted to sell one of these cows. Perhaps I might be able to get forty or forty-five dollars for the older one. What offer would induce me to keep her, and sell the other? Would the offer of one hundred dollars for the Jersey be likely to tempt me, when the greater income from the latter is over fifty dollars a year, representing the annual interest from a one-thousand-dollar investment? If I want to keep any cow, I could not afford to sell the young one at any price liable to be offered, and keep the other—in fact, it is doubtful in my mind whether I can afford to keep the latter at all. I shall try to get rid of her without much delay. But whenever the little Jersey has a heifer calf, you may be sure that we will raise it just as we raised the young Jersey, its mother. It may not be easy to buy a really good cow; but if we have one, then we should try to secure good cows for the future by raising every promising heifer calf.

MILKING AND HANDLING MILK.—When I see some persons milk their cows it sickens me of the idea of ever drinking milk again. Our daily food consists in large proportion of milk, but it is only by the exercise of the greatest care that we can have our milk even fairly clean. We cannot have it otherwise than outright filthy if we let the average careless youngster or many hired men (as they go) do the milking, unless they are taught and held right to the proper way of doing that particular job. The Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station has recently issued a bulletin on the care and handling of milk. This bulletin says about the milker: "It is not possible to place too much stress upon the condition of the milker, for through his individuality may be found the answer for or against the production of pure and wholesome milk. If he is an individual who is naturally clean and tidy, the milk will accordingly be as good as can be produced under the conditions furnished; but if he is untidy and by nature filthy, the milk likewise will be found very dirty. . . . The farmer . . . finds it sometimes troublesome to don a clean suit of clothes and wash his hands for the purpose of milking a few cows which supply his own table. . . . Dirt . . . is easily washed off from the hands into the milk by an occasional stream of milk impinging against their surface. . . . Why should the milker be expected to milk cows and handle milk without being as cleanly as if he were preparing some appetizing food in the kitchen? Clean hands, clean clothes and clean habits are as essential to the production of good milk as they are to the housekeeper who prepares our meals." The bulletin also calls attention to the fact that the milker should be a sound man, free from any infectious disease, because it is an easy matter for a milker to transmit the germs from himself to the milk by means of his hands or his clothes, or in various ways. Nor should he come in contact with any one suffering from an infectious disease. I have so often seen milkers milk into their hands to wet them, and perhaps noticed drops of mud-colored milk dripping off their hands into the milk-pail, that for years, although I do not particularly enjoy the job of milking, I have preferred to milk my own cows whenever I have the time to do it. The first thing in the morning the stables are cleaned out and aired; then the cows are curried and brushed, and the udders wiped off with a moistened cloth; then, while the cows are quietly eating their breakfast or supper, I sit down to milk them. After each cow is milked, the milk is at once taken to the house, strained into the creamer-can, and put away into the ice-water. In this way I get fairly clean milk.

THE MILK-PAIL.—I use a common ten-quart tin water-pail to milk in. I would rather have a modern sanitary milk-pail, but use the other merely because I cannot get the sanitary milk-pail in the stores around here. One style of sanitary milk-pail is shown in Fig. 1, taken from Bulletin No. 221 of the Michigan State Experiment Station. During the process of milking the spout is covered with a cap, shown at the right.

The ring at the left fastens the strainer, which should consist of a double layer of cheese-cloth inclosing a layer of absorbent cotton. I am rather in favor of the idea of straining the milk as it is being drawn from the udder. When milk is not to be strained during milking, however, I would like a pail like that shown in Fig. 2, taken from the February issue of the "Junior Naturalist Monthly," published by the college of agriculture of Cornell University. I may mention, however, that when I milk into an open pail I usually hold it in about the position shown in Fig. 2—that is, sidewise, and just far enough away from the cow that any matter which may drop off the cow will be sure to clear the pail and fall to the floor. Of course, when the pail gets to be rather full it may have to be held nearer to the cow, and in a more vertical position. The Michigan station lays more stress on cleanliness in the stable and of the cow and milker than on sanitary milk-pails. "If the stable is clean and free from dust," says the bulletin, "the cow properly kept, the milker clean and tidy and the pail sterile the ordinary pail will give nearly as good practical results as the sanitary pail. . . . Thus far sanitary milk-pails are not especially successful. This is true also of automatic milkers." I may add that more pains are really necessary in the thorough cleaning of the milk-pails and other utensils used for milk than are commonly taken. I fully agree with the Michigan station when it says, in the bulletin mentioned, that it is not sufficient to wash out or rinse out a milk-pail or any other milk-utensil with warm or cold water and a cloth only. A brush is necessary, and it should be used with zeal and with a goodly amount of warm water at first, then it should be followed by a wash with a solution of sal-soda or lime-water, or something akin, for the purpose of removing the fat. After this is done the utensils should be thoroughly rinsed with boiling water, then steamed, which will have a tendency to kill all micro-organisms present. The station considers such treatment the least to be done. I leave off the steaming process for want of facilities. It is a good plan, however, where steam is available.

SKINNER SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION.—An Ohio reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE writes that the Skinner system of irrigation was originated and first used on the grounds of Mr. Skinner, a market-gardener in Ohio. Mr. Skinner obtained the water from the city water-mains, and used it successfully to irrigate fourteen acres. The water cost him but little at first, until finally the water-works board installed a meter, which so increased the cost that Mr. Skinner discontinued its use and sold out his property to other parties. Our friend writes that he understands the system is still in use off that place, but he is not informed where the parties obtain their water-supply. Mr. Gunther, a neighboring market-gardener, uses this system in a small way, having one pipe about two hundred feet long, and obtaining his water-supply from the city water-pipes. He states that the nozzles clog up so as to seriously interfere with the successful operation of the system. This may be accounted for by the fact that he is near the end of the line, where the water is generally dirty. Our informant, O. D. Ehlers, thinks the Skinner system is a success where there is an abundant supply of clean water under sufficient pressure. When the water-supply is costly or scant it would probably be advisable to use some other plan, applying the water directly to the rows if the rows are any considerable distance apart, as in the case of celery. Mr. Skinner himself is reported to have moved to Florida. He believes that his system may be successfully operated by pumping the water from wells by means of a gasoline-engine, and for all we know he may be engaged in introducing his irrigation system among Florida gardeners. I have had some inquiries about this method of irrigation, and therefore have spoken of it somewhat at length. Its main features are the arranging of perforated gas-pipes in parallel lines over the area to be irrigated in such a way that the water, squirting up in small streams every

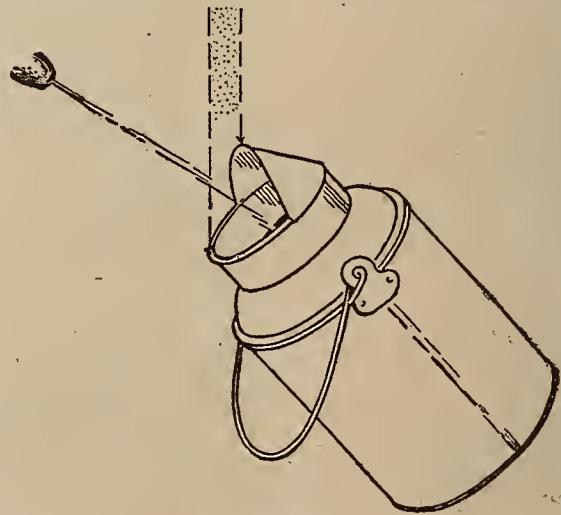


FIG. 2—MILK-PAIL

few feet apart in the pipes, the pipe-lines being six, eight or ten feet apart, will fall down all over the ground in much the same fashion as during a natural shower. Wherever a full and reasonably cheap water-supply is available, as in the suburbs of any of our cities and larger villages, market-gardeners may often find in it a bonanza, especially in the production of strawberries, celery, cauliflower and other comparatively high-priced crops. I am not so sure that I would prefer the Skinner system to other systems. Sometimes we have a chance to purchase second-hand gas-pipe for a mere song, and with a chance to connect it with the city water-pipes. In this case I would surely get a supply of pipes, and lay them over the grounds in such a manner that I could reach every foot of garden by means of garden-hose attached to the pipe-system. The finest patch of celery that I saw anywhere last fall was found in the suburbs of a neighboring city (Lockport), where city manure and city water carried to the patch from the public hydrant by means of garden-hose helped to make the crop.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

APPLES.—Stepping into a village store a few days ago, I noticed several barrels of apples occupying a somewhat prominent place among the goods that were on display.

"What variety of apples are those?" I inquired. "Baldwins," promptly replied the storekeeper, "and they are very nice ones, too. Take a look at them; they are just out of cold storage."

I looked into the three open barrels, and noted that each contained a different variety, also that each barrel was plainly labeled "Baldwins." I asked the storekeeper how many varieties of Baldwins there were on the market.

"Oh, there's only one Baldwin apple," he replied, "and they are the seller at this season of the year. They are a nice all-round apple."

What those in the barrels were I do not know, but I do know that they were not Baldwins. They were sold out in a very few days, and all who bought them supposed they were real Baldwins. I asked several people how they liked them, and was told that they were not very good. "But," most of them added, "one cannot expect to get a very good apple at this time of the year." They actually tasted like a Willow Twig windfall. Had they been labeled "Ben Davis," people would have said that they were just what they expected, because the Ben Davis is no good anyway, and if the storekeeper got any more of them they would feel like mobbing him.

Now, I have in my cellar a lot of Ben Davis and his twin brother, the Gano, and they are at least eighty per cent better in every way than those things the storekeeper sold for Baldwins. They cook well, and make excellent sauce and pies, and I notice that the children eat from two to five apiece every day, and seem to enjoy them hugely. I do not say they are better than the Baldwin or half a dozen other varieties I might name, because they are not; but they have kept well, and for this reason are not by any means bad eating. It has been fashionable the past several years to denounce the Ben Davis as the sum total of all that is mean in apples, but one thing is certain on this ranch—if I did not have any Ben Davis and Gano I would not be eating good apple-sauce now, unless I got it out of a can, and the children would not be treating their young friends to "real apples," and seeing them ravenously munch them, peeling, core and all, and then have them offer to play any game they desired for "just one more." If I were planting a family orchard I would not plant any Ben Davis, but I would plant a few of his twin brother, the Gano. I would do this because the Gano is a very much finer appearing apple than the Ben Davis, while its keeping-qualities are quite as good. Except in appearance it is the Ben Davis over again, yet I often think it has a firmer texture and a better flavor. It seems to be a little variable. I have eaten some from my orchard that were as dry and mealy as the worst Ben Davis, and others that were fine enough for a queen. I am inclined to the belief that the time of gathering has considerable to do with the flavor. They should be allowed to hang until fully matured. If gathered a little early or a little late the quality is sure to be poor.

POULTRY.—I have about a dozen inquiries concerning the best form of poultry-house. What seems most curious about these inquiries is that those sending them, almost without exception, state that they wish to keep several varieties of Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, etc. They say they do not intend to keep these varieties for the purpose of selling breeding-stock, but for eggs and market-stock. One lady says she desires to keep Leghorns for eggs, and Wyandottes, or possibly Brahmas, for market-stock. She says that from what she has read about these breeds she is satisfied that Leghorns are the breed to keep for eggs, but that they are no good for meat, or market-stock. And after studying the matter over until she became almost dizzy she has decided that it will be necessary to keep a "meat" breed to furnish the market-stock she expects to raise. Another says he wants to build a house this spring, and while he is about it he wants to put up a good one. And in a postscript he adds that he expects to keep six or seven breeds. It always has been a puzzle to me why so many people are determined to keep so many different breeds or varieties of poultry. We rarely find a good stock-breeder who keeps more than one breed of cattle, hogs or sheep. Farmers long ago dropped to one straight breed of hogs. Some like one breed, and others another, but rarely do we find one who thinks anything is to be gained by mixing any two breeds. But when it comes to poultry, the crude ideas that prevailed in the stock-yard thirty years ago appear to have full swing. A good farmer I am acquainted with is very careful about keeping his breed of hogs pure, buying only sires of the best pedigree, yet when it comes to procuring cockerels for his flock he makes a change from one breed to another every year. As a result he has the poorest flock of fowls

All Over the Farm

in his neighborhood. The breeds of poultry are as distinct as breeds of cattle or sheep, and if one ever decides to make a change from one breed or variety to another he should do it all at once, with the entire flock, not by merely changing males. All the most successful poultry-raisers I know—people who have made and are making money from their poultry—are those who keep one breed, and keep that pure. And another thing I have noticed is that those who are making the most money from their poultry are those who keep one of the American breeds, and only one. And I would advise all who are raising poultry on the farm or village lot, and all who are intending to go into the business, to keep only one breed, and keep that one pure.

THE POULTRY-HOUSE.—One thing I never could see any necessity for is an elaborate building for a poultry-house. Those who have been in the business of raising poultry the longest and have given it the closest attention are a unit against great, elaborate buildings. The simplest, most comfortable building is always the best. Two important essentials are that it shall be easily cleaned out, and that it shall contain no harbors for the red mite that cannot easily be reached with a liquid spray. If the house is difficult to clean, it will seldom be cleaned. If it has a board floor, or a

testing it under different conditions. The replies received up to this time show that the percentage of failure is somewhat less than the average crop-failure due to bad weather, poor cultivation, unfertile seed and other causes—in fact, less than twenty-five per cent of the number of farmers who have tried the culture report failure. Thousands of farmers all through the Middle West, and even in New England and the South, where the soil is weak and where it is hard to make clover grow, to say nothing of alfalfa, report unqualified success with alfalfa. Many farmers, particularly in New Jersey, say that they have been able to grow alfalfa successfully on soil that has refused heretofore to produce it. My information is that farmers in the South are convinced that Professor Moore's discovery can do all that has been hoped for it, and that it will redeem the worn-out lands of that section and bring them back to fertility. Reports of experiments with soy-beans, field and garden peas also show as good success as with alfalfa and clover.

CLINTON M. SHULTZ.

A Fertilizer Question

At a state fair last fall a very enterprising-looking young farmer asked the writer why it would not be practicable and economical for farmers to make their own acid phosphate by treating land-plaster with sulphuric acid. A quite general lack of knowledge of the fundamental principles and facts of chemistry among the mass of farmers has led them to regard the manufacture and mixing of commercial fertilizers as a sort of alchemy. If this uncertainty with regard to the

identity and nature of acid phosphate existed in the mind of one who seemed quite well informed on other phases of farming, then there is room in thousands of minds for the same or an equal misunderstanding.

Acid phosphate is valuable for the phosphorus which it contains. Any material that contains no phosphorus cannot be changed to a phosphate, however much acid one may apply. Land-plaster is a sulphate of calcium (lime), and therefore contains no phosphorus. Moreover, the lime is already in combination with sulphuric acid, so that an addition of more acid to the material would simply be equivalent to an application of free acid to the soil, which no one desires to make.

Floate, or South Carolina ground rock, is a raw phosphate—that is, it contains the element phosphorus in an insoluble condition. By properly treating this material with sulphuric acid the phosphorus is rendered soluble in water—it is changed to the form of acid phosphate. This process, as well as the acidulating of any other phosphatic material, presupposes some knowledge of chemistry. To accomplish it thoroughly requires a more suitable outfit than most farmers can get together. Those acquainted with the process agree that it is much more advisable to purchase the commercial acidulated goods of some reliable factory.

This advice should not be confounded with directions for home mixing found in some experiment station bulletins. Their conception of home mixing is the purchasing of the three elements, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, in convenient forms for dry mixtures.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

Provide Good Drinking-Water

One very important point about the home which is often neglected is the water for house use. It is very important that only the best be used. The water-supply at some homes is very poor, and this fault should be corrected. A little money invested in a good well often saves a lot of sickness and a big doctor's bill, and many times lives. A large per cent of the sickness comes from the use of bad drinking-water, and at every home this can be prevented by using a little caution. See that the water comes from a pure source. There is a case of sickness in my neighborhood now which I believe came from the use of bad water, and I am not at all surprised, for one drink of the water which I took last summer made me feel as though I never should want any more water, and I appreciated it when I got to a good well.

In this country every man can have a good living well on his farm, or if you haven't time to get it at once, you had better carry from your neighbor's well until you can. Don't say this is a little point, and does not amount to anything, but waste no time in supplying pure water for the house. You will enjoy a good drink better, and it will save sickness. Provide good water for the house even if you have to haul it ten miles, for it will pay.

E. J. WATERSTRIFE.

Irrigation

By means of irrigation in southern California, where the farms range in size from five to ten acres, as much is realized therefrom as from five times as many acres in the Eastern states. For instance, three hundred and forty dollars was realized from three and one half acres of strawberries, and on an adjoining farm seven acres of cucumbers netted the owner a clear profit of eight hundred and fifty dollars.



FRIENDS

dropping-board with nests under it, red mites will get in, and cannot be dislodged. They will get under the board floor by the millions, and one cannot reach them with any insecticide, and at night they will make life a burden to the fowls roosting in the house. They get underneath a dropping-board by millions, and if there are nests under it they will fairly swarm in them, and they are safe from harm. An open room is always best, with perches hinged to the wall, so they can quickly be turned up out of the way when the cleaning is done. Nests should be single, so that they can quickly be emptied and sprayed and replaced. Small houses are best, because they are warmest and easily cleaned out. A large house is cold and full of drafts. A dozen small houses connected together by simple scratching-sheds are vastly better than one large house, and they do not cost so much. I always advise the building of small houses, with large scratching-sheds attached; then when shut in by stormy weather the fowls will live in the scratching-sheds, and only sleep and lay in the houses.

Seed-Inoculation

In the issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE of March 15th a correspondent who asks about "this new fad" soil-inoculation for alfalfa is advised to scatter a little soil from an old field in which alfalfa has been grown. May I call attention to the great difference between soil-inoculation and seed-inoculation? Soil-inoculation by means of earth taken from fields containing the nitrifying bacteria may produce good results, but the chances are against it. The reason, I think, is plain, because in order to produce perfect results in soil lacking bacteria they must come into direct contact with the seed or roots of the plants. It follows, therefore, that soil scattered over the ground could not touch the thousandth part of the seed or roots of plants needing bacteria.

Seed-inoculation, as demonstrated by Professor Moore's discovery, consists in sprinkling the seed of alfalfa, clover, soy-beans or any other leguminous plant with a dilution containing the cultures which produce bacteria and the growth of nodules on the roots of the plants. This culture is fixed on cotton-fiber, and is put up in small packages sufficient to inoculate seed for one acre of ground. This package is so small that it can be sent through the mails for two cents and carried in the vest-pocket. It is therefore called the "vest-pocket fertilizer."

The success of Professor Moore's discovery can no longer be doubted. Last year the government sent out twelve thousand packages of this culture to farmers in various states in the Union for the purpose of

Gardening

By T. GREINER

SWEET-POTATOES AT THE NORTH.—Here in New York State, or at least the western and northern parts of it, we may be able to raise the earlier varieties of sweet-potatoes, provided we have a warm, sandy soil. I have tried it here on heavier loams (free stone) but have never been able to make a crop. A neighbor who has a piece of sandy muck has had some good sweet-potatoes. The first thing you need in order to make a trial is to secure the tubers to make the plants. These are raised by bedding sound sweet-potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise, in a good hotbed in April, covering four inches deep with sand. The sprouts will be ready in about six weeks, and should be pulled, and planted in soil of medium fertility. The right time for planting out is early in June. I will refer to the culture of the sweet-potato later on.

SPRAYING FOR SCALE.—A reader in New Jersey asks what to use for spraying young apple-trees that are attacked by the San Jose scale. Recent experiences in that state have shown that the much-vaunted lime-sulphur wash, whether made with or without salt, has not given universal satisfaction, and the New Jersey Experiment Station reported last fall that the only spray-material that has not given more or less disappointment is crude petroleum. This station therefore recommended spraying with crude petroleum as the safest and surest treatment of pear-trees for the pernicious scale. My personal experience leads me to go a step further, and claim that petroleum is also the best thing with which to spray apple-trees, old or young. I believe, also, that plum, peach, and almost all other fruit or ornamental trees, may be sprayed with the same liquid with perfect safety and sure results, provided it is done at the proper time. I have applied the crude petroleum (of at least forty-three gravity test), a dark brown liquid of the consistency of syrup, to my trees in April, when the breaking buds show that the wood is full of sap, a condition which apparently prevents injury to the wood, or even young leaf, by the oil penetrating through the epidermis into the tissues. I have never seen the least damage done to the trees by the petroleum when thus applied. When buying the oil I tell the dealer that I want it for spraying purposes.

STARTING AN ASPARAGUS-BED.—A Canadian reader says he raised a lot of good asparagus-plants last season, but does not know how to go at it to start his patch. Asparagus, in my estimation, is the vegetable that gives you the most for your money and effort. A patch once started is a good and paying investment for ten or twenty years. You may neglect it—in fact, do nothing to it—and you will get something, while if you take good care of it you get big pay every time. With good plants (one-year-old seedlings) right on the ground you have plain sailing. Select a rich spot of ground. It may be off to one side, or in some odd corner; or it may be next to some other perennial crop, like rhubarb, or currant and gooseberry bushes, or grape-vines, raspberries, etc. Apply a heavy coat of good manure, and plow this under, preparing the soil as thoroughly as for any other valuable crop. Then plow out deep furrows, say four or five feet apart, and set the plants about two feet or more apart in the bottom of the furrows. It is a good plan to set each plant astraddle of a little mound of soil in the bottom of the furrow, then cover well with a few inches of fine soil, and afterward fill the furrow up gradually. I prefer to fill the entire furrow with fine, rich old compost. Cultivate and hoe the patch as may be needed, and the next year you may cut a few stalks in the earlier part of the season. My own practice is to let all stalks grow the season after starting the patch, and cut freely the season following. During the cutting-season I usually hill up the rows, forming quite high ridges, as I prefer blanched asparagus to green stalks. If the latter are preferred, do not ridge the rows, but leave them level, and cut the stalks at the surface of the ground when they are about eight inches high. Don't be afraid to plant a big patch.

HEATING A SMALL PLANT-HOUSE.—A common grate arranged for burning four-foot wood, or coal, and a flue extending on the west side the whole length of the plant-house (one say forty or fifty feet long and ten feet wide) will do well enough to heat a structure of this kind, especially when wanted only for starting early plants to be pricked out in cold-frames in March or April, and thus fitted for their final transfer to open ground. All kinds of vegetable-plants, and comparatively large quantities of them, can be started in even a small house of this kind. There is no need of firing up during the earlier part of the winter. The middle or the latter part of February, and after the coldest weather is about over, is early enough to begin operations. For a few weeks the fire may have to be closely looked after, but later on it may only be necessary to start up the fire in the evening, filling up the fireplace so that the fire will last a good part of the night and go out toward morning, but keeping the

whole interior warm enough for the purpose during the entire night. Much more convenient for a small house, and especially if it is to be run during the entire winter, either for house-plants or for forcing lettuce, etc., is a system of hot-water heating consisting of a boiler or heater and lines of two-inch pipe. It costs a good deal more in first construction, but it pays in comfort and saving of labor in attending to the house during the winter. It will make no difference at which end the heater is placed. The circulation of the water will be the same whether the heater stands at the west or east end. The main point is to arrange for a gradual rise of the pipes from the top of the heater to the highest point in the pipe-system, and for a gradual fall of the return thence to the bottom of the water-supply in the heater. For large houses, of course, steam heat may be employed to advantage.

GREENHOUSE-SOIL.—A reader asks whether the soil used once on the bench for forcing lettuce, and then removed to make room for new soil for next season's forcing, could not be used again after having been piled up outdoors for a year or two, as all infection and fungus-germs may be supposed to have been killed by such treatment. At times lettuce and other plants may be attacked by disease, such as damping off, blights, etc., even in new soil, and then again it may be possible to raise good crops of healthy lettuce on the same soil for two winters in succession. Yet I like to use every precaution, and for that reason leave the same soil on the benches in the greenhouse only during a single season. The best way, no doubt, is to make use of that rich soil for flower-mounds on the lawn, or for the flower border, or to spread it on the

land somewhere, and in the meantime provide for an entirely new supply that is presumably free from all disease-infection. I have the best success in raising forced lettuce with a soil-mixture consisting of two to three parts of rich fibrous loam taken from a field recently in clover (free from stones and reasonably free from weed-seed), one part of sharp, clean river-sand and one part of rich old yard manure. The manure should be well decomposed, and free from noxious weeds and insect-life. These materials should be piled up in the spring, and repeatedly shoveled over during the summer. A little freshly slaked lime may be added to advantage, best perhaps shortly before putting the mixture into the greenhouse in the fall. The addition of chemical manures, bone-dust, potash or nitrates does not seem necessary. In some cases it may help. I seldom use any of these artificial manures in my greenhouse work. With a soil-mixture of this kind the growth and health of the plants will be such as to satisfy any one.

RAISING EXHIBITION VEGETABLES.—People always like to have something for show and to brag over. We are pleased when we get the prize at some fair or exhibition for the best peck of potatoes or the biggest beet, cabbage, carrot or onion. When we practise the "new onion culture" we have no difficulty in getting to the front with the biggest onion in any exhibit unless there should be others who have raised their

onions by the same method, and have happened to find some specimens a trifle larger than ours. It is then a question of soil and culture, or perhaps of earlier start in spring. The big squash exhibited in Chicago in 1893, and the still larger one shown in St. Louis last year (both by the same grower, I believe) were grown by excavating hills eighteen inches deep and ten feet across, and by filling this excavation with a mixture of the soil thrown out, two wheelbarrow-loads of hen-manure compost, etc., and planting the seed in this, leaving only one or two plants in the hill, and only one specimen to grow on each plant. To raise twenty-pound beets we must first of all select one of the mammoth mangel varieties, like Gatepost or Colossal Long Red or some other mammoth cattle-beet, and to raise the big cabbages we have to plant one of the large late kinds, like Marblehead Mammoth, plant it early enough to give it time for full development, use the richest kind of soil, and perhaps use potash and nitrate of soda freely. Watering with liquid manure will help greatly in securing size in most of these vegetables. This is also the case, and perhaps especially so, with celery. Nitrate of soda applied in small doses during the growing-season is particularly useful for stimulating rapid growth in spinach, beets, lettuce, celery, and perhaps onions. Henderson's "Garden Oracle" gives the following method of growing exhibition carrots, and also exhibition beets: "By means of a crowbar holes are made in the ordinary garden-soil, as shown in the illustration. These holes should be made when the soil is dry, and may be from two to three feet deep and from three to four inches across at the top. Fill the holes with sifted soil, so the roots will come out smooth and free from indentations caused by lumps and pebbles. The soil should be composed of equal parts of sand, leaf-mold, well-rotted manure and turfy loam, and an addition of about five per cent of garden fertilizer. Sow five or six seeds on the top of each place thus prepared, covering about one fourth of an inch (for carrots). When the plants appear, thin out, leaving only one plant at the center. This method may also be used for parsnips and long beets." I consider this a good plan. The soil removed from the greenhouse-bench after the season's forcing of lettuce will come handy for the purpose of filling the holes, although the addition of a garden fertilizer may easily be dispensed with if the soil is already very rich.



Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

CARE OF APPLE-SEED.—H. W. L., Steamboat Rock, Iowa. I think it best to mix apple-seed with moist sand at this time of year. Let them stay in the sand for several days until they are swollen, then place sand and seed out of doors, and allow them to freeze several times, perhaps for a week. Bring them into the house, and each day stir to the bottom of the box containing them, mixing them thoroughly. When the seeds show signs of starting they should be planted in good garden-soil, but not until they show a little start.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE.—W. S., Whitwell, Tenn. I would recommend you to follow the old formula for making Bordeaux mixture. While some experiments seem to show that the sal-soda is perfectly safe and satisfactory to replace the lime, yet it has not been used to sufficient extent so that I feel at all sure about the matter. This is the best mixture to use for black rot and scab. If the lime that you get is of inferior quality, I would suggest that you use rather more of it than is indicated in the formula, and strain the Bordeaux mixture through a coarse cheese-cloth. In this way I think you can get rid of all the trouble that you complain of about using it in spray-pumps.

QUALITIES OF APPLES.—T. J. S., Valliant, Md. I have no idea what the apple-tree is to which you refer, and which in previous years has been so inferior, but which this year was of good quality. The only way I can account for the change in the nature of the fruit is that there was some peculiarity of the season this year that was especially favorable to this variety so that it developed its best qualities. It is probably some variety that is better fitted for other sections than for the place where you are growing it. It is often the case that varieties that do well in one section may be unreliable in another, and may only occasionally be of value, or perhaps worthless altogether.

WOOD-WORMS.—G. J. T. Wood-worms seldom destroy logs or wood put into buildings unless the bark is on. Occasionally, however, they do so. There are quite a variety of these worms. Some of them are large, and only a few are found in each stick. In such a case the simplest remedy is to use bisulphid of carbon in an oil-dropper. Inject a small amount of this material into the holes, and then stop up the holes with putty. This is a sure remedy. Where the wood has many small holes in it a good remedy is to remove all the bark so far as may be, then put several saucers of bisulphid of carbon on the floors above the granary, so that this material will vaporize (the vapor is heavy). It would be necessary, however, to make the room tight before this treatment is applied. The vapor of bisulphid of carbon is explosive, and should be treated with the same caution as gasoline.

TIME TO CUT SCIONS.—KIND OF GRAFT TO USE.—G. B., Mabel, Minn. Scions may be cut any time before growth starts. However, it would have been far better to have cut apple-scions in the autumn, previous to the middle of December. In the case of our hardest varieties, however, it makes very little difference. Plum-scions are best cut in spring.—For the ordinary grafting of apples, where it is desired to change the bearing of a tree, the work should be done about the time the buds on the trees begin to swell. The scions, however, should have been kept dormant by burying in the ground or in the sawdust of an ice-house until ready to use. Either a cleft or whip graft is quite easy to make, but the cleft-graft is probably best adapted to the beginner. In bridging wounds on trees with scions, the scions should be thinned only on the side that goes next to the tree.

TIME FOR BUDDING.—M. S. M., Jamestown, Ohio. Peach, apple, cherry and plum are generally budded the last of July and the first of August. The earliest time in the year when they can be budded is as soon as the bark will peel in the spring, when they may be budded with dormant buds. Scions for this purpose should be cut in the latter part of winter, before the buds start, and then be buried in the sawdust of an ice-house or any other cool place until needed. Later budding may be done in June, as soon as the new growth has buds on it large enough to use. If the new growth is growing too vigorously to form buds of good size, these may be hastened in their development by pinching the end of the shoot. About three days after the budding is done the stalk should be cut away and the scion forced into growth. This is a common method used with peaches in the Southern states and to some extent in the North.

TO PREVENT GRAPES ROTTING.—O. M. B., Richland Center, Pa. The best way to keep grapes from rotting where they are grown on a small scale is to cover the bunches with paper bags as soon as the fruit is set, or even just before. This should be done by using two-pound paper bags, such as are commonly obtained at the grocery-stores. They should be cut down on each side for a distance of about three inches, and one corner of each bag should be cut off for about half an inch, so as to allow any water that may get into the bag to run out. These should be drawn up over the clusters, and over the branch over the clusters, folding them over, and holding them in place with a pin. If the inquiry relates to the best method of preventing grapes from rotting on a large scale, then I would suggest spraying with Bordeaux mixture at least three times before the grapes commence to color, and then if there is danger of rot use one spraying of ammoniacal carbonate of copper solution.

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Made by Pratt Food Co., Phila. Over 30 years old.

Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Purifying the Soil

POULTRY-YARDS become exceedingly filthy, and even though the soil may be turned under the yards will retain quite a good deal of the manure. The best agent is vegetation. When the yard is plowed or spaded, and seeded down to oats, corn, rye, millet, rape, kale, or any kind of crop that makes quick growth, and which may be consumed by fowls when the green food is in the early stages of growth, the plants will utilize all the filth as so much food. When such crops as corn or oats are one or two feet high, they will af-

poultryman or farmer should not fail to recognize the fact that the most suitable foods are the cheapest.

Difficulties During Hatching

When chicks die in the shells it is not a simple matter to get at the cause, but it is sometimes due to lack of vitality on the part of the parent birds, and some poultrymen assert that this is the main reason. When equally bad hatching-results are obtained from both incubators and hens the eggs must be at fault, and to remedy this the parent birds should be dieted, as the death of the

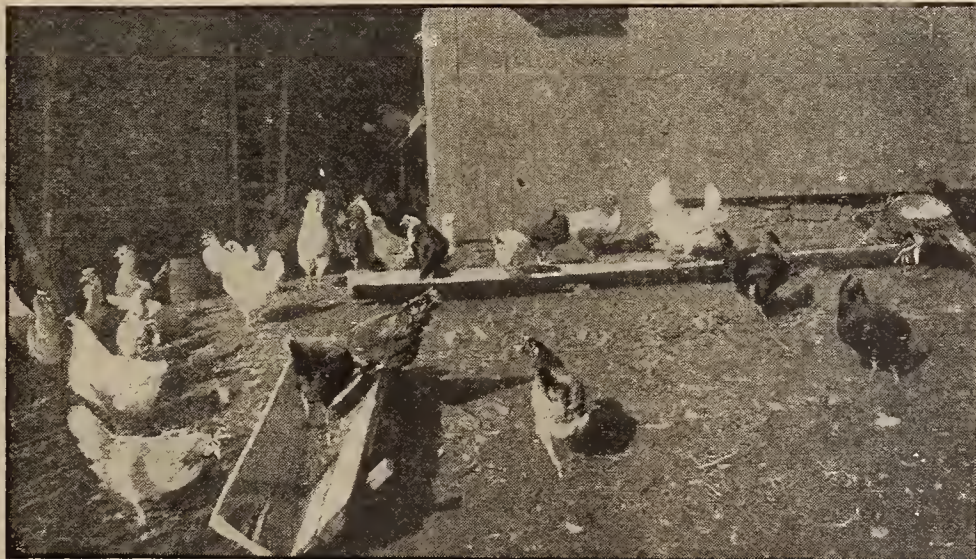


No. 1—THE OPENING OF THE DOOR

ford shade for chicks while being gradually eaten by the hens. An excellent plan when birds are confined is to have two yards, and while the birds are utilizing one of them, sow some seed in the other. It is also a good plan to plant a few trees in the yards, which will afford shade the second year. The hens and little chicks will appreciate them on warm days. It is not conducive to the thrift of a hen to be compelled to remain in the sun with a flock of little ones, trying to keep comfortable. Many persons also forget to give fresh water to their fowls. There is nothing that is more of a drawback to the health and comfort of the birds than to be compelled to exist in filthy surroundings.

Promoting Laying

Those who attempt to promote laying on the part of the hens by resorting to substances that are really injurious are sure to meet with disappointment. The use of Spanish brown, copperas, Venetian red, etc., can have but one result—destruction of the birds—as such substances are more or less injurious, according to the quantities used. Even condition-powders are of no value to birds that are in a healthy condition.




No. 2—TEN MINUTES LATER

The best method of promoting laying is to give the hens the materials from which to produce eggs. Such recommendation does not imply that one must feed heavily on grain, or with foods that may be most convenient, but rather to allow the flocks not only grain, but also foods rich in protein. It is natural for the hens to lay, but it is also natural for them to have foods that are well balanced with the elements so essential for the work of egg-production. It is not so much the quantity of food as the kind and quality that supplies the hens and promotes laying, and the economical

try." It is claimed to be caused by the fowls eating fermenting materials, maggots from flesh, etc., being a disease due to filthy food.

PRESERVING CUT BONE.—C. P. J. Oakley, Wyo., desires "receipt for keeping cut bone and meat." Place the materials in a box having a top (an old trunk), place some sulphur on a brick, apply a lighted match, close the cover, and let the box remain closed for half an hour. Use an ordinary sulphur candle, procured from a druggist. The materials will keep for several months even when exposed to air.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Failure to Give Down Milk

How a cow can hold up her milk and refuse to give it down has been a matter of profound obscurity to many a milker. The fact is that thousands of milkers sit on their stools at the cow's right flank twice every day much more bent on "pailing" the "critter" than they are on understanding the fundamental principles of the elaboration of milk.

That a cow secretes the greater and the richer part of her milk after the act of milking has begun is a fact that many men flatly refuse to believe. The erroneous idea that the cow has the entire mess stored up in her udder all ready to give down is the foundation of the uninformed milker's mistaken idea of the "contemptible beast."

The reason that a cow does not give the usual quantity of milk at milking-time is because she has not secreted it, not because she is retaining the milk in her udder by a voluntary act. This failure on the part of the cow to elaborate milk when stimulated by the usual process of milking is due to some abnormal condition or circumstance. The amount of fat that is secreted may be modified in a similar manner when no diminution of milk is noticeable. The cow may be sick; she may be tired; she may have been frightened; she may be displeased with her feed or surroundings or with the milker. If she has been beaten or "dogged" she may be nervously looking for its repetition. With some cows a change of milkers is regarded with uneasiness or with hostility. There are a hundred great or small causes that may disturb a cow's nervous poise, and thus influence her milk-flow.

For a considerable time the writer conducted official seven-day milk and butter tests for the Holstein-Friesian Association. During this time he had ample opportunity for observing these matters under varied circumstances. Cows brought up from pasture on an extra occasion at a full run by a man on horseback showed a consequent diminished flow of milk and vacillating content of fat. The presence of strangers at milking-time or of an unusual dog had an unfavorable effect, also loud talking when not customary. The beating of a cow was followed by a perceptible decrease in milk-flow, and at times by abnormal slumps in fat-content.

Careful observations demonstrate that the time of milking is in large degree the time of milk-secretion. If a cow has been well fed and is a dairy-animal she should have rich blood and a developed capacity for milk-production; then if she fails to give down her milk the source of the mischief may be sought among causes that tend to discomfort and nervous excitement.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

Ring-Bone and Spavin

Since olden times the term "ring-bone" has been used to indicate an enlargement around the coronary joint. This enlargement is hard, being a growth of bone, and in many cases forms a complete ring, from which it gets its name. A ring-bone has a tendency to continue growing, and in rare cases attains the size of a man's head.

CAUSES.—Any conditions which favor sprains, such as fast driving over hard or uneven roads, unequal paring of the hoof, thus causing the weight to be unequally distributed in the joints, and severe labor in early life. In addition to these may be mentioned blows, bruises, or any injuries to tendons, ligaments or joints. There is no doubt that colts inherit a predisposition to ring-bones.

SYMPTOMS.—Just as soon as the covering of the bone is bruised a liquid is poured out in the region of the injury. This inflammatory liquid hardens, and forms the uneven growth known as a ring-bone. If the covering of the bone continues to be inflamed, more growth is formed. Before the ring-bone has become chronic the disease passes unnoticed. If the abnormal growth of bone is between the bones of a joint, or if it tends to injure ligaments or tendons when they are moved, a ring-bone is very painful. On the other hand, a ring-bone may be very large and not cause very much annoyance, from the fact that it may not interfere with the free movement of ligaments or tendons or encroach on the gliding surface of a joint. In addition to the growth that can be readily seen, a horse affected with ring-bone is very lame when first taken out of the barn, but after moving for a few hundred yards gradually "works out of the lameness," as horsemen call it, but when allowed to stand and cool, and is then moved again, the lameness reappears.

TREATMENT.—Preventive treatment consists in keeping horses' feet trimmed properly, not overworking colts while young, careful driving on hard and uneven roads, and avoiding all injuries that are liable to strain tendons, ligaments and joints of the limbs.

Even after a ring-bone has developed it may be cured by proper treatment of the feet and applying a fly-blister. The fly-blister is prepared by mixing thoroughly one ounce of pulverized cantharides, one ounce of biniodide of mercury and eight ounces of lard. The hair is clipped over the ring-bone, and the blister applied with considerable rubbing. The horse's head should be tied so as to avoid his biting the part blistered. A second application of the blister is to be used about a month after the first. If blistering fails to cure the ring-bone, point-firing may be resorted to. It is necessary to "fire" rather deeply to secure good results, care being taken not to fire into a joint. After firing, a fly-blister should be rubbed into the holes where the hot iron has been used.

When all these methods have failed, and the animal is not worth keeping for a long and uncertain treatment, a skilled veterinarian should be employed to perform an operation for the removal of the nerves supplying the limb in the region of the ring-bone. After a horse has been operated on, great care should be taken of his feet, from the fact that there is no feeling in the foot operated on, and serious results may come from stepping on nails, etc., and carrying them for many days before the driver would notice the foreign bodies.

Spavin, known in common language as bone-spavin, is an enlargement of the hock-joint similar to a ring-bone about the coronary joint. It may affect the hock-joint in such a way as to cement the small joints together, not causing lameness and apparently no blemish, but the free movement of the limb is impaired.

CAUSES.—In addition to the causes given for ring-bone may be mentioned sprains caused by jumping, galloping or trotting animals faster than they are accustomed to; also, straining by starting a heavy load, slipping on an icy surface or sliding on a bad pavement.

SYMPTOMS.—If the patient is examined before any bony growth has developed, inflammation will be detected on the inside of the hock-joint at the junction of the cannon-bone and the joint. While in the stable the horse prefers to rest the diseased leg by setting the heel on the toe of the opposite foot with the hock-joint flexed. In traveling the patient is very lame when first taken out of the barn, but after traveling for a short distance goes sound. The diseased leg is not lifted clear from the ground, but nicks the toe in the middle of the stride, which is very noticeable on a pavement. Like a ring-bone, a spavined horse becomes very lame after being allowed to stand for even a very short time, then moved again.

TREATMENT.—The treatment for a spavin is the same as for a ring-bone.—C. L. Barnes, in Bulletin No. 135 of the Kansas Experiment Station.

The Horse During the Busy Season

The hard-work season for the horse is upon us, and we should try to help the horse make the best of it. If the average farm-horse had regular daily work and was well cared for the year round it would not be so bad, but most farm-horses have to work hard only a part of the year, and during the remainder of the year they are idle, and often half cared for; then when spring arrives, and the horse has to work hard, it hurts him.

Two things which are liable to hurt the horse at this time are overwork and lack of care. Every horse-owner should keep these two points in mind. I have noticed many times that there is nothing made by overworking, and the first day is when this is nearly always done. When a horse has been hurt once by overwork he will never be able to do as much work afterward, and so I have always kept in mind not to overwork at first, and to give special attention if it is a colt or young horse. More horses are hurt the first day they are worked than at any other time, and it is all done by carelessness.

It may sometimes happen that the horse is given too much care, or the owner may think that he is giving care when it is a detriment. I heard one man say that his horses were fed the same on Sundays as on week-days. He thought this was extra care, but it was wrong. There would be far fewer sick horses if every owner would remember that the



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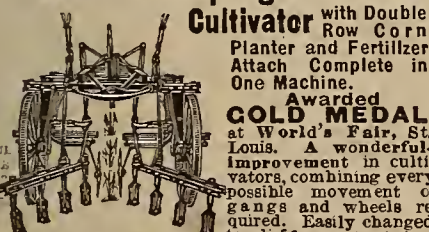
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Live Stock and Dairy

horse must be fed according to the work; at any rate he must not have the same amount of grain on a day when he is standing idle in the stable as on the hard-working days. Farmers lose many horses in this way, and ruin many more. When the same amount of grain is given, the blood becomes overloaded, the system cannot carry off the waste material, and something serious is the result. Always keep this in mind, and when you feed the horse on Sunday decrease his rations, or he will be apt to decrease his work very soon.

During this busy time it is very important that the horse have the best care on every hand, but very often it is just the opposite. I have heard men say that when they could not find anything better to do than to curry the horse they were going to just sit down and read some cheap novel. I wonder what work on the farm pays them better. I always considered hauling manure the most profitable work on the farm, and I believe that the time spent in currying a horse comes next. Especially during this time should the horse have a thorough currying and brushing, and it is then that most men think themselves too busy to do it. The sweat and other impurities need to be removed from the skin. And would it not pay for "looks" alone? But "looks" is only the smallest part of the good done. Use the curry-comb and brush daily, and you will soon see the advantage.

Proper food should be given and a proper method used. Any old way of feeding a horse will not do in this day. I have seen many farmers go to the stable in the morning and at noon and throw corn in the trough and stuff hay in the manger. They always throw in the corn first, and this is wrong. The hay should be given first, and in a short time the grain, which should be oats rather than corn. Also see that the horse has water, and plenty of it. Water before feeding, and not immediately after, and see that it is good water. If you want your horse to look like a horse at the end of the season you must treat him like a horse while working.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

The Summer Dairy-Feed

The handmaiden of good breeding in the animal world is good feeding. There are more cows underfed than there are underbred. Milk-giving in the large quantities and of the rich quality that we require of our cows is an artificial encouragement and enlargement of natural functions. This abnormal development has been mainly produced by good feeding. True, natural tendencies toward making very rich milk or making a large

best dairy-animals we must maintain by continued good feeding. There is no other way by which to keep up the pressure, the inclination and ability to work.

There are many dairymen who are classed as good feeders who are actually so only part of the time. A season of scantiness in the feed or nutrition supply is sure to occur every year, and the milk-making functions, being to an extent artificial, lapse into a state of inactivity or partial suspension. When this occurs during the time of active lactation, no subsequent liberal feeding will recover what has been lost until the advent of a new period of lactation, for which the mysterious processes of maternity have performed their offices.

I have never known a season of pasturage during which there was not a time of shortage—a time when the cows either did not get enough, or the character of what they did get was such as lacked essentially in the full nutrition of the animals eating it. The short pasture generally occurs about the time of year when the heat is most intense and enervating and the pest of flies most annoying. In fact, on ordinary pasture-lands the period of shortage is liable to occur very early in the season, and to continue late; for unless there are several acres to each cow, and unless the grazing is made up of a great many grasses, starting and maturing at different times through the summer, or of alfalfa or clover, that when grazed or cut renew their growth quickly, it is impossible for the cow to gather enough digestible nutrients in a day's grazing without overtaxing her muscular economy in securing it or burdening her digestive organs in eliminating and rejecting unusable fiber.

It is easily possible for the cow to have all the outward appearance of being well fed while her milk-yield goes steadily down by reason of the character of her feed. The dairy-feeder who does not realize the importance of paying attention to the "balance" of the summer ration, as well as to its quantity, even as closely as he does in the stable-feeding period, is ignoring one of the fundamental points of profitable feeding.

There is a traditional notion that pasturing cows is at once the best and cheapest manner of feeding them and the least expensive method of gathering the land's product. No agricultural notion is more erroneous in regard to land that is susceptible of good cultivation or where it is situated favorably for farming. As a purely business proposition, land that will produce fifty bushels of corn to the acre cannot be profitably pastured, for such an acre can be made to furnish feed for one cow for a full year, whereas in pasture two or three such



A PRETTY SURREY-TEAM

quantity of lower quality have been observed, and intensified by breeding and selection into breed-characteristics, but always has good feeding been in practice to hold the advance made by happy breeding.

And even now, when we have come to regard remarkable dairy-development as practically fixed in our special-purpose animals, a relaxation in good and sufficient feeding is sure to be followed by more or less pronounced reversion to primordial performance. Hence the excellencies that good feeding, working with good breeding, has given us in our

acres would be required for the one cow's insufficient feeding.

To draw a conclusion from these observations, if I am correct in them, I may say, without entering the realm of prophecy, that the season of short feed is as sure to come for the most of our cows as the summer is sure to come, and the cows that are to do well next winter must be fed well next summer, and now, in the seed-time of the year, shall we not make plans for the soiling crops of oats and peas, sugar-corn, cow-peas, sorghum, soy-beans, millet and corn?

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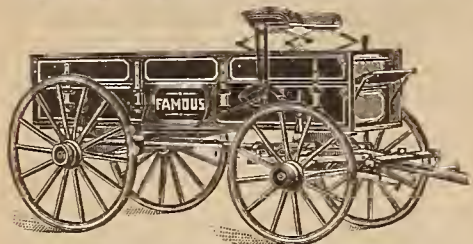
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Farm Selections

Grass-Notes

IN SEEDING our orchard we used three bushels of orchard-grass seed and six quarts of clover to the acre. This was not too much. Orchard-grass makes a light hay of good quality. We consider it fully equal to timothy for feeding, but the market does not care for it. The grass grows in tufts or bunches. We like it because it does well in the shade. It can be seeded in spring or fall.

We find redtop an excellent meadow-grass. On sour or damp lands it has crowded the timothy out in our seeding. We consider it better for feeding than timothy, but not so good for a market hay.—Rural New-Yorker.

Alfalfa-Dodder

The alfalfa-plant has a natural enemy—dodder. Its source is foul seed. It is false economy to dodge high prices by the purchase of inferior alfalfa-seed. In a trial plot of half an acre I have several patches of the pest. When started, the plant has an inclination of its own to spread, which is increased by raking and handling the hay.

The dodder-plant is started in its growth by nutriment that is stored in the seed; then, instead of taking root in the ground, as other weeds do, it attaches itself to the alfalfa-plant. In a short time the parasite sends out numerous tendrils that wind themselves around and around the separate shoots from the alfalfa root-stock. A tenacious, matted, moss-like development follows, which saps the vitality of its host.

When the alfalfa-plant has been killed in this manner, the pests upon it die for want of a host, but dodder-seed already scattered from this plant infects the soil, and spreads destruction to shoots of alfalfa near by. The barren patches grow constantly larger, being bordered by a strip that is infected with the aggressive pest.

This article is not designed to point out a way by which the parasite may be eradicated from fields already infected, but to impress upon the amateur culturist of alfalfa the importance of securing seed that is free from the noxious dodder. GEO P. WILLIAMS.

Test Your Seed-Corn

Some recent germination tests of seed-corn from farmers' supplies indicate that there is probably a lot of corn intended for seed which will not germinate, or at least has been seriously injured, on account of its having been exposed in out-buildings while still in a more or less moist condition during the period of extremely low temperatures early in February.

In view of this probability we deem it wise to urge upon farmers the necessity of making thorough tests of the vitality of any seed-corn which was not protected from those severe frosts.

A convenient home tester can be made by taking an old baking-pan of large size or a shallow tray made of boards, tightly wrapping around it, at intervals of about one and one half inches, crosswise and lengthwise, a long piece of strong cord or light wire, and filling it with fine moist soil or sand. The surface of the soil or sand in the tray will thus be marked off into one-and-one-half-inch squares. The squares may be marked more permanently by fastening the cross wires in the sides and ends of the tray. A tray of this kind, two by three feet in size, will be large enough to make an individual ear test of about five bushels of seed-ears at one time.

The test will not be complete unless each ear is tested by itself. Take five kernels out of each ear, from different parts, and place them in one of the squares in the tester, pressing them firmly into the soil. The ears of corn should be so arranged in single rows on a shelf, table or floor that the one corresponding to each square in the tester can be easily located. After the tester is filled, moisten the soil thoroughly, cover with an old gunny-sack, to keep the surface from drying, and set in a warm place, but not near a stove. The ordinary living-room or a place of similar temperature will do perfectly. Keep the soil thoroughly moist. All kernels which do not send out strong root and stem sprouts within five days under these conditions should be considered as too weak to properly germinate under ordinary field-conditions. If the germination of any lot of kernels is unsatisfactory, the ear from which they came should be discarded. About ninety-five per cent of the kernels should germinate strongly within the five days.—A. T. Wiancko, in Bulletin of the Indiana Experiment Station.

The Reclamation of Western Deserts

If there is any one thing for which more than for any other the people of the United States are supposed to be distinguished, it is their readiness to adopt advantageous systems and methods in their industrial processes. Yet it has taken us a long time to become even partially awake to the very manifest advantages which lie in the system of intensive cultivation by means of artificial irrigation.

Thousands of years ago the Egyptian fellahs, with the shadoof and the sakiel, spilled the waters of the Nile on the sands of Libya and Nubia and made them fertile. Centuries ago people whom we now regard as barbaric made use of irrigation-canals in what is now Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. The early Spanish settlers adopted the system in southern California and elsewhere. The Mormons fifty years ago were the first Americans—using that term in its modern significance—to follow in the footsteps of Spaniard, early Indian and still earlier Egyptian. Pioneer settlers in other Western areas then took it up, and in 1902 the United States as a nation went into the business. It was quite time.

A report of the Census Bureau shows that up to 1902 private enterprise had established irrigation systems covering nearly nine million five hundred thousand acres. This is equivalent to fifteen thousand square miles, or about three times the area of the state of Connecticut. The cost of constructing these systems is given as ninety-three million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Unofficial students set the actual cost far beyond this sum. Upon a scale sufficient to make them worth official comment, irrigation systems were in use in 1902 in thirty-one different states and territories.

For meteorologic purposes the United States is divided into three areas—namely, the humid, the arid and the semi-arid. The humid area covers the country eastward from a north and south line, having a slight westward curve, running from the Lake of the Woods to the vicinity of Galveston, Texas. Within this area irrigation is a convenient advantage, not a necessity.

Immediately west of the humid area lies the semi-arid belt, two or three hundred miles in width, from the Canadian border to the Gulf. Its eastern border follows the line of the humid area. Its western border begins at a point a little to the westward of the 100th meridian of longitude, follows a generally southward course to the middle of Texas, and there curves southeastward to the coast, near Indianola. Semi-arid areas occur in the great arid region which lies west of the semi-arid belt. A humid area is again found on the Pacific coast strip northward from San Francisco and swinging across the greater part of the northern border of Washington. There it joins a semi-arid area covering the eastern part of Washington, the northeast corner of Oregon, the northern part of Idaho and the western border of Montana.

The arid region covers approximately two fifths of the country, exclusive of course of Alaska and other outlying possessions. Water only is needed to make a large part of this vast region one of the most fertile areas in the world. Much of it is a land of almost perpetual sunshine. The application of water, scientifically regulated in accordance with the needs of growing crops, converts it into an agricultural paradise. Water-supply is lacking for reclamation of the entire region, but millions of acres can and will be turned from deserts into fruitful gardens and highly productive farms. Irrigated areas have produced nine hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, as compared with the average for the entire crop of the United States in 1903 of eighty-five bushels. They have yielded eleven hundred bushels of onions to the acre, thirty-three tons of sugar-beets, seven and one half tons of alfalfa hay, and other crops in similar proportions. Farmers dependent upon rain must take their chance of Nature's varying moods. With artificial irrigation the agriculturist controls the spigot, and turns the water on or shuts it off to suit himself.

In June, 1902, Congress passed a measure variously known as the Hansbrough Bill, the Newlands Bill and the Reclamation Act, the last being the most accurate and appropriate title. It provides that all money received from the sale of public lands in thirteen specified states and three territories shall be set aside, allowance being made for sundry prior claims, and shall be known as the "reclamation fund." This fund is to be used for the installation of irrigation systems in the various states and territories. The land thus reclaimed is to be sold in parcels not to exceed one hundred and sixty acres in extent to any one holder, and only to actual residents on the land thus purchased, or to one whose residence is in the neighborhood of the land. The object of this is to prevent extensive

land-speculation, by which those of limited means would be shut out or compelled to pay extortionate prices. Money received from land-sales reverts to the fund, which is thus made virtually perpetual. A sum of about twenty-five million dollars has already become available, and a considerable staff is busily engaged in prosecuting this national enterprise.

Naturally, a number of more or less serious difficulties have been encountered. There is danger of an undue interference by the federal government with private and with state enterprise, and with state rights in watercourses. Theoretically, the idea is only the reclamation of land owned by the federal government, or that which is known as "public land." But this may not be done in all cases without trenching on the water-supply already either in whole or in part appropriated for similar purposes by private enterprise. In a number of cases private enterprise has established systems on a comparatively small scale within areas which the government desires to operate on a far larger scale. In other cases extensive tracts have been purchased with a view to their development or to their speculative sale to irrigation companies.

Section 8 of the National Irrigation Act takes special note of this feature, and provides that "nothing in this act shall be construed as affecting, or intending to affect, or to in any way interfere with, the laws of any state or territory relating to the control, appropriation, use or distribution of water used in irrigation, or any vested right acquired thereunder, and the Secretary of the Interior, in carrying out the provisions of this act, shall proceed in conformity with such laws, and nothing herein shall in any way affect any right of any state or of the federal government, or of any land-owner, appropriator or user of water in, to or from any interstate stream or the waters thereof: Provided, that the right to the use of water acquired under the provisions of this act shall be appurtenant to the land irrigated, and beneficial use shall be the basis, the measure and the limit of the right."

Thus, with due regard to the rights of individual states and the vested rights of individual citizens, it is the purpose of the United States to make good the declaration of the prophet Isaiah that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It will not be possible to devote all our hundreds of millions of acres of desert land to rose culture, but a few score millions of them can and will be made to produce large crops of potatoes, sugar-beets and alfalfa hay.—New York Sun.

How to Burn Charcoal

A great many farmers, in clearing up wild lands, waste a great deal of wood which might be utilized in other ways. The best way to pay for clearing land is to burn the wood into charcoal. The following gives an idea of the process:

Cut all the wood, both large and small, into four-foot lengths. In the center of the spot on which you wish to burn the kiln plant a stake six or seven feet long just deep enough so that it will stand. Around this stake pile your wood, placing the large wood on the bottom and the small wood on top. The wood should be stacked around the stake in the form of a circle. Before stacking the wood the ground around the stake should be covered with dry brush. After the wood is stacked enough grass should be cut to cover the wood all over about an inch or two deep. Next, dirt should be shoveled on the grass to the depth of about two inches. The kiln is now ready to be burned. Set a few chunks of wood on fire, and let them burn to coals. Then draw the stake from the center of the kiln, and a small opening will be left, reaching to the bottom of the kiln. Into this opening pour about two shovelfuls of burning coals. In a few minutes the dry brush on the bottom will be burning freely, and the other wood will catch soon after. An armful of grass should now be stuffed into the opening and covered with dirt. Around the bottom of the kiln make small air-holes about three feet apart. In three days the kiln will be burned down. If the fire forces its way out at any point, the opening should be stuffed with grass and the grass covered with dirt. One cord of wood will burn fifteen oat-sackfuls of coal, which may be used at home or sold for from fifty to seventy-five cents a sack. I have just cleared about an acre of land in this way, and cut wood enough off of it to burn coal to the value of nearly one hundred and fifty dollars. To all farmers having wild land to clear I strongly recommend this method.

FRANK HOWARD.

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Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, huzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co. 204 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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every one of your customers is a possible customer for our magazine each month. It is easier to sell them a copy for 10 cents once a month than to get a year's subscription, and you make more money this way. We have a new scheme for working up a big list of monthly customers that can be gotten quickly, and will mean an assured monthly income. If you are a hustler, write us at once, and we will do the rest.

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Yellow Journalism

PUBLIC OPINION has been publishing a series of articles, purporting to have been written by an editor of one of New York's "yellow" journals, that in its display and confession of moral turpitude and baseness is nothing short of amazing. It recounts how, to feed a public hungry for gruesome and lurid details, write-ups completely at variance with truth are given. There was not even the semblance of fact necessary to give these journals an opportunity to appeal to the prejudices of readers. Characters that have received the approval of time were attacked mercilessly, and the fabric of falsity so closely woven about them that a Machiavelli might have envied. Especially was this true of men in public life. All that was necessary seemed to be the individual to work upon and a vitiated public taste to read the filth. The revelations in regard to some of the things that many believed to be true, the stories of the Mafia, Black Hand Society, the crime and corruption that is supposed to exist in high places, are merely the fertile imaginings of reporters who must get a living. That there were many who helped the matter along is evidenced by the immense circulation that the "yellies" have.

I shall not here speak of the immorality of such stuff. It is on the par of the low-minded gossip of the community who, evil himself or herself, cannot believe good exists in others. It is to the reading public that appeal must be made. So long as it tolerates news of that sort, so long will public decency be outraged. Such literature—something that is exciting, that attacks another, that shows up immorality—every editor of experience knows is eagerly welcomed. Columns of reasoning, of facts will pass by with scarcely a word, but let a lurid attack be made on an individual or an institution (public officials, politicians and the like are the best victims), and the response will be instantaneous. People seem to enjoy the "standing on a precipice," "trembling on the verge of a volcanic eruption," "returning to the condition of Rome at its worst days" feeling. Even patriotic and religious people, who would be supposed to love their country and trust in the goodness and mercy of God, enjoy these little thrills of horror. They seem to forget that this gray old world has existed for many millions of years; that it has been a constant growth; that the good impulses of the heart are reflected in other human hearts; that no reform is undertaken but men and women are ready to act, thus showing the inherent good in each, and that no country could endure that sheltered the evil that the "yellies" tell us is rampant. There is evil and baseness, selfishness, immorality, distress—always has been, always will be. But that a very large per cent of our people are so tainted, or that the moment a man enters the political field or acquires a little more property than his neighbor he becomes an object of loathsome attacks, is not true. It is the attacking party that is the loathsome one. When readers will demand the truth, not highly colored details; when they will hold in contempt the paper that knowingly prints false reports, and will withhold support, then will a remedy be found to correct many of the evils which we endure. The matter is in the hands of the readers. As long as they support the lurid sheet, so long will it be published. The principle in such a newspaper-office is that the people will stand a lot of gulling so long as it is done in the name of the "peepul." When a people will feel the contempt for an evil-minded, gossiping paper that they do for the evil-minded neighborhood gossip, then will the trouble be curtailed. It is a matter of public morality, and the reader who has ecstatic thrills over the imaginary dire conditions is as bad as the paper that panders to the diseased appetite. The truth is bad enough, without the touch of the artist who panders to popular bad taste.

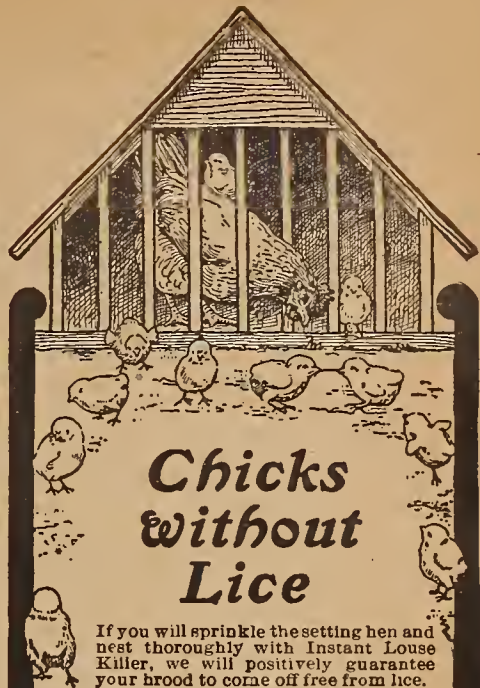
Ohio State Association of School-Boards

The above-named association convened at the Great Southern Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, March 16th and 17th. The sessions were well attended and enthusiastic throughout. The sentiment was very favorable to the centralization of country schools where practicable, and consolidation where centralization is not feasible. For the first time in the history of the association a farmer was invited to address the convention. Hon. F. A. Derthick, master of Ohio State Grange, gave an excellent address on "Teaching

the Elements of Agriculture in the Rural Schools." He called attention to the fact that the grange was the pioneer in the agitation for teaching agriculture in the rural schools, and cited recommendations to that effect. The report of the committee of education at the last state grange was unanimously supported by delegates representing forty thousand taxpayers of Ohio. The National Grange at its last session adopted a resolution (introduced by Mr. Derthick) authorizing the legislative committee of the National Grange to constitute a committee to inquire into the best means for introducing the study. He showed that the farmers of the land were demanding that the study be introduced as a means toward increasing the productivity of the farm and making agriculture more attractive. He recommended that the initial work be taken up in a small way at first, introducing Nature-study and the school-garden, by this means awakening a reverential feeling for the mysteries of Nature that are all about us. "Fortunate it is for the future rounded life," especially in the country, that the cultivation of the beautiful, the true, the good is now being made much of by those of esthetic tastes. The teacher who succeeds in developing in the heart of the child an abiding love for a beautiful flower has done more to enrich that child's life than in later years to unfold the most difficult problem in geometry. Much is being done to transform the rural-school yard from a desert place overrun with weeds, to a garden of profit and a bower of beauty. "An acre of ground and an expenditure of about fifty dollars, under the direction of a skilled and tactful teacher could be transformed into a model farm, the school-house beautified with books and pictures so as to make it an artistic place. "Such an influence would result that, like a pebble thrown into the sea, the waves would go out and out until they had touched the lives of all in the community." He urged that children be taught to observe, inquire, know the wondrous processes of life about them. To secure adequate results in rural communities, graded schools were needed. Teachers must qualify themselves for teaching the elements of agriculture. "The present requirements for the elementary teacher do not meet the modern demands. I am aware that this is a delicate subject, because many of us have sons and daughters who are teachers in the rural schools. It should be remembered that the school is for the children, and that many will have no further opportunities for school than in the home community. It is an injustice to the child when any one closes school-life on the last day of a district-school term only to reënter it or another as teacher the succeeding term. Greater preparation, larger remuneration is demanded. Teaching should become a well-paid profession, not a stepping-stone to some other profession." He recommended the elimination of topics from many of our text-books, and a more rational division of time given to each branch of study. "I remember with regret the months and years I spent in efforts to exhaust the greatest common divisor, least common multiple, square and cube root, different and little-used tables of weights and measures, long-drawn-out partial payments, analyzing and diagramming sentences until their ramifications were lost in obscurity. Much of all this has never touched my life since, unless as discipline, and this could have been better gained in more practical work." (This was greeted with loud and prolonged applause.) He condemned the argument that was sometimes made that innovations were cheaper. Advancement, new and better methods, often cost more than the old, but their utility and worth justified the increased expenditure. "The question of cost is of secondary consideration when dealing with the farmer's choicest product. Is it better? is the burning question. The rural schools of Ohio have done a great work, but the new needs of the farmers demand better preparation than formerly. What would have sufficed for the schools twenty-five years ago will not answer to-day."

It is well that the first address of a rural representative should have been so liberal and broad. Educators are learning that there is not so much need of arousing interest among the farmers as there is of supplying a practical working plan for putting into effect some of the reforms demanded.

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Is also equally effective in destroying lice on stock and ticks on sheep, doing its work quickly in every case. It also kills bugs on cucumber, squash and melon vines, cabbage worms, slugs on rose bushes, etc., besides being a powerful disinfectant and deodorizer, thereby, destroying many forms of disease. Instant Louse Killer is the original powder Louse Killer, put up in round cans with perforated top. Be sure of the word "Instant" on the can—it has twenty-five imitations.

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Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat or Lung Trouble. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Sold in Boxes only. Avoid imitations.

Save time use
Pratts Vet. Healing Ointment.
Made by Pratt Food Co., Phila. Over 30 years old.

Next Summer's Outing

IF YOU have not planned for a summer's outing, begin now—no summer is perfect unless you have spent at least a few days "close to Nature's heart." It is not so great an undertaking even with several children to care for if you plan rightly.

We began when we had four little ones to take, and kept it up all through the years after there were six of them, and always came back refreshed and with glad memories to enliven the rest of the year. We borrowed a tent the first few years; after that we had one of our own, which was much pleasanter and more convenient, for our new one was much larger. One can go and sleep on the ground in the open air, as we saw them do in Colorado, but it is not a good plan even in sections where no rain falls during the summer months, especially if there are children along.

We always carry plenty of dark comforters and blankets, for the nights are often very cool when the days are hottest. This is especially true in Colorado and California, where there is rarely a warm night even in midsummer. Never take white sheets, quilts or pillow-slips, nor any light colored clothing, if you want to look or feel comfortable. Gray or tan summer blankets are much better than sheets, and are as easily washed.

We always carry a small feather pillow for each of our party—square ones, with colored covers. The slips may be pieced up of calico in fancy patterns (the older children will be proud to have this job to do), or they may be made of denims. We have had all kinds—red, blue, and brown denims, red and flowered calico, pieced-up ones, and several of red bandana handkerchiefs. The bright ones make an attractive camp in the daytime to pile in the hammock or on a rug for the benefit of loungers. Take a hammock, if you have to make it out of a strip of wide, heavy canvas, which will stand the children's rough usage better than the best hammock you can buy. Quilts or comforters made of the best parts of men's black shirts are just the thing for use in camp. I have one pieced in squares—stripes, dots and plain black—set together regularly, and knotted with bright red yarn. The filling is two old woolen blankets that were worn too thin for use, but they made a much softer cover than cotton.

The good parts of men's discarded suits, and out-of-date wraps, put together crazy-style with heavy yarn in plain chain-stitch, lined with bright-colored flowered calico, make lasting robes to spread under the beds at night and on the grass during the day, where the pillows can be piled, making an inviting place to read and rest. The lining to this robe may be made of the strongest parts of old dress-skirts, saving the price of new goods. If you want a real rest and a genuinely good time, do not go to a "resort;" go where you can roam at will, without a thought of fine clothes or what some one is saying about your looks or actions.

Have good strong walking-skirts for all the women-folks old enough to wear shirt-waists, with plenty of the latter, in colors that will not soil easily, to change often. Denims, duck or covert cloth in tan or gray make the best skirts, and leggings of the same material and color will keep the dust and sand out of your shoes, and enable you to tramp about in the brush, climb trees, etc., without disastrous results.

A regular tourist wears a large silk handkerchief around the neck, to protect it from sun and wind, both of which will soon burn it red and sore if not covered



GENERAL LINEVITCH

Successor to Kuropatkin as commander of the Russian Army in Manchuria. He is sixty-seven years of age, with a highly creditable war record.

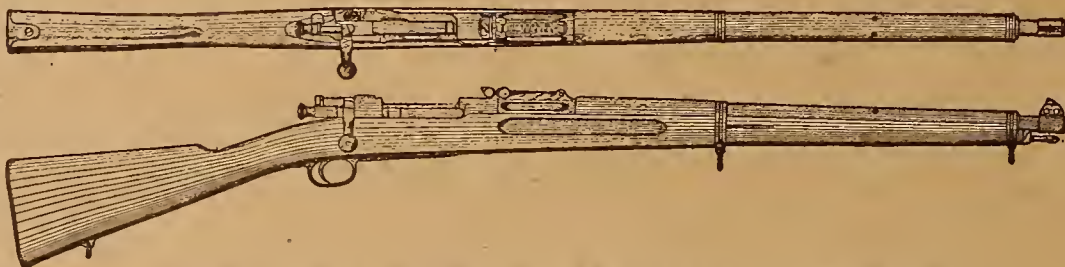
closely. I have found a large silkolene one just as efficacious at much less cost, and less deplored if lost (some things will "lose themselves" in spite of all you can do).

Our earlier trips were made without table, stove or chairs, but now we have a folding table, camp-stools and a sheet-iron camp-stove. We still use agateware dishes, to save room and breakage. We do not burden ourselves with extras—just as few cooking-utensils as possible is the rule. Generally the women-folks have the hardest part of the work on such a trip, and often go home more tired than when they left, prob-

Around the Fireside

ably promising themselves never to go again, for living in the open air invariably gives every member of the party a voracious appetite, requiring an extra amount of cooking. I obviate this by taking along canned tomatoes, beans, salmon and fruit enough to last through. If I haven't tomatoes left of my own, I buy them by the dozen, and instead of buying the beans I cook up a lot of the dry ones, and can them. They are better and cheaper, and very little work. To save room I take preserves, jams and jellies instead of plain canned fruit, for you know they cannot eat half so much of it. I also bake up enough cake and pie to last ten days or two weeks, then let them go without after that, or ride to the nearest town and stock up with ginger-snaps. Fruit and nut cake, if well frosted, will keep several weeks if you keep it under your own care, and almost any kind will be fresh for a week if iced and kept in a tin can.

I let them lunch at noon, instead of cooking a regular meal. Bread and jelly, crackers and cheese, with a slice of cake, take but little time to prepare,



TOP AND SIDE VIEWS OF NEW UNITED STATES ARMY MAGAZINE RIFLE

and no one is heated up or tired out working over the fire. For breakfast some kind of mush, crackers and coffee, with bread, butter and a glass of jam, makes few dishes to be washed, and no one tired to begin the day. With canned tomatoes or beans heated up, salmon, bread, butter, sauce and cake for supper leaves only potatoes to be prepared, unless some of the men-folks have been so unwise (?) as to bring in a string of fish or other game, when there will be that much extra to do; but they so seldom do that in our crowd that we are never overworked on that account. In this way I manage to let myself rest as well as the others.

The children bring wood and water, wash dishes and make themselves generally useful while any work is to be done, then all rest and roam about together, which I fancy is a much better way than for one or two to tire themselves out doing it all.

Go to the seashore and mountains if you can. If that is out of the question, travel until you find a quiet spot in the wooded hills near a stream or on the shores of a lake—some place where you will see new scenes, where you can forget for a while the old routine, and give yourself up to the healing power of "earth, air and sky" for a time. Never once think of the work to be done when you go back home. Tramp, climb, bathe (swim if you can), romp with the children, and rest and read when you are tired. Remember "there is growth in rest," growth of intellect, and the power to endure. Leave care, trouble and worry behind; inhale every ounce of God's free air that your being will hold. Bask in his glorious sunshine, take time to rejoice and be glad, then go back, strong in body and mind, to take up the duties of life, sweetened by memories of the glad, free life under heaven's canopy. Take your own team and spring-wagon, or hire one, so you can go where you choose without let or hindrance. Have a cover of some kind to your wagon, if you have to get bows and cover them with heavy muslin. If you cannot manage a good outfit the first year, go the best way you can; then plan to add something to it each year until you have a complete one that will be so convenient that it will be a small matter to get ready for an outing, and you will be looking forward to it each year with renewed pleasure, without a thought of leaving it out of your plans any more than you would the spring housecleaning or garden-making.

HALE COOK.

Russian and Japanese Schools

The relative difference with reference to the education of the masses of Russia and Japan can be gleaned from the fact that Japan has in school one in every nine of her children of school-age, while Russia has only one in every forty.

Heavily Endowed Colleges

The most richly endowed of all American educational institutions is Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Its productive funds amount to twenty million dollars, par value. Girard College comes next, with \$17,715,000; then Harvard, with \$16,755,000, and Columbia, with \$15,347,000. All others are in seven figures instead of eight. And the Stanford endowment is the gift of a single individual or estate, instead of an accumulation of gifts, as in the cases of the other colleges and universities, excepting only Girard.

The Cherry Festival

In Japan with the first warm flush of April come the cherry-blossoms, and the people pour out from the cities to the parks and groves for worship and adoration. Indeed, the first week of April is made a long national holiday, and there is no Japanese too great nor too humble to pay his devotions to the flowering trees.

At Kioto, the ancient capital, near the outskirts of the town and at the foot of the eastern hills, there is

an immense cherry-tree several centuries old that is regarded with unbounded reverence. It is a center of pilgrimages. Each year the people from many towns, old and young alike, flock to see its first blooms, as they have done every spring-time since their earliest recollection. The tree is of extraordinary size, its wide-spreading branches being sustained by fifty or more props. Although these branches are bent with age, the vitality of the tree never fails. One day it stands

bare and leafless, the next evening a pink glow has spread over it, the third day it bursts into bloom. The park surrounding the tree is at once crowded with holiday-folk.

In Tokio, likewise, the cherry-festival ushers in a week of popular rejoicing. The first day, cherry-blossom Sunday, is given over at the great Ueno Park to the upper middle class. Then comes a second Sunday, when the park is given up to the lower classes, and the passion of the coolies or laborers for the flowers is not less intense than that of the better educated and well-to-do. In its universal observance this carnival of beauty seems unique. One of the Japanese poets, Mo-Toori, says: "Should any one inquire of you as to the spirit of Japan, point to the cherry-blossom shining in the sun."

The World's Deadliest Rifle

A new magazine infantry rifle, which experts declare to be superior to any other type in existence, has been constructed and adopted by the ordnance department of the United States Army. Nearly one hundred thousand of the new weapons have already been made in the government arsenals, and the entire infantry service will soon be equipped with them. The most notable difference apparent at first glance between the old and the new arm is the fact that the barrel of the latter is entirely covered with wood. This innovation was the result of suggestions made the ordnance officers by the enlisted men of the army.

The new gun is several inches shorter than the old. The magazine has a capacity of five cartridges, and can be filled with ease and quickness. When fully assembled, the gun weighs a little more than eight pounds, and according to the ordnance experts, is exceptionally well balanced, insuring ease of discharge and facilitating accuracy of aim.—Technical Review.

Town Without Women

The Kansas City "Journal" tells a tale of one of the most curious towns in the universe. The marked peculiarity of the town is that there are no women in it. Athos is the given name of the town, and it is situated on a promontory on the coast of Macedonia. The peninsula is known as the "Mountain of the Monks," from the fact that a score or more of monasteries are dotted over the hills or lie in the valleys. They are filled with a body of ascetics, kind and hospitable to strangers, but full of superstitions. The actual town is distinct from the monasteries, and supplies the simple wants of the monks. Here are to be found streets of shops, a flourishing bazaar, and all the energy and bustle of a modern town. Not a female is to be seen. The small Turkish garrison is made up entirely of bachelors. This strange law of exclusion is carried out even among the domestic animals. Only the wild birds evade it, but they are never eaten. The legend which accounts for this strange state of affairs is a flimsy one, but is implicitly believed by the inhabitants and rigorously observed. It appears that at one



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

He was for a time the choice of the council of war to replace Kuropatkin, but General Linevitch was later selected to succeed to the command.

of the chief monasteries there is a miraculous icon. It is a representation of the Virgin, and the legends say that one day as the Empress Pulcheria, who had liberally endowed the church, as well as beautified and restored it, was engaged in her devotions, the Virgin spoke, and asked her what she, a woman, was doing there. As the Empress did not reply, the voice spoke again, and commanded her to leave, saying that no woman should ever again enter the church. The surprised lady left the place, and since then no female has ever entered the promontory, though why this prohibition should include the entire peninsula is not clear.

Some "Seats of the Mighty"

THAT which some have called a "craze" for antique furniture developed in our country a few years ago, and the garrets and attics of old houses throughout New England and in other parts of the country were ransacked in the hope of finding treasures in the way of ancient chairs, tables, four-poster bedsteads, and anything in the way of furniture bearing certain evidence of antiquity. The plain, old-fashioned and far from elegant four-poster bedstead of our great-grandmothers is now at a high premium among collectors of old furniture, particularly if the bedstead be of the beautiful mahogany of which much of the furniture of long ago was made. Many of the costliest city mansions have at least one room in which all of the furnishings are of the old Colonial pattern, and modern furniture-makers have imitated this old furniture until it is difficult to tell the imitation from the real.

Some of the real antique furniture could not be purchased from its owners with any amount of money. Even the cheapest and plainest chair once belonging to George Washington would now bring a very large sum of money if the genuineness of the chair could be fully established. There are several of the Washington chairs in existence, and one of the handsomest of them may be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society, in Philadelphia. This chair was used by Washington when he was President of the United States and while he was living in Philadelphia. Indeed, it is easier to find specimens of the household belongings of Washington than it is to find articles once belonging to some of the Presidents who came after him. This is because all of the household furnishings of President Washington were disposed of by will, and some of his heirs disposed of the same furniture in the same way, thereby making it comparatively easy to trace many of the articles once belonging to Washington. An aged lady now living in the city of Washington, and who is a direct descendant of Mrs. Washington, has a large collection of the household belongings of the first President of the United States. She has been offered almost fabulous sums for them, but she steadily declines to part with a single piece. It is thought that she will eventually leave these rare and valuable articles to the National Museum, in the city of Washington. The home of Washington at Mount Vernon was very handsomely furnished, for our first President was a man of refined and elegant tastes, and as he was also a man of wealth, he could gratify his liking for the rich and beautiful.

A far less elegant chair than the one owned by Washington may be seen in Philadelphia, in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society. This is the chair in which Thomas Jefferson sat when he wrote the splendid old Declaration of Independence. There's a chair for you! Money could not buy it. This society has many highly treasured articles of all kinds in its rooms, but none are valued more highly than this queer old chair. It is of ancient origin, and was, it is thought, an old chair even at the time Jefferson

Around the Fireside

never seen in England before. They are called blankets, but I think they will be very neat to cover a summer bed instead of a quilt or counterpane."

In Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, may be seen a graceful, high-backed chair once the property of William Penn. On it is this amusing inscription:

"I know not where,
I know not when,
But in this chair
Sat William Penn."

It is the associations of these old chairs that give them their chief value. All are interesting specimens of the style of furniture in vogue years and years ago, but it is the "touch of vanished hands" that causes us to take off our hats before the things once belonging to George Washington and to all the men whose memory we honor and revere. J. L. HARBOUR.

The King of Romancers Dead

Jules Verne, the veteran French story-teller, whose tales have entertained two generations, died March 24th, at Miens, France.

Verne was aged seventy-seven years, having been born February 8, 1828, at Nantes, in Brittany. He was educated in his native town, and afterward studied law in Paris, whither he went in early manhood. He first turned his attention to dramatic literature. In 1863 appeared the first of his remarkable romances, "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Its success was instantaneous, and the fame of the young writer practically was established. Then followed in rapid sequence the other surprising stories of adventure and "invention" that have interested the civilized world.

It is scarcely necessary to give the names of these works here, as every reader of romance and adventure is familiar with the works of the great author, but a few may be mentioned in the order in which they appeared: "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "From the Earth to the Moon Direct in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes," "The Fur Country," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Michael Strogoff," "Cesar Cascabel," "The Purchase of the North Pole," "The Mysterious Island."

Recently, when Monsieur Verne was told that he ought to be proud that so many of his literary predictions had been verified in the submarine boats, the automobile and the dirigible balloon, he merely an-

viser. He discussed with her each of the plots and situations in his books, and the final revise was never sent to the printers until it had met with her approval.

Verne never took to tobacco for inspiration, not sharing in his countrymen's love for the weed, and he had not tasted alcohol for years.

A King Who is Always in Trouble

Alfonso XIII., the young King of Spain, is invariably getting himself into trouble by his reckless daring and stubbornness. Only recently the mayor of the ward in which the palace of the king stands filed a complaint against Alfonso, setting forth the following charges:

1. Driving at a speed exceeding the pace limited by municipal regulations concerning automobiles within the city limits.

2. Failure to pay the municipal tax on automobiles. In the present instance his car was damaged by an electric tram-car in Madrid. He is an exceptionally daring driver, and can be seen almost any day driving himself in the outskirts of Madrid. His nerve is excellent, and he drives unusually well, if somewhat recklessly. His first narrow escape was when his car was just pulled up in time to escape a tree which had fallen across the road. Then, soon after, he narrowly missed a bad collision. Last December the wheel of his car broke, and the vehicle was overturned, but the king escaped unhurt. Then he had another accident in January. His car, in which he was driving two aids-de-camp from Madrid to Pardo, suddenly sank into a mud-hole, and six oxen were necessary to haul it out. He escaped unhurt. As motoring does not seem exciting enough for him, he has announced his wish to try ballooning.

Wireless Telegraphy on Trains

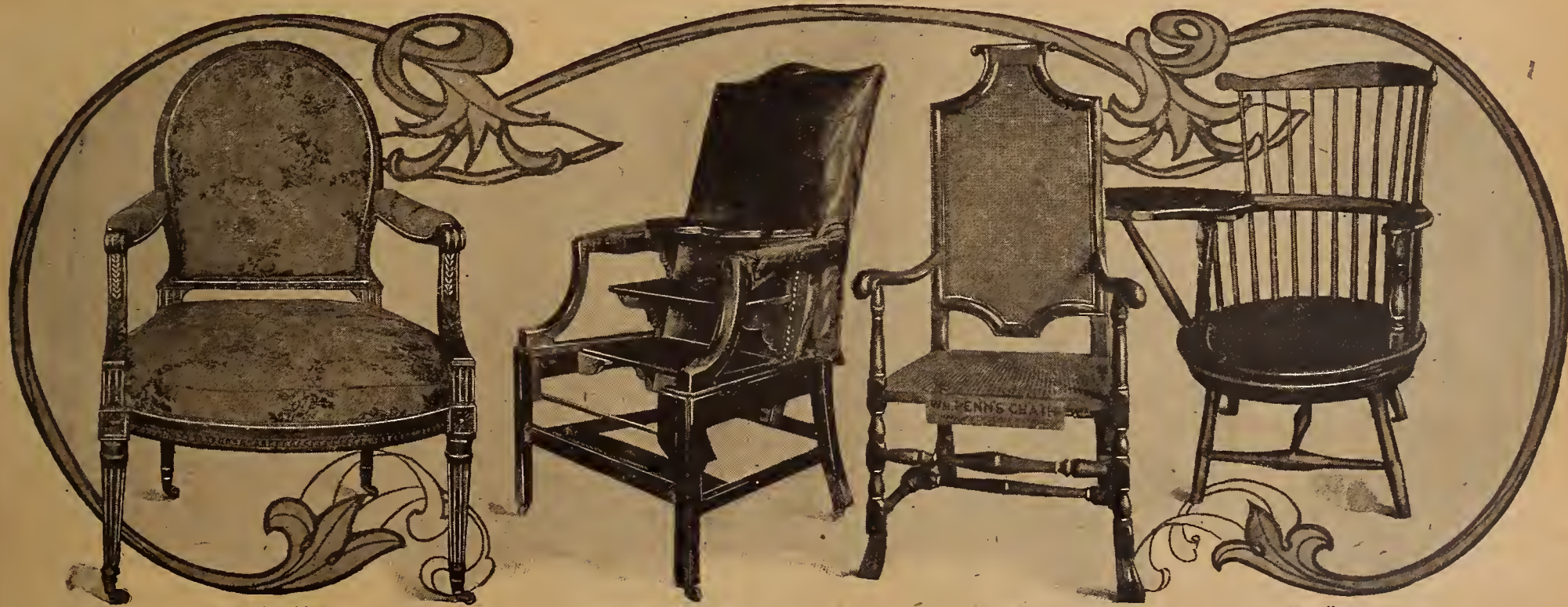
It is said that the management of the New York Central and Lake Shore lines are seriously considering the plan to use wireless telegraphy on their fast-moving trains. An even more valuable use of the Marconi system is in connection with the automatic block-system, to convey a signal of danger to the engineer in the cab of the train hurrying to destruction.

Cost of Discovering America

If the documents found in the archives of Genoa are reliable, and there seems great likelihood that they are, then it has been determined that the discovery of America by Columbus cost a little over seven thousand dollars. The fleet of Columbus is said to have been worth about three thousand dollars, and the documents found indicate that Columbus' salary was two hundred dollars a year.

Famous Old Inn Doomed

The old Fell house, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., where anthracite coal was first burned in a grate, and where its progress as a marketable commodity began, is to be destroyed and remodeled until all outward semblance



George Washington

Benjamin Franklin

William Penn

Thomas Jefferson

SOME "SEATS OF THE MIGHTY"

wrote the Declaration while sitting in it. It revolves like an office-chair of our day, and has a wide shelf at the right side. While it is more a thing of utility than of beauty, it is more valuable than the finest chair any manufacturer of to-day could make.

The Philosophical Society owns another old chair, once the property of a famous American, Benjamin Franklin. An interesting fact is that the chair was made by Franklin, who was, as you know, a man of a great deal of inventive genius. The seat of this chair turns up, and forms a little flight of three steps. Franklin made the chair to use in his library. When he wanted to reach books on the high shelves, all he had to do was to turn up the seat of this chair, and there was his "baby" step-ladder right before him. This chair, like the stove he invented, and which still bears his name, is rather clumsy and homely. Franklin, like Washington, was fond of fine furnishings, and his letters to Mrs. Franklin while he was in England and she was in America are full of references to things he had bought to send to America for their home there. In one of his letters, in which he names a large number of things he had purchased, he says: "I forgot to mention another of my fancyings—that is, a pair of silk blankets, very fine. They are of a new kind, were just taken in a French prize, and such were

swered that the coincidences were due to the fact that he always tried to make things appear as simple and true as possible. He said, "All my life I have been a great note-taker, especially from magazines, reviews and scientific reports. My story of 'Screw Island' was suggested in a paragraph in an American paper, the action taking place on a sort of floating island."

"'Around the World in Eighty Days' was the result of reading an advertisement in an American paper."

With reference to his method of writing Monsieur Verne had this to say: "I write from five o'clock in the morning until noon, when my day's work is finished."

It has been said of Verne that for forty years he had lived in gilded slavery to his publishers, Hetzel & Co., of Paris. He was under special contract with the house to give them two books every year, but he was to receive only twenty thousand francs, or four thousand dollars, annually. He never drew a dollar of royalty, notwithstanding the immense popularity of his novels, but it is true that the publishers made him many valuable presents.

In his wife, a Norman woman, who was a widow when Verne married her, the great romancer found his lifelong friend and helpmate. For nearly sixty years Madame Verne was her husband's literary ad-

to the famous tavern has disappeared. In the heart of the new building will be preserved the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged, heavy-raftered room where the experiment took place, and the identical grate and fireplace where anthracite coal first burned.

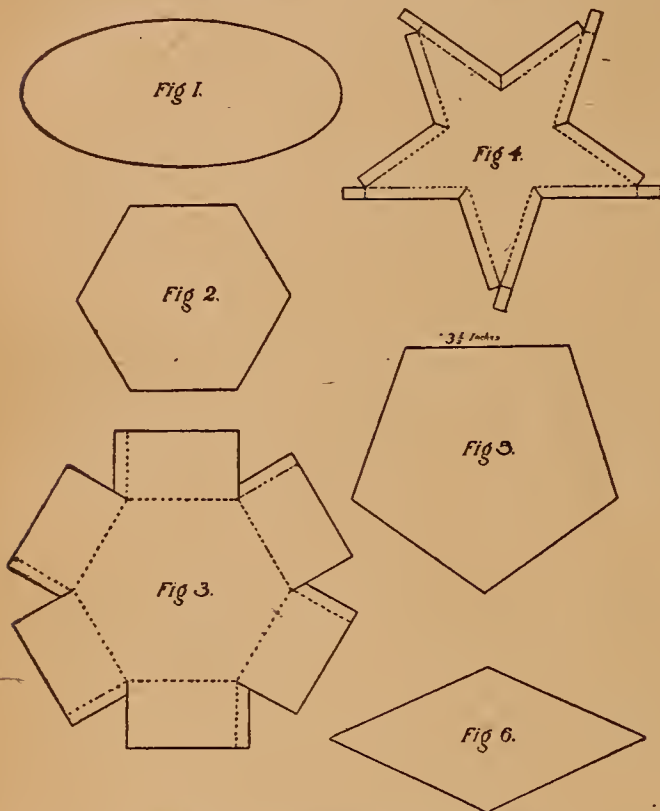
Directing Italians South

The Italian ambassador has in mind a plan for directing the flow of Italian immigration southward onto farms and plantations, and away from the tenements of the Atlantic seaboard. The ambassador has in mind principally the climate; labor and political aspects are said not to interest him. The plan, however, is one that concerns all the inhabitants of the Southern states. An influx of two hundred thousand Italians annually means much. The ambassador's people have been accustomed to sunny skies, balmy air and soft, warm atmosphere. Instead they crowd into narrow streets, and pack themselves into the foul tenements of the East. The Italians that come to America, so the statistics show, are drawn almost entirely from the farms. In America they must struggle in cities, to which they are unaccustomed, and earn a scant livelihood at work to which they are unsuited. These are the circumstances that the ambassador would alter.

Some Easter Thoughts of Flowers

SO MUCH is being said and done by the civic societies and "Beautiful America" clubs in towns that it is very gratifying to know how many farm women have become interested in the work, and individually have sent sunshine and flowers to many homes. A little packet of home-grown seeds may at first seem a trivial gift, but when you consider the possibilities of flowers grown in a barren place it appears very different. Last year a farm woman filled several envelopes with home-grown seeds, and sent them as an Easter greeting to a far-away sister. It is safe to say that no flowers were more carefully tended and coaxed to bloom than those sent to the arid Southwest. The hollyhocks and other "old-fashioned" flowers cheered the weary housemother, and brought to her mind the old home garden "as it used to be."

Outside window-boxes are most convenient for the farm-house, and are a blessing in the cities. A country girl who had gone to the city was bemoaning her fate in letters to the home folk, for she said: "My room is so dreary, and how I shall miss my



BOX-PATTERNS—REDUCED SIZE

garden this summer!" She little suspected how a surprise was being planned for her in the dear old farm-house, but on the next rainy day the good man conquered his desire to go fishing, and stayed at home to make two window-boxes to brighten the room in the city. He whitewashed the boxes on the inside, and painted the outside a very dark green. When the boxes were dry they were filled with rich soil, taken to town, and fastened outside the windows, and a few plants and seeds of trailing vines from home made those boxes bright spots for many of the dwellers in the flat.

The thought of Easter and flowers is inseparable, and on this Easter make it doubly so by filling as many envelopes as you can with seeds—the larger the envelopes are, the better it will be—and send them where you think they are most needed and will be most welcome.

CHRISTINE EMERY.

Easily Made Boxes

Dainty boxes are always in demand, either for candy-sales or to hold presents; indeed, making boxes is one of the pleasant ways of using unengaged time which would otherwise go to waste. They are not difficult to make when you have a good pattern. It is best to select a design that is not exactly common, for it seems that the more unusual the design, the more desirable the box.

White Bristol board and the rough water-color paper combine nicely, both being easily handled as well as easily decorated. Lightweight poster-board can also be cut into any shape by using shears. If one chooses to cover the box with birch-bark or crepe paper, the common pasteboard could be used.

When a box is to be covered, a narrow strip of muslin or tough paper may first be glued over the adjoining edges, thereby fastening the top with the side of the lid or the side with the bottom of the box before putting on the covering. This strip also helps to make the box stronger.

In the eight patterns given the solid line shows where the material is to be cut, the dotted line indicates where the material is to be folded. The dot-and-dash line in the trefoil (Fig. 8) is merely to help in the drawing of the pattern, and is not to be folded. The trefoil is a good-shaped box to use as a "catch-all" on the dresser. It really could be made with a partition added along the dot-and-dash line, then each of the four compartments might have its own special use, such as holding a different variety of candy at a sale.

A straight strip seventeen inches long and two and one half inches wide is required to form the sides of the oval box, allowing for a half-inch lap. For the lid the strip should be seventeen inches long, but only about half an inch wide.



The Housewife

For the hexagon-shaped box, if the cardboard is too heavy to bend smoothly as indicated in Fig. 3, cut the top and bottom as in Fig. 2. Surround the bottom with a straight strip sixteen inches long and one and one half inches wide. The strip for the lid should be sixteen inches long and half an inch wide. Plan to have the outer end of the strip come at a corner.

For the star-shaped box fold the projecting portions as indicated, and glue the flap at each point, then fasten around the whole star a strip about twenty-three inches long and one and one half inches wide, planning to have the outer end of the strip come at one of the inner corners. For the lid the strip should be twenty-three inches long and half an inch wide.

If Bristol board is used for the bottom of the star box, and water-color paper for the sides, then the lap at each point may be cut off, and by taking a strip of water-color paper cut twenty-three inches long and two and one half inches wide, fold it in the middle lengthwise, and putting a little glue on each inner edge of the strip lengthwise, fasten it upon the outer and inner side of the one-fourth-inch projections around the star. By finishing in this way the box will be smooth and nice on the inside as well as the outside.

The heart-shaped box could be made in the same manner as the star, or the projections might be cut off, and the seventeen-and-one-half-inch strip which forms the sides could be glued to the bottom by means of a tape or strip of tough paper. The strip for the side should be two inches wide, the strip for the lid should be seventeen and one half inches long and about half an inch wide.

For a pentagon, or five-sided, box, each side of which is three and one half inches long, a strip should be cut seventeen inches long and about one and one half inches wide for the sides, and the strip for the lid half an inch wide.

Sixteen inches is the length and one and one half inches the width of the strip which is required for the diamond-shaped box, or it may be cut with the bottom and sides in one piece, or the entire lid by itself, or it may all be cut in one piece, as in Fig. 9.

The trefoil (Fig. 8) requires a strip twenty-seven inches long and three inches wide to form the sides. The twenty-seven-inch strip for the lid should be only three fourths of an inch wide. Of course, the trefoil could be cut with projections, the same as the heart-shaped box, and then it could be put together the same as the star box, with a doubled piece of the water-color paper for the sides.

VIRGINIA REED.

Toilet-Bags

To protect the contents of a satchel from the moisture of wet soap, cloth, etc., these bags will be found almost indispensable.

Cut from art-linen a piece six by sixteen inches, point one end as illustration shows, line with rubber cloth cut the exact shape, baste together, and turn both back to the depth of five inches for a sponge-pocket. Bind around with satin ribbon, and decorate with a fancy stitch in floss to match the binding.

The small bag for soap is a piece of the linen four by five and three fourths inches lined with rubber, box-plaited, and bound onto a piece of rubber-lined linen six by three and one fourth inches, bound together, and stitched securely to the sponge-bag. Each is tied with ribbon and ornamented with fancy stitch.

It is not necessary to rubber-line the brush-and-comb bag. Care should be taken to make the brush-bag a size that will completely cover the ordinary hair-brush; the outer pocket is for the comb. Draw up the unlined bag by means of ribbon inserted under a wide herring-bone stitch of coarse floss.

Infant's Sacque

Make a chain of seventy-four stitches, then into each stitch make two double crochets.

Third row—Widen with four double crochets in the eighth stitch from each side of the front, and also in the eleventh stitch on each side from the front, and again in the middle of the back, four stitches in one.

Repeat for fifteen rows, widening in each widening.

Sixteenth row—Two double crochets in each stitch without widening, except in the back; instead of catching in the preceding row on shoulder, make a chain from point to point.

Seventeenth row—Crochet double crochet in every stitch, chains included.

Repeat for 10 rows more.

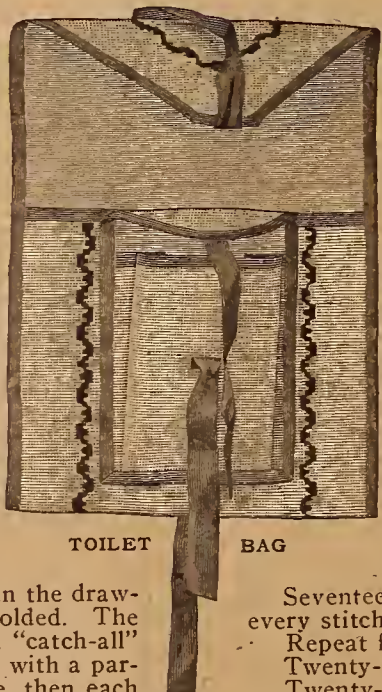
Twenty-eighth row—Crochet in white.

Twenty-ninth row—Crochet in pink.

Thirtieth row—Crochet in white.

Thirty-first row—Crochet in pink.

A border with shells in double crochet all around the sacque. For the sleeve crochet two double crochets in each stitch of the shoulder and of the chain. Continue around for seventeen rows. Make four rows of one stitch in alternate stitches, finish with shells at hand. Use No. 2 ribbon at neck. HEISTER ELLIOTT.



TOILET BAG

Some Syrup Good Things

Here in Georgia, where the cane-syrup is not a delicacy at all, we have learned to use it for a good many things that we like to have on our tables, some of them nice enough for company occasions. The recipes which follow are all of proved value. Where the cane-syrup is not obtainable I fancy molasses could be substituted, and in some cases with better effect.

SYRUP PIES.—Two cupfuls of syrup, one cupful of sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, the juice of one lemon and nutmeg to flavor. Cook in pastry under crust.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of syrup, half a cupful of butter or lard, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a teacupful of boiling water, two and one half cupfuls of flour, two well-beaten eggs added last.

CANDIED SWEET-POTATOES.—Sufficient sweet-potatoes peeled and sliced thickly to nearly fill a two-quart pan, two cupfuls of syrup and one cupful of water added; boil the potatoes in this until they can easily be pierced with a straw, then add a generous

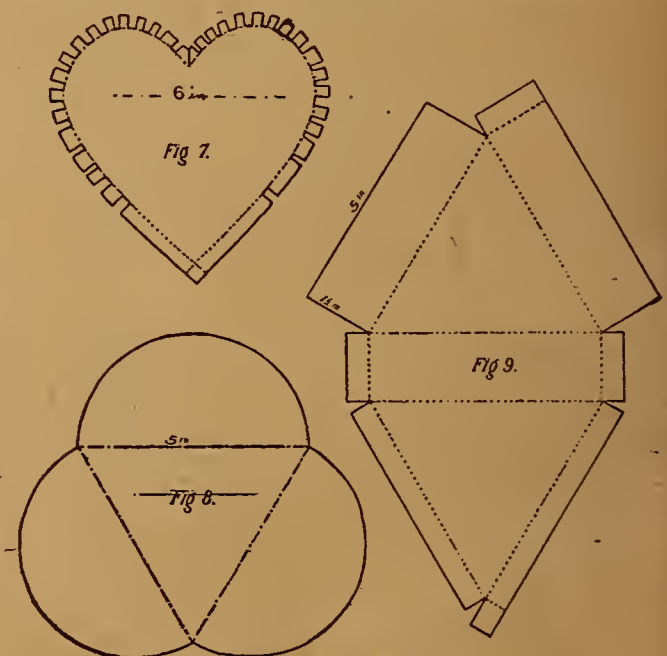
tablespoonful of butter, a bit of spice or lemon-juice if a flavor is liked, and put in the oven to brown. One has to vary the amount of liquid according to the kind of potato, but the proportion is correct, and by the time the potatoes are done the sauce ought to be a thick, rich syrup. We serve these in a pudding-dish or in the pan in which they were cooked dressed up in a fresh napkin.

SYRUP CANDY.—Every little Southern child knows the delight of going into the kitchen after the midday meal is done, and "messaging around" with a saucepan, making syrup candy. Sometimes the results are lamentable, but here is a way that is extra nice if only one is candy-expert enough to know just when to pour it out in the broad buttered platter to cool ready for pulling. The pulling is a fine art of itself, as the candy should be handled with a light and tender touch, and just at the ends of the mass, so that in pulling it will fall into shreds. These dropped upon a clean sheet of wrapping-paper, or better still on a marble slab, have a deliciousness entirely lacking in the braids and chunks of every-day taffy, even if they do sometimes have to be eaten with a spoon because they fall into such tiny flakes. Two cupfuls of syrup and one cupful of sugar. Put these over to boil in a shallow, wide vessel, and cook just as speedily as possible to avoid burning. When the syrup spins a good thread add a large tablespoonful of butter, and pour off into a shallow vessel.

MRS. HENRY WIGHT.

The Easter Dinner-Table

The decoration of an Easter dinner-table should be a joy to every woman who can command some spring flowers. For, of course, if available, only spring flow-



BOX-PATTERNS—REDUCED SIZE

ers, with their promise of new life and golden days, would be one's choice; lacking these, however, no flower need be scorned. One can make a table beautiful with green alone, particularly such delicate greens as asparagus or maidenhair ferns.

Perhaps the loveliest floral setting for the Easter feast would be one of white tulips and maidenhair ferns. These could be arranged in a single piece in the center of the table, or the centerpiece could be of ferns alone in variety and the tulips placed at each corner in tiny crystal vases only large enough for a single bloom and its leaves. Tulip-leaves are very effective, and should never be removed in any disposition made of the flower. Next to the pure white of Easter, in tulips or other flower (leaving the lily, with its sacred symbolism, to its rightful office in the church), this choice would fall upon something yellow, the most gladsome of colors and Nature's spring favorite. Of these, jonquils are probably the most effective.

But it is a poverty-stricken soul that cannot enjoy beauty in any other than the superlative degree, and as a twig and a candle can tell the Christmas story, so any modest spring flower should make the Easter table appear festive.

The March 15th FARM AND FIRESIDE picture supplement will be sent free to all who renew their subscriptions and request the pictures during April.

The Easter Lily in Its Home

THE Bermuda lily is one of the foreigners which has established a place in the hearts of the American people. Its pure white chalice is found not only in the church and chapel, but in the homes of the people, rich and poor, on Easter morning; they carry their message of the resurrection to a life where the spirit will be freed from the flesh that trammels it. How fitting that they should come from the Summer islands, where there is no winter, no falling of leaves!

As one sits in the air perfumed by the droppings from the lily-bells the romantic story of the land of their nativity enriches their beauty. No thunder of cannon or long tale of war sullies the pages of the history of the Bermudas.

They were, to the best of our knowledge, discovered between 1515 and 1522 by a vessel commanded by a man named Bermudez. On board was a Spaniard who was the historian of this discovery. The vessel was on her way from Spain to Cuba. An attempt was made to land and leave some hogs, with a view to possible future needs, but, according to the record, a storm arose and the boat did not leave the vessel. This is the first time that any mention of the islands appears in history.

The terrible storms that frequented this group led the Spaniards to believe that the islands were peopled by devils and evil spirits, and they became known as Los Diabolos. Nor were these vexing, destructive winds and storms unknown to the English. In 1593 Captain May, an Englishman, was one of a party wrecked on the southern shores of the Bermudas. They remained five months in the islands, and after building a boat from the cedars that grew there they were able to get away, reaching Cape Breton, from which place they sailed for England. This discovery of the beautiful islands was doubtless well known, but the spirit of adventure that was prevalent in those days attracted men to wider fields, and the Bermudas were overlooked.

About 1610 there appeared "A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils, by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport and divers others." It is claimed that this little book, having come into the possession of Shakespeare, provided the background for "The Tempest." Sir George Somers and his companions reached the islands in 1609 in a sinking vessel. The vessel was finally lodged between two rocks, and all escaped to the shore, which from that day has been an English possession.

The first sight of a lily-field transfixes one. Sitting in the low-swinging carriage, riding over roads smooth and noiseless, one becomes conscious of an odor familiar, yet not familiar. Suddenly the lily-field lies before one. Who can describe it? It takes one out of this life if first seen without the workers. When they are added to the picture the lily-fields suggest Utopia. Such work must be a delight. All through the fields are the beautiful, graceful figures of men and women, through whose picturesque garments are caught gleams of the golden bronze of their skin. Here and there an animated small bronze image, with as little covering as possible, intensifies the beauty. The colored

men of Bermuda are of mixed stock. They are the descendants of American Indians captured and sold into slavery, negroes kidnapped from Africa, and English convicts who preferred to remain in the Bermudas after the government ceased to make use of the islands as a convict colony.

The Bermuda lily was introduced into this country in 1875. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to a florist. This florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of lily-bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermuda.

The Discontented Country Girl

BY HILDA RICHMOND

I.—THE CAUSE

There are a great many good parents who suppose that only the girls in the country are addicted to discontent, but they are greatly mistaken. From all over the land there is going up the cry from young women who should be enjoying their youthful days for something they have not in their lives. It may be what some one has called "divine discontent," but the people who must live with the restless, never-satisfied girls have a different story to tell. If there is any being in the world to be pitied, it is the mother who strives daily and hourly to please her daughters who have firmly resolved that they will not be pleased.

If only parents could learn that opposition is the breath of life to discontent, they would certainly try a new method of procedure. Take the girl who falls in love at an early age, and is determined to marry the unworthy man of her choice. Her mother's tears and her father's commands only set her the more firmly in her belief that life will be a barren waste if she does not marry immediately, and the result is a runaway match or an impatient waiting until the eighteenth birthday is past. Nine times out of ten the mother was injudicious enough to allow the daughter to go to parties and have beaux when she was a mere school-girl, and so the mischief was done.

Usually the country girl becomes discontented with her home, her life and her friends shortly after she stops going to school. Let some person wiser than I explain why this is true, but let no one dispute the statement that the majority of country girls—and town girls, as well—have a period of life when everything hampers and frets them. Perhaps the most common form the country parents have to deal with is the desire to go to town and earn a living for themselves. It certainly is a more encouraging state of affairs than to want to be married too early in life, and men and women should not look upon such a condition of affairs as hopeless. In fact, it is really a hopeful sign when the bright, capable daughters of the farm long for a chance to make money, and they should be allowed to indulge their ambitions unless ill health or

absolute necessity requires their presence at home. This doctrine may be rank heresy to most parents, but I am certain the girls themselves will welcome a little encouragement from one who knows exactly what she is talking about on the subject of making one's own money.

If it were possible to explode a few of the theories concerning life for young girls in towns, perhaps the opposition would be less strenuous, but they are deeply rooted in the minds of country people, and there they will stay. I am not speaking of the girl who will be satisfied with nothing less than life in a large city. There is nothing more dangerous than for a girl ignorant of life outside her own home to try her fortunes alone in a city, and every effort should be made to get rid of that notion—not by stern commands, but by wise counsel, and encouraging the discontented young person to try a town first until she shall have acquired some worldly wisdom.

After all, you cannot hope to keep your children in ignorance of the world and its ways from the cradle to the grave, and the girls who have worked for their own money will surely make better wives and mothers than those who are rushed from the school-room to homes of their own for fear they may have a desire to "earn their own money," and consequently fall into all sorts of dangers. The right kind of girls will always be willing to forsake their work for wedded life, and the other kind are better off unmarried. A girl who has had a great deal of experience in the working-world is less likely to make a bad marriage than the one who sees nothing in life ahead unless she does marry; and many parents have bitterly regretted thwarting their daughters' plans, and thereby almost forcing them to marry because they allowed them no other occupation in life.

So if your daughters want to do any of the thousand and one things open in these days to women, rejoice that it is no worse. To work in town three or four years may make them love the country all the more, and if it does not you may rest assured they are better off at that than living all their lives in discontent on the farm. If they prefer their chosen labor to a quiet home in any locality, be thankful they are satisfied, and encourage them all you can. In these days it is impossible to control the destinies of young lives by the means employed in foreign countries, and parents can only wisely train and warn and guard in the younger days the children given to their care. By doing this you will accomplish more than by severe measures when it is too late, and at least give your children a happy childhood to look back to. By all means keep your girls with you as long as possible, but if they must and will try their wings, do all you can to help them. Remember always that "to the pure all things are pure," and if your daughters will they may be as safe in town as in your own home. Ignorance is not always innocence, though many people confuse the terms. The working-girls in towns and smaller cities compare favorably with their sisters everywhere, and I would not hesitate to place them far above the so-called "best society" in many cases. They are loyal, noble and pure, and our country may well be proud of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



A BIT OF BERMUDAN COAST, SHOWING A LILY-FIELD AND ITS SEA OF BLOSSOMS

A BLUE FLAG IDYL

BY ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Loamwold is the farm of the wealthy Farvester family. Morris Harmer, a young neighbor educated to scientific farming, has been asked by Mr. Farvester to give his farm-help a lesson in spraying apple-trees. Harmer was in the act of spraying a tree directly in front of the room of Josephine Farvester, when the girl's sudden appearance between the draperies at the window startled Harmer, and he loses his footing and falls to the ground. A sprained ankle and a severe shock keep him in the Farvester home for three days. Morris' mother, ambitious for her son, who lacks sufficient funds for the carrying out of his scientific ideas, hopes for a match with Josephine. Josephine and her mother call on the Harmers, and Mrs. Harmer promises to return the call in the evening, when Morris can accompany her.

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS a dark night when Mrs. Harmer said their call could not be put off another day without becoming a real offense. Morris thought it was too far for her to walk, and so harnessed a horse. There had been a heavy rain, and it had come off cool, making it more comfortable sitting indoors than on the large, airy porch, where the Farvesters were wont to congregate on summer evenings. The Harmers were cordially received, and invited to the parlor, where all the family save Grant, the eldest son, gathered to entertain them. Mrs. Farvester lamented at once that Grant had an engagement which took him to the city that evening. Mr. Farvester questioned Morris about the planting. Had he all his corn in? And the company was threatened with a break into two groups, with all the ladies in one, when Josephine joined her father, at first merely as a listener.

"Oh, if you are so interested in new varieties, Mr. Harmer," Josephine exclaimed, half an hour later, after listening to some of Morris' theories and plans, "you should see a new grape we have in the greenhouse. It's a seedling, but promises to be something choice."

"Indeed, I should like to see it," returned the young man; and then the telephone rang, calling Mr. Farvester from them. "If I come over to-morrow—" Morris began, when she interrupted.

"Why not to-night?" she said, rising. "The electrics make it nearly as light as day;" and she moved away, her eyes bidding him follow. They passed through the kitchen, where she pressed a button that instantly lighted the glass-covered hothouse at the end of the path which led across the lawn. "We are having our greenhouse repaired," she explained, as they proceeded, "but I think I can pilot you safely. The floor has rotted in places, and the carpenters are putting in some new boards. You'll find it pretty badly torn up." Then they entered the humid atmosphere of the hothouse.

"This room is pretty badly dismantled since father has put our foliage plants out on the lawn. Our palms are looking nicely, don't you think?" And so she talked, pointing out this feature and explaining that. The lights made it as bright as day all about them, but one look toward the painted panes revealed the blackness of night without.

"Let me go first, Miss Farvester, and take your hand," said Morris, as they came upon an opening in the floor bridged by a single plank.

"I'm not the least bit afraid of falling," she declared, but let him have his way. He seemed so full of fear for her she could not resist the temptation to frighten him. Throwing out her free arm as if she had lost her balance, she gave a little scream that made the young man's heart stand still. The next instant she had sprung to a place of undoubted safety, and there laughed merrily at the success of her ruse. "Forgive me, Mr. Harmer. I really couldn't help it!" she declared.

"No, I'll not forgive you," he returned, with marked disapproval. "Another time I'll leave you to fall."

Josephine was blushing now, for his seriousness made her half ashamed of her behavior. "Mother says I'm never going to get over being a kid. And I'm afraid she's right. What do you think, Mr. Harmer?" she asked, with charming audacity.

"I'll not judge between you," he returned, in a manner that tempted her to argue the point.

"You mean that you'll not express your judgment," she said. "But you might just as well as to say what you have. I know you agree with her. I don't believe one can help forming judgment on every question that comes before them. There, that is father's mushroom-cellar," she explained, breaking off suddenly to point out a dark chamber at their right. "And here we are at the grapery," as she opened a door at their left. "Be careful, Mr. Harmer, here's another bad spot. You'll have to walk the plank again. That looks as if it might be the bottomless pit, yet it is not more than three or four feet. All the same, I don't care to fall there."

Then she found the grape-vine that had led to their visiting the place, and he fell to examining it critically. It was a young plant, and only one cluster of grapes had been allowed to grow. They thought that three or four weeks must elapse before the fruit reached its maturity.

"One cannot tell yet what it is going to be," he agreed, "and yet," he further agreed, "you can be pretty sure it will prove a beauty." Then suddenly the lights went out.

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"Oh!" groaned Josephine, with a prolonged wail. "That's Grant's doings. He doesn't know we're out here, and thinks the lights have been forgotten. I heard him drive into the yard a moment ago. He's dreadfully saving of the lights. You know, he put our electric-plant in himself. It's run by a windmill, and the electricity is stored in a battery that isn't large enough to allow us to be wasteful. Grant means to change that some time. You know, he learned all about electricity at college. Well! I thought some one would tell him of his mistake before this. We'll not dare to move until the lights are turned on again."

It was so dark he could not see his hand before his face. They laughed a little in vain efforts to throw off the embarrassment of the situation.

"I ought to have matches with me, Miss Farvester, but I haven't. I mean always to carry them with me, and I have plenty in my—"

"Work-clothes," they finished together, and laughed at the miscarriage of his best calculations.



Josephine, her arms filled with blue flag

"I think I could get out of here alone," declared the girl, pushing her feet cautiously along the floor, "but you—I'm familiar with the place—"

"Oh, please don't move, Miss Farvester; I'm afraid you'll fall into that hole. Can't I call? Ho! the house!" he cried with his college-trained lungs. "Hi! hi! ho! the house!" And finally, "Grant! Ho, Grant!" But nothing came of his efforts.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Josephine, her patience giving out, and she took a step or two, but Morris caught her arm.

"Excuse me, Miss Farvester, but I cannot let you. I will get on my hands and knees, and feel the way. You follow. Let me take your hand."

"What a shame to lead you into such a predicament!" she protested.

"I can stand it if you can," he returned, cheerfully. "I'll admit I don't make a very good figure on my hands and knees, but you can't see."

They laughed heartily at this. Their friendship was truly enjoying a hothouse growth. He had her hand in one of his; the other felt along the floor.

"There! I've found the opening and the plank," he announced. "My, my, but it's narrow!" he groaned. "I fear you can never make it. Wait here, Miss Farvester. How foolish of me not to think of it sooner! I'll feel my way out alone, and go to the house and have them turn on the lights."

"Oh, I don't want to be left alone in the dark,"

she protested, in a voice that was new to him. It was like a child pouting. "I'm sure I can walk the plank. I'm not the least afraid of falling. Go, if you will, Mr. Harmer, but I'll not promise to stay here."

He would not leave her without this promise, and so they continued to feel their way, he cautioning her at every step.

"It's so ridiculous, Mr. Harmer! I do hope we can get out without discovery or help from any one. I'm glad Grant didn't hear you. But I'll get even with him. He'd make no end of fun of me if he knew. We can keep a secret, can't we?" she questioned, bewitchingly.

"Like the dead," he answered, feeling an unusual mood for him. And then his head bumped against a door they had closed after them in coming in.

"Oh! You haven't hurt yourself?" she demanded, alarmed.

"Not at all," he replied, rising, and feeling for the latch that would open the way for them.

"I fear you will never forgive me."

"Forgive you? If you knew how I'm enjoying it—" He paused.

She was tempted to ask "What then?" but on second thought held her tongue. There was a moment of silence, and then he forced his voice into something like indifference. "It's a real adventure," he said, carelessly. But there was recognition of something new between them, and she withdrew her hand from his. He believed he had offended her.

"There, that is the last point of danger," she declared, with a sigh of relief. "The floor is new the rest of the way. Don't you feel the difference under your feet?" And pushing on, in another moment they were breathing the fresh air of the open night.

"Why, where have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Farvester, as the two entered the parlor.

Josephine looked about for Grant, and found he was not there. "To the greenhouse, mother. Mr. Harmer wished to see father's new grape," she explained. "Where is Grant? I thought he came in."

"He went directly to his room. He'll be down in a minute. Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Harmer," she pleaded of their visitor, who had risen, declaring it was getting late, and that they must be going. However, they remained a few minutes to speak with the eldest son, who entered at that moment.

Nothing further was said of the trip to the greenhouse, and so Josephine and Morris had a chance to keep their adventure a secret, if they chose; and for some reason this was what both wished.

CHAPTER IV.

Josephine and Morris had but little speech with each other for several weeks. They passed in their carriages on the highway many times, and nodded friendly greetings, and they had moments of meeting at the village church, when they exchanged a "How do you do?" Josephine could not remember exactly what she had said or done in the greenhouse, and had a morbid feeling that she had misbehaved. Morris meanwhile felt the charm of her personality grow upon him. He had not just the singleness of mind in his agricultural pursuits that once had marked his endeavors. Yet with both, thoughts of each other acted to keep them apart. Morris could not forget that he had offended her.

He was driving a stray cow home through a piece of woods one afternoon at sundown, when the snapping of a twig and a flutter of white skirts between tree-trunks ahead quickened his heart. In another moment he came face to face with Josephine, who had her arms full of blue flag. She flushed at sight of him, and then became quite her reckless self.

"Well, what will you do with me now? I'm fairly caught, I see, trespassing and stealing."

"Oh, no, Miss Farvester—" he began, but she did not wait for his words.

"Why is it that they grow so much better along the river on your land than they do on father's? There's a question for your scientific mind. Perhaps I can make my escape while you are puzzling over it. We're going to have some company, Mr. Harmer, and I wished the blue flag to decorate the dining-room." And so she reached an explanation of her position.

"You're quite welcome to all there are, Miss Farvester," he returned. "I'll puzzle over the question later, when I'm alone. But now I shall help you make your escape with the booty." And he insisted on carrying the blue flag for her.

They talked a little of the weather, and then she said, "You've not been over in some time. The new grape is taking on a wonderfully rich color." And recalling their adventure in the greenhouse, they openly exulted in the fact that no one knew or guessed their secret. The little embarrassment which each had felt at first was quickly dissipated in the lingering glances that rebellious eyes insisted on. A wish to see the ripening cluster of grapes was further excuse for Morris, and he carried the blue flag to the door of Loamwold.

"I hope you're going to the grange picnic next week," Josephine said later, as they were about to part at the door of the greenhouse.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"I wouldn't miss it for a good deal," she replied.

"I think I'll go," he declared, quite decidedly, looking into her eyes with an expression that boldly proclaimed his reason; yet with all his manner was so deferential that the action could be only pleasing. Then, lifting his hat, he was gone.

At the picnic the two families ate their lunch together on the grass by the river-side. A warm friendship had sprung up between Mrs. Farvester and Mrs. Harmer, who had found that their ideas and experiences were very much the same. Mrs. Harmer had only Morris to match against the other's fond boastings of her children, and Christian names were used so commonly that conventionalities were dropped, and each mother was soon addressing the other's son as "Grant" and

come, she laughed gaily. "It seems as if we are fated to get into trouble," she declared, with pretty concern.

"It seems you have forgotten a compact we entered into this afternoon," he threw back.

She understood his reference to her "Mr. Harmer," and replied, bewitchingly, "You have given no evidence that you have not forgotten it, also."

"No," he agreed, and there was tacit recognition of something very delightful between them. They laughed together softly; then they drifted in silence; then they laughed again, accepting the slight embarrassment as but an added charm to the situation.

"I believe it's getting warmer," he said, returning to the common things of life.

more to possess their hearts was too subtle for words.

"I don't see how any one can bear to live in a city and work in a store or factory," said Morris, with fine feeling. "Think what one would lose to-night to be shut in narrow streets, with brick walls rising high on either side. Give me the open air, with a clear view of hills and meadowland, of a purple wood and a winding road, and I can work from sun till sun."

"You've talked that to father, for I've heard him say that you should have been a poet," declared the girl by his side.

"Indeed, there is poetry in raising potatoes if one puts himself in tune to catch the feeling," he returned, warmly. "A glorious harvest is like 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and a crop blasted, shriveled and dying reminds me of 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

Josephine listened with deeper interest than he knew, and long pondered on his words. They seemed at first to corroborate a certain fear of her father's—that the young man was visionary. With all her finer feeling, the girl was very practical. She realized to what end the regard growing in her heart tended, and had, moreover, strength of character to call a halt before her happiness should be sacrificed to a man doomed to poverty through inherent lack of ability. But when they had passed Morris' place on their way to the picnic-grounds her father had openly admired the look of thrift and prosperity which the farm bore. Here was positive evidence such as warmed the girl's heart, and the thought of calling a halt passed with the sense of losing a load from her shoulders.

A peculiar silence fell upon them as they drove up the gravelled road to the door of Loamwold. Morris could account for his own stay of speech, but he dared not think the same cause found an echo in her heart.

"You are tired, after all," he said, as he stepped from the carriage to assist her.

"Yes, a little," she confessed, and the words were accompanied with something like a sigh.

"I hope you will soon get rested," he said. "Oh, it's nothing," she declared, brightly, and they shook hands with common impulse.

He said, "Good-night, Josephine," and tried to make the speech a mere formality, but the name seemed to fill his throat.

"Good-night, Morris," she returned, and the thing seemed so sweet to him that he lived it over a score of times in making the drive back to his own home.

He found his mother waiting for him when he entered the house. Acting on an impulse, he took her in his arms, and pressed a kiss on her cheek. She smiled up into his face with that fondness that did not arouse his boyish fear of appearing "soft," and he knew she read his heart.

"I hope that you will win her, and be very happy, Morris," she began. "You needn't look that way. She isn't one bit too good for you."

"Oh, mother, you don't know," was all the reply he made, and he dropped into a chair as if some work had quite exhausted him.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Illusion

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

Through all the years of life we strive to clasp

Some fancied good that ever slips away,
Just as an eager child, who fain would grasp

The fleeting sunbeam of the April day.

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He succeeded in working the boat off the submerged boulder

"Morris." In the excitement of animated conversation the name once slipped from her mother's tongue onto Josephine's, much to the pretty confusion of the girl.

"Why not?" asked Morris, refusing to grant a pardon where no offense had been committed. "If I thought I could win it, I would beg the privilege of you," he frankly declared.

"Oh, I detest beggars," returned the beauty, with delightful manner. "Why not make it a bargain? An even exchange of privileges can be only fair and honorable."

"Thank you," he said, his heart leaping to a heaven he had scarcely dreamed of before. He wanted to use her name then and there, but despite the permission it seemed too sweet and sacred—its utterance then would convey more than he was ready to impart. Nor did she address him by his Christian name, though he listened for it all the afternoon. He heard her use it in speaking of him to others, and he found he could do the same with her name, without spreading to all the world a thing that was becoming very precious.

At sundown they went for a long row up the river, and then drifted back under the serenest moon, which watched with a smile of encouragement, peeping at them over the trees, first on one bank, and then on the other, as the river wound in and out through the forest. Drifting so, their boat once grounded on a huge stone that rose to within a few inches of the surface of the water, yet was wholly out of sight. For some time they swung about as though on a pivot, despite all of Morris' efforts to free them. At last, standing erect, and bearing heavily upon the oar, with which he could touch the river-bottom there, he succeeded in working the boat off the submerged boulder. Twice, however, he lost his footing, and nearly pitched into the water.

"Oh, Mr. Harmer!" cried Josephine, in alarm, as he staggered in the boat; but the next instant, seeing no harm was

"Oh, it's not," she contradicted. "This is the most perfect moment of the day. What a pity that we must hurry back. And you're not rowing at all! Mother cautioned me not to be gone long, as father wished to return home early."

"You never told me that," he quickly answered.

"It wasn't necessary before. But since we've lost so much time on that horrid stone—"

He took up the oars reluctantly now, and sent their boat skimming over the glistening water.

But they were too late to find their people. Back at the picnic-grounds Morris learned that his mother had by invitation taken Josephine's place in her father's carriage, leaving her to ride with him. He had a disloyal moment, when in thought he charged his mother with scheming to give him this opportunity; then, on the score of previous irreproachable conduct, he acquitted her of blame, and thanked his stars for the continued favor.

"Your horse will run away with me, or drop dead, or do something dreadful! You know our fate," said Josephine, but he thought he read no regret in her tones.

"I'm delighted with our fate so far," he declared.

"Oh, yes, you!" she exclaimed, and her play was charming, for the pretense of displeasure was as italics to the real facts.

Bess chose a faster gait than Morris liked under the circumstances, but he endeavored to reconcile himself with the reflection that the day must end sooner or later anyway. The carriage-top was pushed back, and the mellow moon shone full in their faces, giving ravishing points of light to Josephine's eyes whenever they were turned toward his. They talked of very commonplace things, for that which was coming more and

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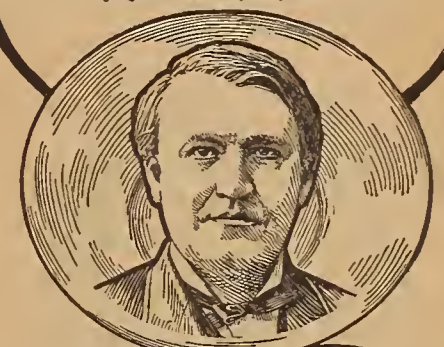
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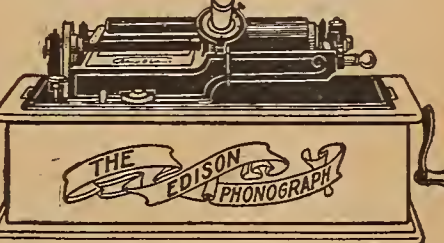
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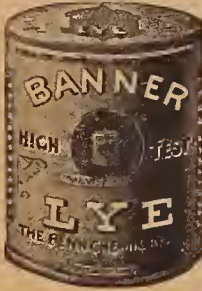
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WAIST WITH REVERS

Cutaway Coat and Skirt with Double Box-Plait

THE cutaway coat is very fashionable this spring. This particular model, which is made with a vest, brings out to good advantage the pretty lines of the figure. The coat has a turn-down collar and sharply pointed revers, which are trimmed with a cut-out design in velvet. A modified leg-of-mutton design is used for the sleeve, which is finished with a flaring cuff and a lace frill. The lower part of the back of the coat is laid in two plaits on each side of the center. The full skirt is cut in eleven gores, and made in a double graduated box-plait in the front. The back is finished with two inverted plaits. The trimming consists of a band of velvet finished with a cut-out design. The whole makes up very stylishly, and is bound to be popular.

The selection of material for this cutaway coat must, of course, remain one



CUTAWAY COAT AND SKIRT WITH DOUBLE BOX-PLAIT

of taste with the person who is to wear it. However, chiffon broadcloth, mohair, Venetian cloth, serge and cheviot would all look well developed in a costume of this style, with either silk or velvet used for the applied trimming. The pattern for the Cutaway Coat, No. 507, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Skirt with Double Box-Plait, No. 508, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 waist measures.



How to Dress

Waist with Revers

The pattern for this waist is decidedly worth owning, for it may be used for a silk, crêpe, cotton or linen waist to equally good advantage. In two shades of linen it would look well, and also in chiffon taffeta or crêpe, with the revers in a contrasting shade of velvet. The design is made double-breasted and is cut with a V at the neck, so as to be worn with a chemisette. The front of the waist, which is cut in one piece, is trimmed at each side with revers. Each shoulder is also finished with a turn-back rever caught with a button. The sleeve is the new and extremely fashionable leg-of-mutton with a



WAIST WITH FANCY YOKE

waist. The pattern for the Waist with Fancy Yoke, No. 513, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

Coat with Peplum and Circular Skirt

This coat has a slightly double-breasted vest and turn-over flat collar. The vest may be made of white cloth, fancy vesting or brocaded silk. A deep peplum is attached to the body of the coat at the waist-line. The good-style leg-of-mutton sleeve shows an inserted piece on the upper side. The inserted cloth or velvet is outlined with very narrow braid. This same narrow braid also trims the rest of the coat and outlines the band at the bottom of the skirt. The coat is made with a plain back, trimmed with the braid, the peplum being laid in two inverted plaits. The plain circular skirt is very full at the bottom, where it is finished with a band of a different-colored material. The pattern for the Coat with Peplum, No. 511, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. The pattern for the Circular Skirt, No. 512, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 waist measures.

TAB SHIRT-WAIST

turn-back cuff, and trimmed with buttons. The back is made with a deep yoke and stole cut in one, the stole reaching to the bottom of the waist, giving the back a slender effect. The same little revers that are seen in front are also at the shoulders at the back. The sides of the waist, both at the back and front, are slightly full. The pattern for the Waist with Revers, No. 482, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

Tab Shirt-Waist

From every point of view this shirt-waist is most attractive. The sleeve is extremely novel. It is leg-of-mutton in shape, and cut in three pieces. The inside portion is cut in tabs and buttons over the outer portion. This outer portion has three fine tucks grouped between each tab. The bottom of the sleeve is finished with a tight-fitting cuff, and at the arm-hole there is much fullness. The front of the waist is plain, with the fastening at the side cut in tabs. There is a small tab pocket on each side of the front which has the effect of being buttoned on. The back of the waist is plain, with two tabs buttoned over the center, which give a very novel touch. The new washable Japanese material, half silk and half linen, would be very effective made up in this way, with the stitching, outlining the tabs, in a darker color than the fabric. The pattern for the Tab Shirt-Waist, No. 484, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

Waist with Fancy Yoke

Any of the soft crêpe materials would look well made into a waist of this sort. The sleeve is the new three-quarter length, gathered all along the inside seam. At the top the sleeve is laid in fine tucks, which extend beyond the arm-seam over the waist. The tucks and yoke are outlined by a band of embroidery insertion or lace. The waist in front is shirred at the shoulders, and there is a little group of shirrings in front, below the square part of the yoke. The deep crushed girde is made on the foundation



COAT WITH PEPLUM AND CIRCULAR SKIRT

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new spring and summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.



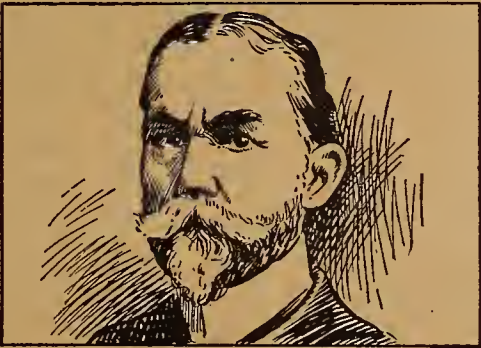
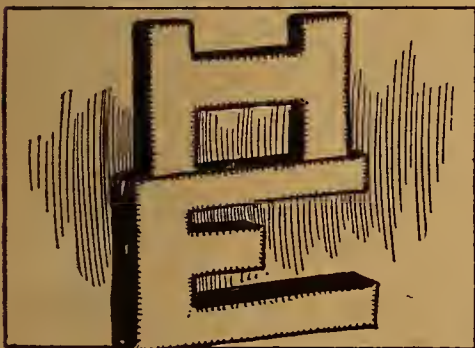
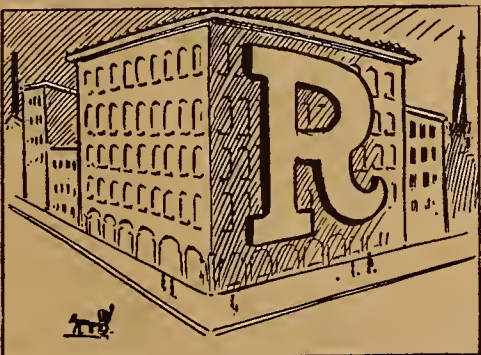
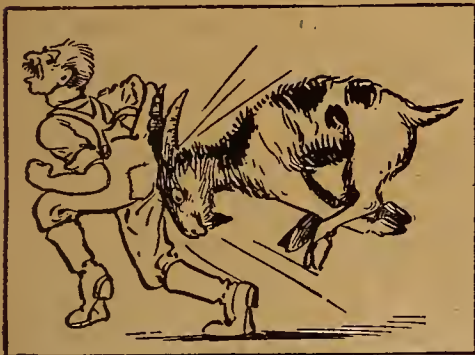
SIX PRODUCTS OF THE FARM

We Offer Eight Dollars Cash, in Prizes of Two Dollars Each, to the Woman, Girl, Boy and Man Who Sends Us a Correct List of the Products Indicated by the Pictures Below and the Best Brief Mention of Any One of the Six Products. Residents of Springfield, Ohio, are Excluded. Contestants Must State Their Ages, and Answers Must Be Received Before May 1st.

ALSO A PRIZE FOR EACH STATE AND TERRITORY

As further rewards for our great family of readers, a beautiful picture, size twenty by thirty inches, and lithographed in ten colors, entitled "A Cluster of Beauties," will be given the person in each state and territory, the District of Columbia and each province of Canada who sends us the correct list and story as above conditioned. The best story and correct list, therefore, from each state and territory

wins a prize, giving an equal opportunity to all our readers, wherever they may be located. In the states or territories where the four cash prizes are awarded the smaller prizes will be given to the person who sends the second-best story and correct list, so that in no case will any one person receive two prizes. Answers must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor," FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE MARCH 15th ISSUE

- 1—Voracity.
- 2—Pugnacity.
- 3—Tenacity.
- 4—Publicity.
- 5—Simplicity.
- 6—Elasticity.

Prize Awards

Four first prizes of two dollars each were awarded to the following:
Mrs. Maxie Lyon, Georgia.
R. Glenn Jones, Iowa.
Leila White, Illinois.
Frank D. Brownell, Missouri.

The picture "The Finding of Moses" has been sent to each of the following in accordance with the terms of our offer:

- Arizona—Charles F. Berger.
- California—William Mitchell.
- Florida—Dan B. Leigh.
- Georgia—Mrs. Rhea Moveman.
- Illinois—Mrs. Charles Waggoner.
- Indian Territory—Aaron C. Parrott.
- Iowa—Mrs. Ray Barrett.
- Maine—Sarah W. Pike.
- Maryland—Mrs. S. I. Fullerton.
- Massachusetts—Nathan W. Arnold.
- Michigan—Miss Anna Winters.
- New Hampshire—Mollie Dearborn.
- New Mexico—Magdalen Beadles.
- New York—William Kinne.
- Ohio—Miss Nannie Shrontz.
- Oklahoma—Gertrude Wilson.
- Pennsylvania—Mrs. M. A. Humeston.
- Virginia—Olive Briston.

A large number of contestants who were unsuccessful as prize-winners sent in stories that were quite meritorious, and to a number of these we have sent a complimentary copy of the picture.

WRITE YOUR NAME PLAINLY

We occasionally have much annoyance from the failure of contestants to write their names and addresses plainly. Often the failure of winners to get their prizes promptly is due to that fact. Therefore, please remember to write your name and address so that it can be easily read.

In Sunlit Ways

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

The flowers that close in cold and shadowy days
Open their petals to the sunshine bright;
And human hearts, in seeking happier ways,
Are only striving sunward for the light.

A Sweet Little Girl

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

Such a winsome little girl!
Golden tresses all acurl,
Forehead fair as ivory,
Cheeks as red as cherries be;
Eyes of deepest violet shade,
Sweet lips just for kisses made.

Dear one, in life's morning beams,
What, I wonder, are your dreams?
Oft I fancy in your eyes
Hint of mystic meaning lies;
Visions of life's highest good,
Gift divine of womanhood.

Last Chance to Get Two Beautiful PICTURES FREE

Hundreds of thousands of people were pleased and delighted with the two grand pictures sent out with the March 15th Farm and Fireside, and we believe these pictures composed the most beautiful and valuable art supplement ever sent out with Farm and Fireside.

Because they were so popular and pleasing, and so many people wanted them, we decided to print an extra supply for free distribution.

To All Who Subscribe or Renew Their Subscriptions During the Month of April

we will send, postage paid, the beautiful art supplement containing two charming pictures. There is only one condition—when you send in your subscription to Farm and Fireside you must ask for the "Farm and Fireside picture supplement No. 5." Understand that on account of the great demand and cost of this art supplement it will be sent only when it is requested and accompanied by a subscription or renewal to Farm and Fireside. Subscription price 25 cents a year—twenty-four numbers.

Five Grand Picture Supplements have been sent out with Farm and Fireside since last November.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES

"GOD SPEED"

By E. Blair Leighton, R.A.

The original of this magnificent picture is from the brush of the celebrated English painter, E. Blair Leighton, member of the Royal Academy of London, England. The work created an artistic sensation when first exhibited in London, and has placed the painter in the front rank of living artists.

The picture is entitled "God Speed," and depicts a scene not uncommon in the days of medieval chivalry, when "knighthood was in flower." Out from the castle gate marches a body of armed men, bent on some warlike errand. Behind them their leader halts for an instant at the steps of the postern gate. Mounted on his charger, he makes a brave picture, his burnished helmet with raised vizor shining in the sun, and his rich cloak half concealing the suit of chain armor he wears. His reason for pausing is obvious. On the steps of the postern stands a beautiful maiden, who whispers the knight "God Speed," and binds on his arm a silken scarf. This he will treasure and wear in combat or in tourney, in battle or in joust, both as a defense against the perils of the fray and as evidence of his allegiance to the fair giver, whose beauty and name he will be ever ready to uphold.

In beauty of design and accuracy of detail the picture excels, and this accounts for the phenomenal success achieved by it.

"AT BREAKFAST"

This picture is beyond doubt one of the most unique and charming art creations ever shown, and must necessarily interest, delight and amuse each and every member of the family. It is a very unusual picture, reproduced in rich colors, and about the size of a regular page of Farm and Fireside. We feel positive that it will more than satisfy your highest expectations.

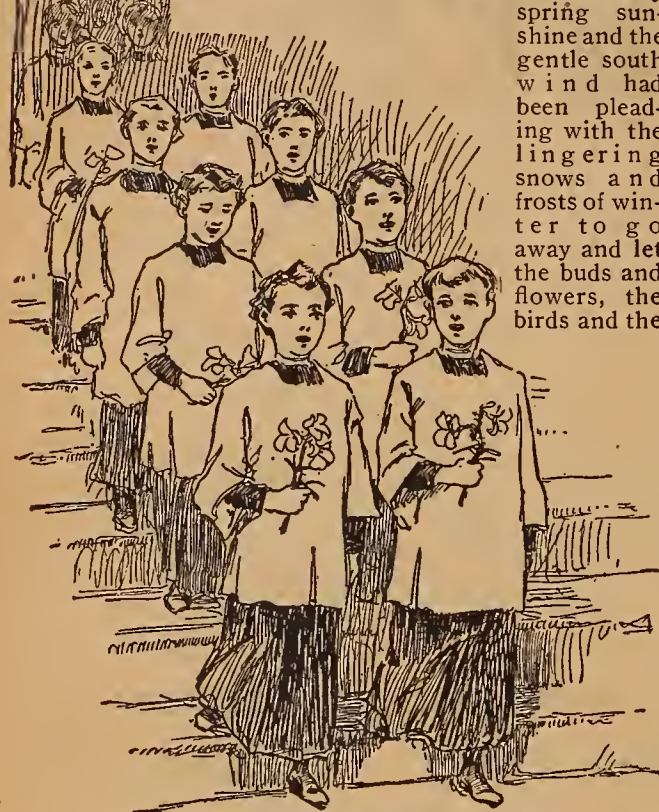
FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

The Flower Fairies' Easter Story

ONE bright Sunday morning in April thousands of little children with their fathers and mothers and friends were thronging the city streets on the way to morning service.

On the sheltered, sunny side of a lawn, just over the way from a stately stone church, a little cluster of crocuses and tulips had already pushed their way up through the brown earth, and made a charming picture of bloom and color in the morning sunlight.

For several weeks before the early spring sunshine and the gentle south wind had been pleading with the lingering snows and frosts of winter to go away and let the buds and flowers, the birds and the



Children's voices singing an Easter anthem

bees come back and make the cold world glad again.

Their eager pleadings had won the victory over the stern, pale tyrant of the year, for already the barren fields were beginning to smile back their welcome to the April sun.

Many of the church-goers, young and old, passing along the pleasant street of homes, noticing the early blossoms, were gladdened by this first shy greeting of the spring, and the listening flowers heard them exclaim, "How lovely the blossoms are! See, there is one golden tulip already in bloom!" Not one, however, of these admirers saw anything there but the familiar beauty of the brave little band of crocuses, with the single yellow tulip in the center, nor even imagined the secret that was hidden there.

When the church-bells ceased ringing, and the streets were almost deserted, the silence of the hour was gently broken by the sweet melody of children's voices singing an Easter anthem.

Among the listening flowers on the lawn one dainty white crocus slowly unfolded its petals, and a tiny fairy face peeped out and looked wonderingly up to the yellow tulip, rocking there in the breeze as if watching over the quiet brood in the sun.

Presently, over the golden rim of the tulip, the mild, sunny face of the Grandmother Fairy beamed kindly upon the little one, and a soft voice said, "You are tardy this morning, my dear; you have missed one of the most beautiful sights of the day, the world children on their way to Easter service; but you are in good time to hear their music, for they will sing again and again before the Easter songs of praise are done."

Then suddenly every blossom in the flower-bed began to tremble with excitement, and a chorus of fairy voices, as soft and low as the whispering breeze in the lilac-bushes near by, came up from the smiling flowers, in every one of which a tiny fairy had been hiding. "Tell us a story, dear Grandmother Fairy; please tell us a story. Why are the children so happy and singing new carols to-day?"

The kindly Grandmother Fairy gently replied, "To-day is Easter Sunday, and you can all learn something of its meaning by listening to the children's songs; and when they are not singing I will tell you, as well as I can, the story as my fairy mother told it to me when I was a wondering little sprite like you, my dearies."

"The world children over the way, and many others all over the land, are singing of their 'Risen Lord,' and rejoicing in his double triumph over the two great shadows that once darkened all their world, like the clouds that sometimes hide the sunlight from us, and the names of these shadows are Sin and Death."

"All the fairy folk know that in our own little world of flowers the clouds and sunshine are mingled; that storms will come and beat fiercely, but the sunlight comes again and drives the clouds away."

"Many, many years ago, when the world was younger, the fairies used to notice that nearly all the world folk thought more about their own selfish wishes than about loving and helping each other, and lived as if life here were all, and ended with the breath."

"These joyful songs of the children are only the echoes of that wonderful song begun when the morning stars sang together, nineteen hundred years ago, in that far-off country of Judea."

"Then the Jesus child was born in a lonely wayside inn, while the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the star of Bethlehem shone on Mary, the young mother, and the beautiful Babe that was cradled in a manger."

The Young People

"These glad tidings of peace on earth, you will remember, we heard these same children singing at Merry Christmas time last year, when we were hiding away from the cold with our friends the flower spirits, under the withered leaves and grass and snowy robes of winter, waiting there for another spring."

"It seems strange to us fairy folk, very, very strange, dearies, that the world children should have wandered so long in darkness before that first Christmas time, and stranger still that they have been so many centuries since trying to learn the beautiful lessons of life and duty that we, though only little fairies, have always known and loved."

"We see our lovely friends the flowers bloom and bless the world with their beauty, and then fade away when their brief summer is gone, yet we know they are not dead, but living still in spirit, only waiting to bloom again and to greet us somewhere in our Father's own good time, when they shall hear the voice through the darkness calling, 'Rise now and seek the light.'"

"These are the very words the children sang in their first morning carol. Let us listen now a moment and be glad with them while they are singing another song of praise. How sweet their voices were; how gently the silence falls again. They are singing of an 'Elder Brother' who came to live on earth, to minister to the weak, the ignorant and the erring, and was tempted and tried even as they were; who lived and toiled among them, and taught by his lovely example and precepts how dearly the heavenly Father loved all his children—and then was cruelly put to death by those he came to save."

"It was the first Easter morning when his heavenly Father called him home. Do you wonder, my dearies, that the world children are grateful to-day, and are keeping this anniversary in memory of One who lived and died that all the world of men, and their children's children so long as earth shall last, might learn of him, to know and feel the beauty of humble goodness, the power of unselfish love, and to share in the blessedness of his hope and faith as the children of God, the Father of us all?"

"Let us, my dearies, be thankful, too, that Easter keeps alive the spirit of gratitude and of hope, and that even the lowliest of his little children may have some part in helping to banish these great twin-shadows that darken all life here, until the sunlight of love and faith has come to dispel them from the heart."

"I have sometimes thought the fairy folk, who have watched and noted all the wonderful changes wrought in the world children since that first Easter morning, are the only ones who really know how much fairer the world has grown, how much better and kinder and happier that message has made his children everywhere, even as this sunshine here has made our friends the flowers, and you, my dearies, too, so glad and grateful this morning."

"Our blossoms here have grown and bloomed in new beauty because the gracious influence of this sunlight has touched their hearts, while that other sunlight of love has been shining into the hearts and lives of the world children wherever the Easter message of hope and cheer has been repeated by children's voices to-day."

The dear Grandmother Fairy had just finished speaking when the happy children, with Easter lilies in their hands, came trooping out of the great church over the way. In a twinkling the fairy faces were hidden within the blossoms, and the children who passed that way saw on the sunny lawn only the smiling faces of the crocuses, with the yellow tulip in the center, and never dreamed that a band of fairies had been listening to their Easter carols and sharing with them in the joy and praise and gladness of their Easter-morning story.

—John H. Jewett.

Heroes of Fire Island

CHAPTER IV.

ALL'S WELL

"Ahoy! ahoy on board!" yelled Fitzy, raising his voice to be heard above the wind.

A shadowy head appeared at the rail, and a moment later a rope dropped beside the boat. Fitzy caught it, and went up hand over hand, swinging himself over the rail. There was no need to look after the scooter—with its sails down it could not drift away.

As he reached the deck a dozen men surrounded him. "How did you get here? What sort of contrivance is that down on the ice?" demanded one, who was evidently the captain.

"I came on the contrivance, a scooter," answered Fitzy, wondering a little at the question.

"But how?" persisted the captain. "We attempted to leave the vessel, but the first man who stepped on the ice broke through. I wouldn't suppose that thing offered surface enough to make it bear up, and then there must be open cracks in such soft ice."

"A scooter will cross anything—good ice and slush and open water," said Fitzy, a little impatiently. Then he recollected. "But I beg your pardon, sir," he hastened to add. "I have heard that scooters are peculiar to Fire Island, and not known to other parts of the world. You'll see how it works in a few minutes, when we start out. How is the vessel?"

"Sinking. She will hardly keep up two hours. And we have nearly three hundred passengers. Do you

know whether any boats are trying to reach us?"

"We tried in boats, but couldn't force our way through the ice," replied Fitzy, his face anxious. "Seven of us started in scooters then, but six are on the way back with people they found on the ice. They cannot be here under an hour, perhaps two."

"And you are all we have to depend on, then." The captain leaned over the

rail again, looking down at the scooter despairingly. "That affair will be no help to us. It's a wonder how it even held up the boy. What do you advise?" turning to his officers. "I have never been caught by ice before, and have no experience with it. This is too soft to bear us up, and too thick for the passage of a boat. What shall we do?"

"Have you any light, broad-surface rafts, such as are carried by some vessels to be used in case of wreck?" asked Fitzy, quickly. "And yes, some extra sail-cloth, or bagging. But never mind that, though, you can tear up the carpets in the cabins."

"We have them all. But why—"

"Then have them dropped overboard," cried Fitzy. "Hurry! The ice isn't so soft but it will bear up a good deal if spread over considerable surface. Get the rafts down, and I'll work them out far enough with my scooter so they won't be swamped when the vessel goes down; then we'll spread the sails and carpets over the ice between, and they will hold it together enough for everybody to cross if they go carefully and not very close to each other. It will be pretty rough out there on the rafts in this storm, but it's the only way. My scooter won't carry more than three, and though the shore isn't very far, it will take me fifteen or twenty minutes to go and come. I couldn't save many from the boat, but out there on the rafts I think every one can be rescued. Even if they're so crowded as to break through the ice it won't matter much, so long as they're not heavy enough to sink in the water. That's right," as a dozen or more men came hurrying across the deck with one of the rafts. "Now lower it down carefully, so it won't break the ice; we haven't any time for delays. I'll take it off four or five rods with my scooter, and you lower the other rafts just as fast as you can, then throw down all the sails and carpets you can get. Hurry!"

A half-hour later Fitzy was on the way to the shore with his first load, leaving the captain and officers hurrying the passengers over the side of the vessel. When he came back for his fourth load he found the other men had arrived with their scooters, and were busily transferring women and children from the rafts.

It was nearly two hours later when the vessel,



"Tell us a story, dear Grandmother Fairy"

with a sudden lurch and a long, gurgling gasp, dropped down into her watery grave. But she took no human freight. All the passengers and crew had crossed the carpeted ice to the rafts, and more than half of them had been transferred from the rafts to the shore.

The last woman to leave was one Fitzy had noticed several times as he loaded his craft with women and children. She had been conspicuous among them, encouraging and helping, and insisting that all the weaker ones should leave the rafts before herself. Now, as he swung his scooter alongside, she came straight toward him, assisting a tall, powerfully built man whose pale face and languid air proclaimed him an invalid. As Fitzy saw him he caught his breath sharply, and made a motion as though to spring forward. Except for his pale face and slightly stooping

shoulders, the man seemed an exact counterpart of his father.

"Can you take us on your—scooter?" the lady asked, with an amused accent on the word "scooter." "I have noticed you a number of times, and like your way of doing things. We will be very glad if you can take us."

"Thank you! And I shall be glad, too," answered Fitz, heartily. "I have been hoping that you could be my passengers. I—I noticed you a number of times, too, and liked your way of doing things."

The lady laughed as he reached out to assist her, but motioned for the man to take his place first. Then she allowed him to place her in the scooter.

"It seems a case of mutual liking," she said, as she watched him jibe his craft into the wind and grasp the tiller. "But I think I was as much attracted by your resemblance to my brother-in-law here and to my husband as to your way of doing things. They used to do things in much the same manner long ago," her eyes growing far away in their gaze and her voice wistful.

Fitz looked at her sympathetically. There was trouble in the voice, deep down, and made tender and mellow and wistful by the years. Fitz felt it, though he could not have put the thought into words. He busied himself with the sail and tiller, keeping his gaze away from her. His life had never been touched by a woman's love, and with that wistfulness quivering in her voice he felt awkward and constrained.

"It seems strange," she went on presently, "that after all these years I should come back, and be wrecked again at almost the very place where they were lost."

"Constance!" said the man, gently.

"Yes, I know what you would say, brother. But you need not fear. I have schooled myself to the first great grief, else I could never have come here again, as I have been wanting to so many years. I shall not break down. I owe that much to you, who have been so nice in taking this long journey just to indulge my whim. I—I think I will be ready to go back on the next boat, and live out the rest of my days quietly." Her gaze returned to Fitz wistfully, with tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"You are very young for such work and danger, my boy," she said.

Fitz had been wanting to say something comforting, but had not known how. His gaze returned to hers.

"I'm fourteen," he answered, "and most of my time has been spent on the water. There isn't nearly so much danger as people think; or if there is, one gets used to it and don't mind. You—you spoke of being wrecked here twice," trying to make his voice reassuring, "but there isn't the least bit of danger now. I'll have you on shore in five minutes, and then there's a railroad-station only four miles away. It's a lonesome place, and you'll have to walk, but except for that and the raining there won't be any more trouble."

"I was not thinking of the danger and trouble, my boy, but of other things," she returned. "And I shall not forget you and your scooter after I go back home. But you must tell me your name, so I can feel that I know you more personally."

"It is Fitz," he replied. "My father is named Fitz, so they call me Fitz."

"For Fitzhugh or Fitzroy or Fitzpatrick, I suppose," she said. "There are so many 'Fitz' prefixes."

"No, ma'am; it's Fitzgerald."

"Why, really," with a pleased look on her face. "What a coincidence, to be saved by a Fitzgerald! That is my name. What is the rest?"

"Fernald," said the boy, simply, "but we never use that around here. We are just 'Fitz' and 'Fitzy.' Our real names, though, are just the same—Fernald Fitzgerald."

The lady had half risen, a startled look of inquiry in her eyes, but the man drew her back gently. "We have many kin-folk over here," he said, "and Fernald is a common family name. It is an odd coincidence, but not at all remarkable—or rather impossible, I might say."

The scooter grated upon the beach, and there were ready hands to help them out, but as the lady went forward to inquire after some of the women and children, the gentleman turned quickly back to Fitz.

"It is a remarkable coincidence about our names—an astounding one, I should say," he began, hurriedly. "I did not wish my sister-in-law to get excited. She has been through a great deal. Now, what sort of a man is your father? Does he—he—?" The gentleman hesitated, seeming at a loss for words, adding, rather inconsequently, "The men around here drink quite a good deal, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, some of them."

"Of course; of course. Most seafaring men do. And your father—"

Fitz's shoulders squared, and his eyes blazed. "My father never drinks anything stronger than water," he burst out;

"not even coffee. All the other men at the station, when they come back from a wreck, chilled and exhausted, take something to revive and strengthen them. But my father would never touch a drop, and he did more work than any of them."

"I beg your pardon, my boy. No harm was meant," the gentleman hastened to say. "I—I was half expecting, half hoping for a—a miracle." There was keen disappointment in his face and voice. He was moving away, but turned to add, "I—I was thinking of a man I once knew—one of the best men that God ever made, I believe, except for this failing. He was a hard drinker—a perfect sot at times, to be accurate. And once, when the greatest duty that can come to a man's life met him, he was helpless, and—and those he loved were drowned. But no disrespect was meant to your father, my boy. Very likely he is a cousin or something of ours. I shall want to talk with you again before we leave."

The next morning, as they were separating at the station in New York, the lady turned to Fitz, giving him her card. "I want you to come and see me at the hotel this evening," she said. "I shall be out until then. I expect to remain here only a day or two, and must utilize every moment. As soon as the hospital is open to visitors I am going to see your father. He must be a very brave man from what you have told me, and I have a warm feeling for brave men, and for all who have to do with the sea. Now, do not fail me. This evening."

Ten minutes after the hospital was open to visitors Fitz was sitting by his father's cot. The boy's eyes were blinded by tears. "I—I didn't suppose it was anything like this, father," he choked. "Mr. Briggs didn't say anything about your losing an arm. And the right one, too. Oh, father!"

But his father had raised himself slightly upon the pillow, and now his left hand slid across to where his right arm had been, and touched an empty sleeve with an odd look of exulting content upon his strong face. "Do not think of it as bad, Fitz," he said, gently. "I was never more full of determination in my life than I am just now. I had expected to lose both legs in addition to the arm, but they have been saved, and will be as sound as ever. Soon I can go out again as a strong man among strong men, to go on with my work. Sometimes, Fitz, I used to think that but for you I would be glad to give up the struggle; it seemed so long and dreary, the waiting. But that weakness has all been put aside. Now my great thought is to fill my life full of work—of such work as God may give me strength to do. Once I—I failed, at a supreme moment, and now all the work that God will permit me to do cannot— But never mind that, Fitz," trying to control his voice. "The operation has left me a little weak and wandering. I—"

There was a sudden rustling of soft garments, a subtle perfume in the air. They both turned. Fitz rose, striving to control the emotion in his face. The lady had kept her word, and he must present her to his father. Then came a sharp cry from the cot.

"Constance! Constance! Alive!"

"Fernald! Fernald! Fernald!"

Fitz looked from one to the other wonderingly, then with sudden comprehension. Something choked in his own throat, and he turned away, but only for a few moments; then the woman's arms closed about his neck.

[THE END]

Longfellow's Vein of Humor

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had a vein of gentle humor which his grave judgment generally suppressed. Children, for whom he had great tenderness, served to call that humor into exercise occasionally in spite of him. The following bit of nonsense verse has no place in any of the authorized editions of Longfellow's works, but when taxed with it in his lifetime he acknowledged the authorship:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went up-stairs
When her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied with meals,
And she stood upon her head
In her little trundle-bed,
And then began hoorying with her heels.

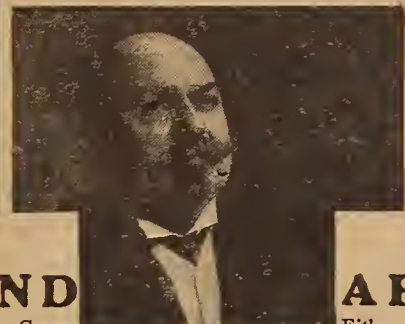
Her mother heard the noise,
And she thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair,
And found Jemima there,
She took and she did spank her most emphatic.

LET ME SEND YOU ONE OF THESE BOOKS FREE

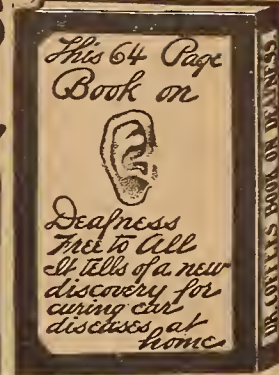


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Or have Failing Sight, Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Scums, Scars, Weak, Watery or Congested Eyes, Inflamed or Sore Eyes, Wild Hairs, Glaucoma, Paralysis of the Optic Nerve—or any other Eye Disease—



DR. W. O. COFFEE



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WRITE FOR MY 64-PAGE Book on Deafness

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DR. W. O. COFFEE, 819 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

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Post-office.....

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We will send by return mail a book containing eight coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$2.00 to us, and we will send you the watch.

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Sunday Reading

An Easter Dawn

Low in the west the waning moon
A silver crescent shone,
High overhead a single star
Kept patient watch alone.
The earth was cold with frosty dews,
But all the east was pink,
As if a bed of roses bloomed
On morning's misty brink.

The sapphire field of night above
Took on a paler hue—
Perhaps the tread of angel feet
Had worn away the blue;
And through the fleecy clouds appeared
A broad and brilliant ray,
A golden herald bringing light,
The dawn of Easter day!

—Minna Irving.

Hail to the Risen King!

(EASTER DAY)

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—Colossians iii:1.

"HE is risen!" Such is the good news of God which is published abroad this day throughout all Christendom. From over ten thousand pulpits the glorious message is given; from more than ten thousand altars is shown forth the fact that Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; from ten thousand steeples the bells peal out the glad tidings of great joy. At home and abroad, east, west, north and south, the church is telling the same blessed story. In country village and busy city street, amid lonely meadows, where the spring flowers are bursting into life, among wild mountain-ranges of the Far West, in Indian jungle and coral island, wherever men hold the true faith, they tell to-day the story of the Resurrection. "He is risen!" That is better news even than that which the angels brought to Bethlehem at Christmas-tide. The message of Christmas tells us that Jesus is born that he may suffer many things under Pontius Pilate, and be crucified, dead and buried. But the good news of Easter tells us that Jesus has conquered sin and death and the grave, and that death hath no more dominion over him. At Christmas we look on a manger, and we see a little Babe, born, like the rest, "to trouble as the sparks fly upward." To-day we gaze on an empty tomb, the grave-clothes are laid aside, and his angels whisper, "He is not here; he is risen." Let us gather as our first lesson from the Resurrection that for the Christian death has lost its sting. But to those poor souls without that hope of immortality, without faith in the Resurrection to eternal life, death is pitiful indeed. Who has not known what it is to stand

This is what death is like to those who do not believe in the Resurrection. But for those who lay their dead to sleep in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life all is different. All speaks of life, not death. The faithful heart seems to hear a message from beyond the grave.

"He who died but lately sends
This to comfort faithful friends:
'Faithful friends, it lies, I know,
Pale and still, and cold as snow.

"And ye say that 'he is dead,'
Weeping at my feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;

"Yet I smile, and whisper this:
'I am not the thing you kiss,
Cease your tears, and let it lie,
It was mine, it is not I.'

"When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel that ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught."

Let this Easter bring about a Resurrection for you. Some of us are still in the tomb of our sin, bound with the grave-clothes of an evil habit. Will you not hearken to his voice, who says to you, as to the dead Lazarus of old, "Come forth?" All God's beautiful world is preaching to us of the Resurrection. Every budding tree and springing flower, every stream breaking forth from the icy clasp of winter, every singing bird, seems as a preacher sent from God, saying, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead."

"The League of the Golden Pen"

Rev. E. H. Byington, of Beverly, Mass., has originated a society known as "The League of the Golden Pen." Any one can initiate himself if he will promise to write at least one letter a month—not simply on business, but in the spirit of Christ. He suggests letters to old-time friends one has not seen for years; to father or mother, telling not simply the household news, but something of the deeper feeling of the heart toward them; to absent husbands or wives—love-letters of the old courting-day sort; to children who treasure a missive particularly addressed to them, and are wild with delight over it; to the host you have recently left, and where you have enjoyed the table and the fireside; to some struggling, poor young man or woman who is almost lost in a big city; to your pastor (perhaps anonymously), cheering him in his work, and speaking



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, BETHLEHEM—KNOWN AS THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

The oldest church in the world. It is said that some of its walls were laid by Constantine

by an open grave on some dark day in autumn? The dead leaves rustle about the dead man's grave, the wind moans and sobs through the bare, black branches, the rain drops sadly, like a mourner's tears. Death and decay and sadness seem all around—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Nothing remains but to go back gloomily to the shut-up house, to gaze wistfully at the empty chair and the relics of a happier time, and to sigh

"for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

appreciatively of his sermons; to some lone missionary living in far-off lands; to an author, an artist, a musician, whose book or painting or song you have particularly enjoyed; to public servants, and even governors and Presidents, thanking them for any brave acts they may have performed; to editors even—think of that!—whenever the editorial has gone to the right spot in your heart. Well, we think the helpful suggestion will be approved by a host of kind-hearted people, and we look forward to many voluntarily enrolling in this league.



Miscellany

Smallest Armies on Earth

HACHETTE's "Almanach du Crapeau" gives statistics of the world's smallest armies. The smallest of all is Monaco, with seventy-five guards, seventy-five carabineers and twenty firemen. Next comes that of Luxemburg, with one hundred and thirty-five gendarmes, one hundred and seventy volunteers and thirty-nine musicians. In case of war, however, the number of volunteers may be temporarily raised to two hundred and fifty. In the republic of San Marino they have universal compulsory service, with the result that they can put in the field nine companies, comprising nine hundred and fifty men and thirty-eight officers, commanded by a

How long will the American people stand this return to medieval methods? Probably as long as it involves only poor devils."

The War Against Standard Oil

The state of Kansas has contributed to the political arena many unique and interesting figures, the latest being Gov. Edward W. Hoch, who has been leading the war against the Standard Oil Company in that state. Hoch was born in Danville, Ky. After a short residence in Indiana, he went to Kansas in 1870 as a journeyman printer. His fight on the great oil monopoly has sent his political stock away up, and his close friends are talking Presidential nomination in 1908.

For Woman's Head-Gear

A London dealer recently received from India the skins of six thousand birds of Paradise to adorn the hats of the feather-wearing British women and to meet the export need. At the same time he got about half a million humming-bird skins and an equal number of those of various other tropical birds.

A Great Feature for Portland Fair

Portland, Oreg., is beginning to demonstrate that it has advertising genius, and the demonstration, if completed as proposed, will be a great drawing-card to the coming exposition. What is proposed is to establish a search-light on the summit of Mount Hood, which, although forty-six miles away, seems to be quite near at hand, and whose snow-crowned summit, eleven thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet high, is always the chief attraction to tourists. In addition to the search-light station, the light of which will be thrown one hundred miles, and be visible from the peaks of Rainier, Adams and St. Helena, the entire mountain will be illuminated by arc-lights and red fire at night.

Raising Galveston

The whole city of Galveston, Texas, is to be raised so that it will be level with the top of the great sea-wall that now stands as the city's protection against flood. This wall is probably the biggest of its kind in the world, being seventeen thousand five hundred and ninety-three feet, or two and one half miles, long, six-



GENERAL KAULBARS

Who saved the major portion of the Russian Army from annihilation

teen feet wide at the base, five feet wide at the top, standing seventeen feet above mean low tide. A riprap apron of granite extends twenty-seven feet from the wall into the sea.

The Largest Floating Dry-Dock

The largest floating dry-dock ever built is now being constructed at Sparrows Point for the Cavite naval station in the Philippine Islands. It is expected to be finished by May 1st. It is in three sections, the central section being three hundred and sixteen feet long and each of the end sections ninety feet long, making a total length of about five hundred feet. The price at which the contract was let to the Maryland Company was one million one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, but additional equipment has been added from time to time by supplemental agreement, which has increased the cost somewhat. When completed it will dock the largest battleship in three hours.

Police Tyranny

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, in the "Pacific Monthly," cites some glaring instances of police tyranny: "John Wiltrax, convicted of murder on the testimony of his own son, has been discharged because when the boy was taken to a home and assured protection he confessed that his testimony had been suggested to him by the police, and he had testified under fear of their threats, being in their charge. Harry Baker and Harry Daly, alleged safe-blowers, discharged on habeas corpus on showing that their confessions were extorted by torture by the police—dark cell, starvation, water-cure and thrashings. What is the value of such evidence?



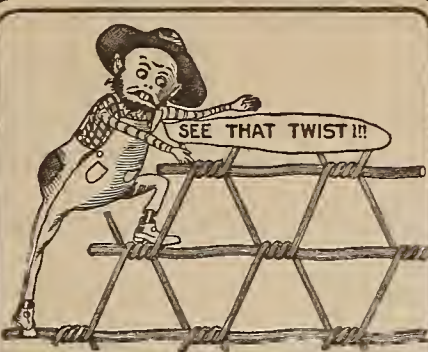
GOVERNOR HOCH OF KANSAS

Leader of the Kansas battle with the Standard Oil Company

marshal. This is the war-strength of the forces. On a peace footing the republic can put on the parade-ground only one company of sixty men. In the case of the republic of Liberia the most striking feature is the proportion of officers to privates. There are eight hundred of the former and only seven hundred of the latter. None the less, the republic issues proclamations of neutrality when wars break out between the great powers of Europe.—Kansas City Journal.

Two Russian Heroes

General Kaulbars and General Bilderling, who by their masterly rear-guard actions enabled the main part of Kuropatkin's force to reach Tie Pass in safety, are two of the bravest and best-known officers in command of the Russian forces. The dispatches show that Kaulbars, with a shattered force of five Siberian corps and two divisions of cavalry, for ten days held a solid front against over eighty thousand Japanese troops commanded by General Nogri for a distance of forty miles along the western edge of the battle-ground. Bilderling has been forced to stand against even a more formidable army, comprising the whole strength of Oku and Nodzu, in the central positions of the fighting. The mobility of his troops has been most marked throughout the conflict, and though his lines were broken many times, he was able to hurl thousands of his European divisions into the gaps, and hold the enemy in check over every inch of the ground. General Kaulbars has been the real field-head of the Russian movements in Manchuria. He is over sixty years old, and has been actively engaged in every Russian war for the past thirty-five years.



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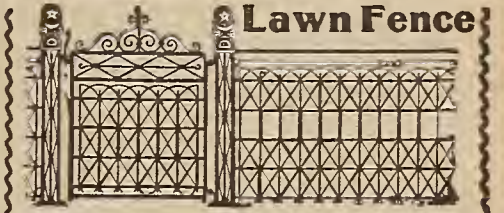
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Is given each customer that he may be sure he is satisfied and his money is returned to him if he is not.

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We use nothing but High Carbon Spring Steel Wire, and make it ourselves that we may be sure it is good. We coil it that it may provide for Contraction and Expansion. We Heavily Galvanize it with Commercially Pure Spelter, to avoid rust and corrosion in all climates.

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HOW BUGGIES can be offered at these prices and why we can sell buggies and all other vehicles at much lower prices than any other house is all fully explained in our FOUR BIG FREE VEHICLE CATALOGUES. Cut this ad. out and send to us and you will receive by return mail, Free, Post-paid, FOUR BIG VEHICLE CATALOGUES showing the most complete line of everything in Buggies, Road Wagons, Carts, Surreys, Phaetons, Carriages, Light and Heavy Wagons, Vehicles of all kinds, also everything in Harness, Saddles and Saddle, all shown in large handsome half-tone illustrations, full descriptions and all priced at prices much lower than any other house can possibly make.
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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 713, Watertown, N. Y.

TREES \$5 PER 100, FREIGHT PAID Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach and Carolina Poplars, healthy, true to name and fumigated. All kinds of trees and plants at low wholesale prices. Remember we BEAT all other reliable Nurseries in quality and price. Catalogue free. **RELIANCE NURSERY, Box D, Geneva, N. Y.**

Law Providing Fine for Not Calling Licensed Physician

H. G., Ohio, asks: "Is there any law to compel a person to hire a physician in the state of Ohio?"

No, there is no law compelling the hiring of a physician.

Lane on Line Between Farms

T. W., Ohio, inquires: "We own the west half of an eighty-acre tract of land, with a lane one half off of ours and one half off the forty acres east, said lane having been there for thirty or forty years. Could either party annul said lane without the consent of the other party? Each party has always kept up the fence on his side of the lane before this. Will the law as to line fences apply to this?"

It seems to me that the lane has been continued so long in its present use that unless all parties concerned agree to change it it would very likely be allowed to remain in the same condition that it has been in for the last thirty years, fence and all.

Inheritance—Release from Bond

M. J. S., Ohio, asks: "A. is a widow with one child, a daughter. This daughter has an only child, a son. If the grandmother, A., wills all the property to this grandson, and he dies a minor and without heirs, who would inherit his property?—A. four years ago became an administrator of an estate. B. went on his bond as security. The business is ready for final settlement, but A. has not settled. B.'s health is failing, and he is out of business. Can he resign as bondsman?"

It would go back to the heirs of the grandmother. The best way would be to make a provision in the will stating to whom it should go if the child dies.—Make application to the probate judge to be released.

Appointment of Guardian

W. M. H., Pennsylvania, has these questions to ask: "(1) A wife who has an interest in an unsettled estate dies, leaving one child. Can the husband be appointed as guardian both to the person of the child and the property? (2) Can a guardian be appointed without his knowledge or consent? (3) Can the husband demand all of the wedding presents, clothes, etc., and hold them for the child without being appointed guardian? (4) Has the husband any interest whatever in the property of his wife?"

(1) Yes, if he is a suitable person, and gives bond. (2) No. (3) No. (4) I presume you mean the personal property, and I should think the wedding presents, unless clearly designated as being given to the wife, would belong to the husband. Anyway, the husband gets an equal share with his children in the wife's personal property.

Right of Traction Railroad to Occupy Land

W. H., Pennsylvania, says: "I own a farm, and a company wants to run a trolley-road through the center of it. I gave them permission to run the track through the farm, and they object to paying me what I think it is worth. Is there a law in Pennsylvania that will compel me to let them go through? If not, which is the best way to proceed to stop them?"

Don't let them on your farm until they have paid you. In dealing with railroad or other public corporations always get your money before they occupy your land. If they are already on your land, and running cars over the track, you cannot stop them, but you will be obliged to go to court to recover your damages. If they are not yet on your land, don't let them go ahead until they settle with you. Let them go into court and condemn your land. They will be required to pay expenses, and you will get a fair value at the hands of a jury.

Divorce

G. L. P., Canada, asks: "I have a wife in Missouri. She refuses to come and live with me here. There are no hard feelings. The only reason we are separated is that she does not want to live in Canada. Could I get a divorce? Would I have to go back to Missouri, or could I get it in either North Dakota or South Dakota?"

Why don't you try to get a divorce in Canada? If you are a resident there, that is the place to get it. In order to obtain a divorce in the province of Ontario, however, it must be done by a special act of the Dominion Parliament. You must have a legal residence in the state of Missouri for one year before you can file a petition for divorce, and your wife must have deserted you for one year. In South Dakota no particular time of residence is required, and the desertion must be one year. In North Dakota a residence of one year is required.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Line Fence When Part is Sold

A. B., Ohio. The division of the line fence is regulated by statute in each state. In some it is provided that if the division becomes unequal by reason of a sale, etc., there shall be a new assignment. It is held by some courts that when a fence is divided, or the portion assigned that each is to rebuild, that such portion is the property of the person who builds it. A person buying land is bound to take notice of the divisions and ownership of line fences. The recent Ohio law provides that line-fence divisions are to be recorded by the recorder of deeds, etc.

Compelling Neighbor to Put Fence on Line

S. S., Ohio, says: "My neighbor's line fence is on me three or four feet, and has been for twenty-two years. Directly after my neighbor put up his fence I notified him that he had his part of the division fence all on my land, and he acknowledged the same. I have been at him to move his fence off several times. Can I make him move it?"

Yes, I think you can compel him to move the fence and put it on the line. Of course, if he claims it is on the line, and keeps up his claim for twenty-one years, he might hold it as being on the line.

Control of Teacher Over Scholar

E. F., Ohio, asks: "Can a teacher, according to the laws of Ohio, compel a scholar to stay after school-hours and study? If not, how can a scholar get out of staying in? Also, can a teacher compel one scholar to tell on another?"

Yes, I should think he could. Such matters necessarily come within the powers and duties of the teacher. The only way I know of a scholar getting out of staying is to study his lessons. That is what he goes to school for. Also, the teacher could exercise a proper judgment in having one child tell on another. Children going to school should always obey their teacher.

Right to Use Certain Outlet to Road

T. S. M., Ohio, says: "C. S. owns a farm of several hundred acres, on which is a large tract of woods adjacent to a public road, entrance to which is gained by a gateway. The tenant, O. O., sold a lot of wood to several parties agreeable to C. S. After the first tenant left, C. S., from some cause unknown to the writer, closed the gate against the wood-haulers, and ordered them to leave the farm. Can we compel the landlord to open the gate and let us on the road by the original agreement?"

The answer to the above would depend entirely upon the fact whether the landlord agreed upon a consideration to allow the use of the road. If he did not, he had a right to stop it whenever he wanted to. All this will depend upon his contract with his first and second tenants. If the landlord agreed that this road might be used, then I would use it regardless of what he now says.

Inheritance

J. M. B., Pennsylvania, inquires: "A., a widower, and B., a widow, both have children grown. They marry, and accumulate wealth in business. If either of them dies without a will having been made, what will be the law of inheritance as affecting the survivors, and also the children, there being no children through the last union?"

By the laws of Pennsylvania descent is as follows: First, of real estate the widow of an intestate, if he leaves also issue, takes one third for life; if no issue, one half for life; if he leaves no known heirs, she takes all in fee. The surviving husband has a life estate in his wife's lands as tenant by courtesy whether there be issue of the marriage or not. Subject to these estates, the children and issue of deceased children take in equal shares. If they stand in different degrees of consanguinity they take by representation; if in the same degree they take per capita. Second, of personal estate the widow, if there be also issue, takes one third absolutely; if no issue, one half. The surviving husband, if there be also issue, takes one equal share with each of the children, the personal estate being divided equally among the husband and the children, share and share alike; if no issue, he takes all. Subject to these provisions the children and issue divide the personalty equally among them, the same as real estate.

Property Held Jointly—Deed Made to Minor

J. R. M. asks: "In a joint deed of property made to man and wife, if one or the other should die can the other one hold it all, or does it have to be so specified in the deed?—Can parents have property deeded to their boys under age?"

Unless the deed so stated, the survivor would not get the whole of the property. The old common-law doctrine of survivorship exists in but very few states, if any.—Property may be deeded to a minor the same as an adult.

Right to Pile Dirt and Trash Against Partition Fence

D. W. A., Ohio, wants to know: "If A. and B. join land, has B. any right to shock corn and fodder against A.'s half of the fence? Also, has B. any right to injure or damage a partition fence, or throw dirt or trash against it to keep water from going through?"

I do not believe that B. has a right to put anything at all against A.'s fence. B. may put whatever he chooses on his own land; but this fence is A.'s, and B. has no right to put fodder against it, nor has he any right to injure or damage it in any manner by throwing dirt or trash against it. For damages thus done to his fence A. could sue and recover.

Gifts, etc.

C. A. R. asks: "If A. gives B. mortgages and contracts, also money in bank, B. writing a paper to that effect, and A. signing it while alive, can B. hold it at A.'s death? Would B. have to present said paper at A.'s death, there being a will made by A. prior to said paper?"

Not unless A. delivered the mortgages and money to B. I presume from the statement made that A. makes a gift to take effect on his death, or possibly it is an absolute gift, but in either case the property must be delivered in order to make the gift valid. If the property has been delivered, and A. relinquishes all control over it during his lifetime, and it was delivered to B., then it would be a valid gift. If a person wishes to dispose of property to take effect on his death, and still keep possession of the property, he must do so by will.

Percentage of Executor

L. H. L., Pennsylvania, inquires: "A man has two sons and owns two farms. He deeds a farm to each of his sons, and makes a will of his personal property providing that each of his sons shall have share and share alike and that there shall be no invoice of goods taken. If one of the sons is made executor of the will, can he take a percentage out of the real estate and personal property, or just out of the personal property? Must there be an appraisal of real estate and personal property or no appraisal when the will states that there shall be no invoice taken of goods?"

In the above case the real estate would not come into the care of the executor, and he could charge a per cent only on the personal property. I don't know the per cent allowed in Pennsylvania. Whether or not there must be an appraisal rests in the discretion of the orphans' court. It is advisable in all cases to have an appraisal, and in most states it is made obligatory.

Collection of Money Loaned

P. R., Ohio, says: "Can I regain money loaned to a brother under the following conditions: In March, 1900, one of my brothers, C., was in financial trouble, and another, A., wrote to me, B., saying he had loaned what money he had to C., and assured me that he, A., would be responsible for the amount I loaned, and that he, A., would give his note for the amount. I forwarded check for one hundred dollars, and requested note for same by return mail, as had been promised. I have been unable to obtain either a note or the money, and instead of C. receiving the money, A. used it himself. A. says either C. or my father should pay it, although neither saw nor used the money. Is there any possible method by which I can force A. or any one to pay it?"

The check will show by indorsement on the back who drew the money. If A. in writing promised to pay the money, or received the money, you can collect it. You had better consult a local attorney at once, and proceed to collect it if he thinks it advisable to do so.

Road-Fence Law

O. Y., Wisconsin, says: "Can the roadmaster cut down the fence-posts without notifying me that the road is not wide enough?"

I have not at my command the laws of Wisconsin on fences, but I am inclined to believe that if your fence intrudes on the road the roadmaster has the right to remove it without notifying you.

Inheritance

W. J. C., South Dakota, inquires: "My mother's sister died, and left a large estate in Wisconsin. She had no will made. She has no children nor husband, but has two sisters, two brothers and nieces and nephews. Would the nieces and nephews be heirs to any part of the property?"

The nieces and nephews would get the share that their parent would have gotten if he or she had been alive.

Inheritance

W. R. T., North Dakota, wants to know: "Can a man's second wife become heir to his first wife's property or any share of it, said property being real estate deeded to the first wife for money borrowed from her? Would it make any difference whether there was any money consideration pertaining to said deed?"

It is a little difficult to know just what you mean. Of course the second wife cannot inherit the first wife's property. If the second wife got any of it, it would have to be through the husband, and whether the husband would get it on the first wife's death may depend upon its value and if there are children.

Inheritance

K., Kansas, asks: "A. and B. are man and wife. They own a home, and carry two thousand dollars of life insurance, which is in favor of each other. They have no children, and their home is in the names of both jointly. If either husband or wife should die, what would be the survivor's share of the home? Would the brothers or sisters of either of them have a share in the property if there was no will?"

By the laws of Kansas, after the payment of all debts the property will go to the survivor if there is no will. This might be changed by will that the brothers or sisters should get one half.

Retaining Life Estate

M. S., Indiana, asks: "A. and wife each have a farm. The wife dies, then A. and his son deed over half of the wife's farm to the daughter and enough of A.'s farm to make an even division between the two children, A. holding a life estate in both farms. Then the daughter dies, leaving a husband and two children. Will A.'s life estate hold good on his wife's farm, when he had no deed for it?"

If A. made a reservation of a life estate in the deed to the daughter he could certainly retain it even if the son-in-law did not know it, otherwise perhaps not. You had better consult a local attorney.

Deed Made by Imbecile

L. O., Illinois, asks: "Miss A. owned in her own name forty acres of land. She married Mr. G., and a son was born. This son was an imbecile. After several years Mr. G. died, and later his widow married Mr. C. Her brother-in-law, uncle to her imbecile son, died, and willed to his nephew eighty acres of land, ostensibly for the maintenance of said nephew. Mr. C. and wife deeded the original forty acres to this son, and the son in turn deeded the same forty acres together with the eighty acres left him by his uncle, to his stepfather, who agreed to support his stepson for life. The mother of this imbecile son is dead. Now the question is, has Mr. C. the right to will all this land to a girl whom he and his wife raised, but who was not adopted by them, and were these transfers legal among all parties?"

In the first place, if the son was an imbecile, then he could not make a valid deed, nor could he make any valid contract. But if the contract was for his interest, the court would sustain it. Of course, if no advantage was taken of the son, this transaction would be upheld. Mr. C. has a perfect right to will the land, or whatever his interest may be therein, to any one, be it a child he had raised, or an adopted one or a stranger; and if he or the person to whom he willed the land properly supports the imbecile during his lifetime, I should think the girl would have a reasonably good title. At least, before the cousins and others could come in and take away the farm they would have to pay for the care and support of the imbecile. The question, after all, would resolve itself into this: Was it worth the eighty acres to take care of the imbecile during his lifetime, or reasonably so? If it was, the title was good, or a court of equity might make it good.

The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

Bovine and Human Bacilli Distinct

"AMERICAN MEDICINE" says: "Recent news received from Berlin states that the imperial commission appointed by the government to investigate bovine and human tuberculosis reports that investigation shows that bovine and human bacilli are absolutely distinct biologically, and that one never changes nor develops into the other."

Need of More Rest

We need more holidays; more time to sit down and think that it is good to be alive; more time to go fishing, to get out into God's great sanatorium of out of doors, where the pure, life-giving germ-destroying air and sunlight can make rich blood and strong cells that will throw off the germs of consumption and make life worth living. We hustle too hard and too long between meals to keep in good health.

A Nursery Spy

Miss Martha T. Bensley, a Chicago woman of means, has, without the knowledge of those who have engaged her, played the part of nurse-girl and governess in many prominent families of the United States, her purpose being to gain information regarding the real attitude of American mothers toward their children and the prevailing conditions in the nurse-girl situation. She has been as far west as Nebraska, and as far east as Boston, has covered the more representative phases of our domestic life, and has reached the appalling conclusion that "American women do not have nearly the regard for their children that they should. In the course of my adventures I found that the children of the richer classes were overdressed and overfed."

The Function of the Appendix

Sir William MacEwen, M.D., Glasgow, Fellow of the Royal Society, and professor of surgery in the University of Glasgow, has recently come forward with a drastic denunciation of the fad of removing the appendix, which has been rapidly increasing within the past ten years. Professor MacEwen has exceptional opportunity for the observation of the function of the cæcum and appendix, and he finds ample ground for the conclusion that the cæcum is, like the stomach, an important digestive organ. He finds that the cæcum and appendix are lined with glands so thickly set together that they cover almost the entire surface. These glands secrete a digestive fluid which is of the highest value when combined with other juices brought into the intestinal tract. The mucous secretion of the appendix also exercises a controlling influence upon the development of microbes in the colon. Professor MacEwen observed that the contents of the small intestines do not pass into the colon in a mechanical way, but that the intestinal contents appear to be doled out of the small intestines into the cæcum by a reflex process similar to that by which the stomach contents pass into the duodenum, as shown by Pawlow. He also says that the cæcum is prepared for the digestion of food-stuffs through the small intestines by the pouring out of a large quantity of mucus from the appendix. The reason for this was made apparent by the observation that the ileocecal valve is so constructed as to direct the intestinal contents which pass through it upon the mouth of the appendix. The mucus poured out of the appendix evidently serves the purpose of lubricating the alimentary bolus, while at the same time restraining the development of bacteria which might do much mischief by the formation of ptomaines and toxins which when absorbed into the blood may work vast mischief throughout the body.

MacEwen, in common with other observers, has noticed that in nearly every case of appendicitis the patient's history shows the preëxistence of indigestion.

It appears, then, that in a state of health the appendix is a highly useful organ, and that it comes to be diseased only as a result of preëxisting diseases of the intestines, which gradually develop in the cæcum and extend to the appendix.

Professor MacEwen has observed that persons from whom the appendix has been removed are subject to frequent attacks of prolonged, and often incurable, diarrhea. He is fully persuaded that the appendix performs a necessary function in the human body. Whenever a man is able to live without his appendix, it is only because he is able to tolerate that condition, just as one may live after having had removed some part essential to the healthy man.—Modern Medicine.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer." And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Washer" will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Washer" does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

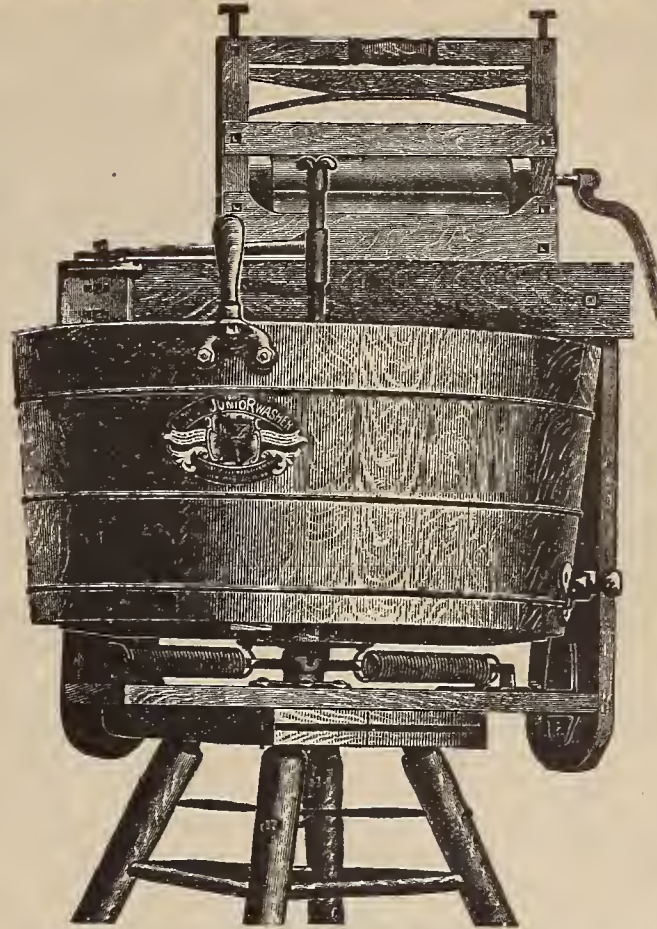
It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Washer" saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

Let me send you a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in



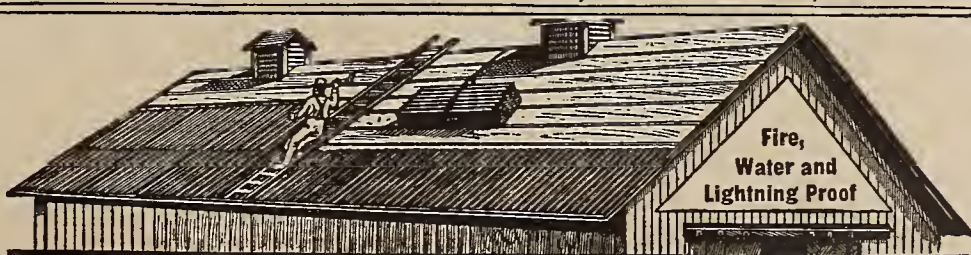
a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a hook about the "1900 Washer," that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R. F. Bleher, Gen. Mgr. of "1900 Washer Co.," 647 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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The eye has been overtaxed in some way at some time.

Did you ever consider the intricate mechanism of this delicate organ, with its numerous muscles, nerves, and small arteries and veins?

If so, you must realize how easily its usefulness may become impaired.

You will also realize the folly of attempting to restore its usefulness by applying a knife to any one of the delicate, intricate parts.

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When this treatment is applied it immediately removes all strain on the nerves and muscles of the eye, equalizing the circulation, thereby assisting nature in restoring the eye to its normal functions.

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Glasses are eye crutches. You have to wear them because your eyes are crippled.

After a course of my treatment you can discard your glasses (eye crutches) just like one can discard other crutches after recovering from a broken limb.

I WANT to help you, and if my advice is all that is necessary I will be glad to tell you how you can cure yourself at home.

My book contains the result of my life's work, gives much valuable advice about the care of the eyes, and you should have it in your home.

It gives the symptoms of many eye troubles; it tells you how you can cure yourself at home.

It gives excellent suggestions on exercise, baths, diet, etc.

It tells all about the Oneal Dissolvent Method; what I have been able to do in the most serious, chronic eye diseases.

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See spots or specks dance before the eyes.

The atmosphere seems smoky and foggy.

Seeing better some days than others.

Seeing sideways better than straightforward.

Seeing better in the evening and early morning than at midday.

Seeing objects double or multiplied.

Seeing a halo or circle about a lamplight.

Pain in or about the eyes.

Constant or periodical headaches.

Drooping of the eyelids.

Watering when in the wind; itching.

Rubbing eyes to make things come clear.

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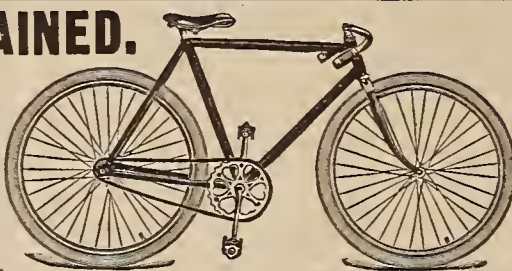
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A Missionary Martyr

BY FRANK E. CHANNON

How often has it been said, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The force of this expression was brought strongly to my notice the other day as I was looking over some copies of letters written by the late Bishop Hannington, the missionary hero.

Bishop Hannington's field of labor was in central Africa. Here he spent some years in the service of his Master, and finally gave up his life, as so many other heroes have done. But in doing so he paved the way for other brave men who have stepped nobly into the breach and carried forward triumphantly the banner of which he was one of the pioneer bearers. How forcibly the stirring lines of Longfellow seem to apply to this Christian gentleman:

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Livingston and Gordon, Kraph and Moffat all had left their trails upon the sand of Africa, and now came Hannington, "Preaching Christ, and him crucified."

The Bishop started his journey from Zanzibar, "the white man's grave," on June 30, 1882, and pushing inland, he reached Vyui. On July 21st he arrived at the mission station of Mamboia, and here he stayed for five days with Mr. Last, a brother missionary. Traveling on, he was at the church missionary station of Mpwapwa on the 28th. At this place the natives were dying by the hundreds from the smallpox, but although mingling with them freely, Mr. Hannington remained well. Climbing the great mountains that border this district, the missionary was soon on the plain of Ugogo. The inhabitants of these parts were friendly, but very curious. The Bishop was the first white man they had ever seen, and great was their amazement at beholding him. They would crowd around his tent from morning until night, but as he found them unfortunately to be great thieves he was compelled to keep them outside.

His shoes seemed to these poor savages to be a wonderful arrangement. They at first thought them to be a part of him, and he related some most laughable conversations which he had in un-deceiving them.

"Are those your feet, white man?" one would ask.

"No, gentlemen; they are my sandals. I will show you." And then he proceeded to unlace one of his shoes.

Loud exclamations of astonishment followed as they beheld his stockinged feet. Their amazement was further increased when the missionary removed his socks, also, and they perceived that he had five toes, the same as they possessed. They crowded closer around him, pulling his hair, to see if that also was removable, then pinching him, to see if he possessed the sense of feeling. His nose they called a spear, it striking them as being so remarkably long and sharp compared with their own flat ones.

From the amount of clothing which he wore they believed him at first to be a trader, and were amazed beyond measure when he assured them that these things were not to be bartered, but that he wore them all himself. The buttons on his coat were greatly admired, and on his disrobing in order to take a bath they began to run away in great fright, fearing, as one of them said, that there would presently be nothing left of the white man. His watch they were terribly in awe of.

"There's a man in it! It is witchcraft! He talks! He says, 'Teek, teek, teek,'" they would cry.

Many of them were very much afraid of the Bishop. If he stamped his foot or snapped his fingers they would run helter-skelter away from his tent, around which they were generally clustered four or five deep, for to see the white man undress was the event of the day.

The missionary found his umbrella of great value to him, for if he wished to scare them away when their attentions became too persistent he had but to step suddenly outside and open it in their faces, then off they would fly like a lot of startled rabbits.

Leaving the land of these curious but harmless natives, he reached Vyui in September, and on New-Year's Day he was again en route toward Romwa's land. This part of the journey was accomplished in canoes, and terrible hardships and dangers were experienced.

First some of the party fell sick, then the boatman refused to proceed unless he was paid an exorbitant sum. When this was finally done he then calmly announced that he would go no further. He proposed to put the missionary ashore and leave him to his fate. Then it was that the Bishop saw that stern measures were necessary.

"How far are we from King Romwa's?" he asked.

"Altogether out of the way," the ruffian replied.

"Are there any boats to be hired around here?"

"There are not—not one—but I will not go on."

"But we shall die if you put us ashore here."

"I don't care, I shall do it. I will not go on."

The missionary saw that further parley was useless. Quickly picking up his gun, he pointed it straight at the boatman. "Now will you go on?" he demanded.

"Yes, yes, white man, I will go on! Don't send forth the fire!" cried the terrified fellow, and around turned the boat, and again began to fly up the river like magic. That was the last trouble the Bishop had with his guide. Thenceforth he was the master.

Romwa's was reached at last, but when the missionary wished to proceed the king decidedly objected, and for a time matters looked very black. At length, however, consent was given, and once more the journey was resumed.

Kisokwe was the next destination, but en route there the missionary's life was nearly ended by the sudden attack of a huge hippopotamus. He was sleeping near the bank of a river one night, when he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous roar, and hastily springing to his feet, was confronted by the great beast. Once again the invaluable umbrella came to his aid. He opened it full in the face of the animal, who ran bellowing away at full speed.

On the arrival of Mr. Hannington at Kisokwe he was very hospitably received by Mr. Cole, a missionary stationed at that place, and here he labored for some time with splendid results. Hundreds of the natives were converted to Christianity, and later proved their sincerity by bravely meeting death in its most terrible form—the stake. Bishop Hannington later fell a victim to the wickedness of the bloodthirsty king, but his last words were full of encouragement for those among whom he labored so long: "Tell them that the road is bought with my life, and I am dying for those who kill me."

In this spirit died the martyrs of old.

"Follow after, follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that
ripens for fruit!"

Mrs. Stanford's Will

By the will and codicil of Mrs. Jane Stanford, which was recently admitted to probate, two million dollars is left in trust to Ariel Lathrop and descendants of D. S. Lathrop, her brothers; one million dollars in trust to her nieces, Jennie Lawton and Attorney L. Hanson, and the children of Christine L. Gunning; one million dollars to Charles G. Lathrop; one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to charitable institutions located in San Francisco and San Jose, and the remainder of her estate to the trustees of Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

Life Among the Dead

A town composed entirely of graves is located in the northernmost part of northern China. The place is, as a matter of fact, a deserted burial-ground, and has been taken possession of by a band of beggars, thieves and outcasts of all descriptions, who eat and sleep well in spite of their very strange environment. There are several of these "towns among the tombs" in various parts of the Chinese empire.

The Largest Library

The Paris library is the largest in the world. It contains upward of two million printed books and one hundred and sixty thousand manuscripts. The British museum contains about one million five hundred thousand volumes, and the imperial library at St. Petersburg about the same number.

Wit and Humor



Had to Refrain

THE poet was telling how the waters came down at Lodore. "Fine!" cried the critics; "but can you describe how they freeze in the pipes?"

Fearing the adjectives would not look well in print, he was obliged to forego the effort.—New York Sun.

"Cunning, Doncher Know"

Clarence—"Your valet went on a stwike, did he? Bless my soul! I hope you didn't accede to his demands."

Claude—"Pon my life I had to, old chap. The cunning cweatuh thwateened to leave me one morning when I was half dwdressed."—Brooklyn Life.



A DIFFERENCE

Waunta Noe—"I heard you married a widow." Henry Henpeck—"No; she married me."

Use for the Old Horse Yet

"The automobile seems to be taking your place entirely," remarked the ox. "They haven't any use for you now." "Oh, yes," replied the horse, bitterly. "I believe they are considerate enough to use our hides for the leather finishings."—Philadelphia Press.

Not So

Bills—"You made a funny break in congratulating the bride's father instead of the groom."

Wills—"No, I didn't. I've a daughter, too, and I know what they cost."—Chicago Journal.

Who Started the Fight

Policeman—"Which o' yez begannd this foight?"

One of the belligerents—"He did. His dog pitched into mine."—Chicago Tribune.

My Daughter, She's Engaged

Seems to me that ev'rything is kind o' out o' joint, The things that's happ'nin' in our house somehow they kind o' point To other things that rasp a man an' make him that enraged—I wish my daughter hadn't gone an' went an' got engaged.

We're honored with a visit now from future son-in-law, There's things a-doin' ev'ry day—we're busy, me an' ma; We're asked to sup with every one who wants to meet "the" man; I'm better known, I'm sure, than when for senator I ran.

There's balls galore an' dinin' out—I'm frettin' o'er 'em yet— They get upon my nerves somehow an' make me fume and sweat; I wish I had a mobile car to wheel me anywhere, So long's there hain't no dress-up suits to think about or wear.

He may be high-falutin', but he seems just plain an' free; I wish when daughter made her choice she'd thought some more o' me, I wouldn't had to amble like a sentimental page, A-posin' as the father o' the girl who got engaged.

—Fremont Wood, in Sunset.

The Lenten Dorothy

Dorothy's lids droop shyly, Sealing her eyes secure. Dorothy's lips twitch slyly, Trying to look demure. Dorothy's gown is quiet, Gray with the violet blent. Dorothy's strict on diet— Dorothy's keeping Lent!

Dorothy looks her sweetest Clad in a sacque-cloth rare, Fashioned, with art completest, From (flimsiest camel's) hair. A cigarette gleams and flashes 'Neath Dorothy's fingers bent; She never forgets the ashes— Dorothy's keeping Lent!

Theater, dance and dinner Dorothy shuns of late. Only with Jack, the sinner! Lunches en tête-à-tête— An oyster, a soup, a pheasant, A salad, a sweet—content With a frugal meal, though pleasant, Dorothy's keeping Lent!

Often she "bridges" idle Hours when employments lack; Oftener walks the bridal Path in the park with Jack. Never is Jack far distant From his fair penitent, So—with a male assistant— Dorothy's keeping Lent! —S. Decatur Smith, Jr., in Life.

Sweethearts and Gas

He—"I think we had better be married in the daytime."

She—"Why?"

He—"It's more economical. We can save on the gas."

She—"Well, look here! We've been economizing on the gas all during our courting-days; it's a pity if we can't blow a little in on gas on our wedding-day!" —Yonkers Statesman.

Protection of Dumb Animals

Mr. Geo. T. Angell, in "Our Dumb Animals," tells how the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals we owe to Ireland. A famous English nobleman attempted to obtain a law, and was made so much fun of that he backed out and gave it up in despair; then there came into the House of Commons from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, Dick Martin, who was noted for two things: First he was very fond of animals, and second he was very fond of fighting everybody whom he thought had insulted him—on that point he had a well-established reputation. So one day he brought in a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Some one gave a cock-crow; Martin stepped out at once onto the floor of the House of Commons and said he would be very much obliged for the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him. The gentleman didn't give his name, and Martin, after waiting a minute, went back to his seat amid the cheers of the House of Commons, and his law was enacted, and became the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals.—London Zoophilist.

Long-Distance Mind-Reader

At last the telephone-girl condescended to answer. "What's that, sir!" she exclaimed. "Are you swearing?" "Not audibly, miss," said the man at the other end of the wire. "But I confess that as a long-distance mind-reader you are an expert."—Chicago Tribune.

From Different Viewpoints

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man; "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—Catholic Standard.



HIS CHANCE

Her Father—"Young man, I always judge a man by the company he keeps." Her Suitor—"I'm glad of that, sir, for I've been keeping company with your daughter for a year."

Close Shaving

The following is told of a politician in a Pennsylvania town well known for his ardent support of the principles of the Prohibition party. According to the physician who was consulted by this man, who fancied himself quite ill, he was told that there was really nothing the matter with him.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is a stimulant. A little whisky now and then will make you all right in no time."

"Whisky!" gasped the politician; "why, Doctor, my folks wouldn't stand such a



THE COOKS WERE BREAKERS

First Suburbanite—"Going to the seashore this summer?"

Second Suburbanite—"What's the use? We get a new cook every day, and when they ring the bell, I sit at my window and watch the breakers coming in."

thing for a minute. Don't you know that I am a Prohibitionist?"

"I think," replied the physician, "that the difficulty may be overcome. I'll send you a jug of excellent liquor. You'll take it in hot water from three to four times a day."

"But, Doctor," persisted the Prohibitionist, "when I send for the hot water the family may suspect something."

"You shave, don't you?" suggested the physician. "Send your shaving-mug down-stairs. The hot water may be sent to you in that."

A short time after, the physician called to see how his patient was getting on. Every one in the house appeared to be greatly perturbed. In response to the doctor's surprised query the family chorused, "Oh, he's all right physically, Doctor, but we really think he's quite out of his mind. Why, he's been shaving himself every hour or so for a week."—Harper's Weekly.

Friday and the Thirteenth

"Why do you insist on starting that enterprise on Friday, the thirteenth?"

"Well," answered the morose man, "the chances are that anything I undertake won't be a success, and I like to have something on which to blame the failure."—Washington Star.

The Owl an' the Preacher-Man

You heah dat owl a-hootin', Laik Gabrul's horn a-tootin', "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-ah-hoo!" A-cacklin' an' a-laughin', Jes' laik er niggah chaffin' 'Bout de las' great Jedgmen' Day? "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-ah-hoo!"

You ole owl, heah what I say, An' stop dat foolish racket, "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-ah-hoo!" You jes' wait till break o' day, When de crows gwine tan yo' jacket Fo' 'sturbin' de peace o' night. "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-ah-hoo!"

Niggahs, too, gwine weep er sight— Sho's dat owl am boun' ter fight 'Count o' his hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo— Fo' a-doubtin' Gabrul's horn, An' a-sayin' ter Jedgmen' Morn, "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-ah-hoo!" —The Pacific Monthly.



Andante grazioso p

Side by side one sum-mer's eve-ning, 'Neath fair Lu-na's sil-v'ry light,....

rall. sostenuto. Andante grazioso. p

mf dim. p accel. f tempo. p

Tall and handsome he, the youth; 'Witching eyes and ways, for-sooth, Has the lit-tle bright-eyed maid-en. *8va. loco.* Mer-ri-ly they wan-der

mf dim. p accel. f tempo. rit. p tempo.

on-ward, Hap-py-why? they can-not tell..... Ah! Cu-pid's love-tipped ar-rows rare-ly miss the mark! (That he's

f p

p accel. tempo.

somewhere near I know quite well.).... Guard well your heart, O hap-py maid-en, Nor o-ver-look the ad-age true:.....

p accel. tempo. delicato.

marcato. rit.

"Hearts pierced with love are eas-'ly bro-ken," If him you love should prove un-true! "Perhaps" he'll love you al-ways, dear-ly; "Per-

marcato. rit. fp delicato.

f rit. ad lib. p rit. ad lib.

haps" someday he'll tire of you..... "Perhaps" he's fick-le, too, as oth-ers sometimes are; If he is— be careful what you do!.....

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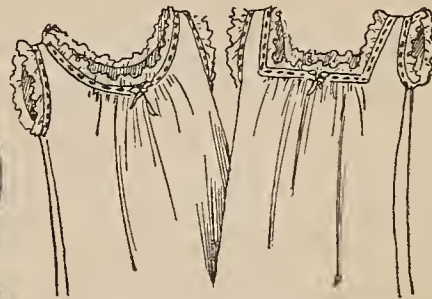


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In the Field

The Value of Oats

It is hard to estimate the value of oats on the farm. They make fine feed for every animal found on the farm. In short, no farmer ought to think of being without them each year. In some countries oats do not grow as well as in others, but where they will grow fairly well I think every farmer should grow at least a few acres each year. There is no animal but that will relish oats and get much good from them. If all farm-animals had a few more oats mixed with their corn they would thrive much better.

The main use of oats on the farm is for horse-feeding, and no feed will take the place of them for this purpose. The practice of feeding corn, and corn only, to work-horses has ruined more than one horse, and it is high time that the American farmer finds and adopts a better method of taking care of his horses. Until our horses are fed better we will have to do with a second-class horse. It is the rule in many parts of the country where corn is the principal crop to feed corn exclusively as a grain ration. This is wrong; corn is far from the proper food. For this purpose no grain exceeds oats, and every horse should have them if possible. They give the horse just the needed vitality for the work. Raise oats, if for nothing more than horse-feed. The horse needs the best feed.

What is better for cows than a few oats? I am sure I cannot tell, and surely would be pleased to know. Sheaf-oats are fine for milk-cows, and threshed oats will keep up their vitality as no other grain will do. And what pleases a cow better than to run to the straw-stack? A straw-stack is worth quite a sum for this purpose. Feed the cows some good hay in the morning and at night, but make them run to the straw during the day, and you will get several dollars out of it. If you keep nothing but cows you had better have some oats.

And for the poultry-yard oats should form an important part of the ration. Soaked oats are good. I also like to give sheaf-oats, and let the hens scratch out the grain. For young chickens oats and corn ground together and baked into a cake make a good feed. And oats are fine for hogs, too; corn is not the only feed for them. Last summer I had some pigs which did not grow just right, but as soon as I had threshed my oats I began feeding a few by scattering over the ground, and that gave those pigs a start which they never forgot. More oats should be fed with corn to the young and growing animals.

I would advise to stack some of them near the barn or in the barn, and feed them in the sheaf during the winter; there is no better winter feed for horses. They make a special feed for horses. See that the horses have the first chance at them; they need them most.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE has made most remarkable gains in the number of subscriptions received during the past few months, and thousands of new subscriptions are still pouring in, but what it deserves is a full million.

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See one of your neighbors real soon, and let him see the paper; explain to him that it is larger, more finely printed, contains more departments, is more profusely illustrated, comes twice a month instead of monthly, and has more readers than any other farm and family twice-a-month journal in the world, and he will gladly hand you twenty-five cents for a year's subscription. If every one of our friends will do this the million will be assured. Now let us all do our little share.

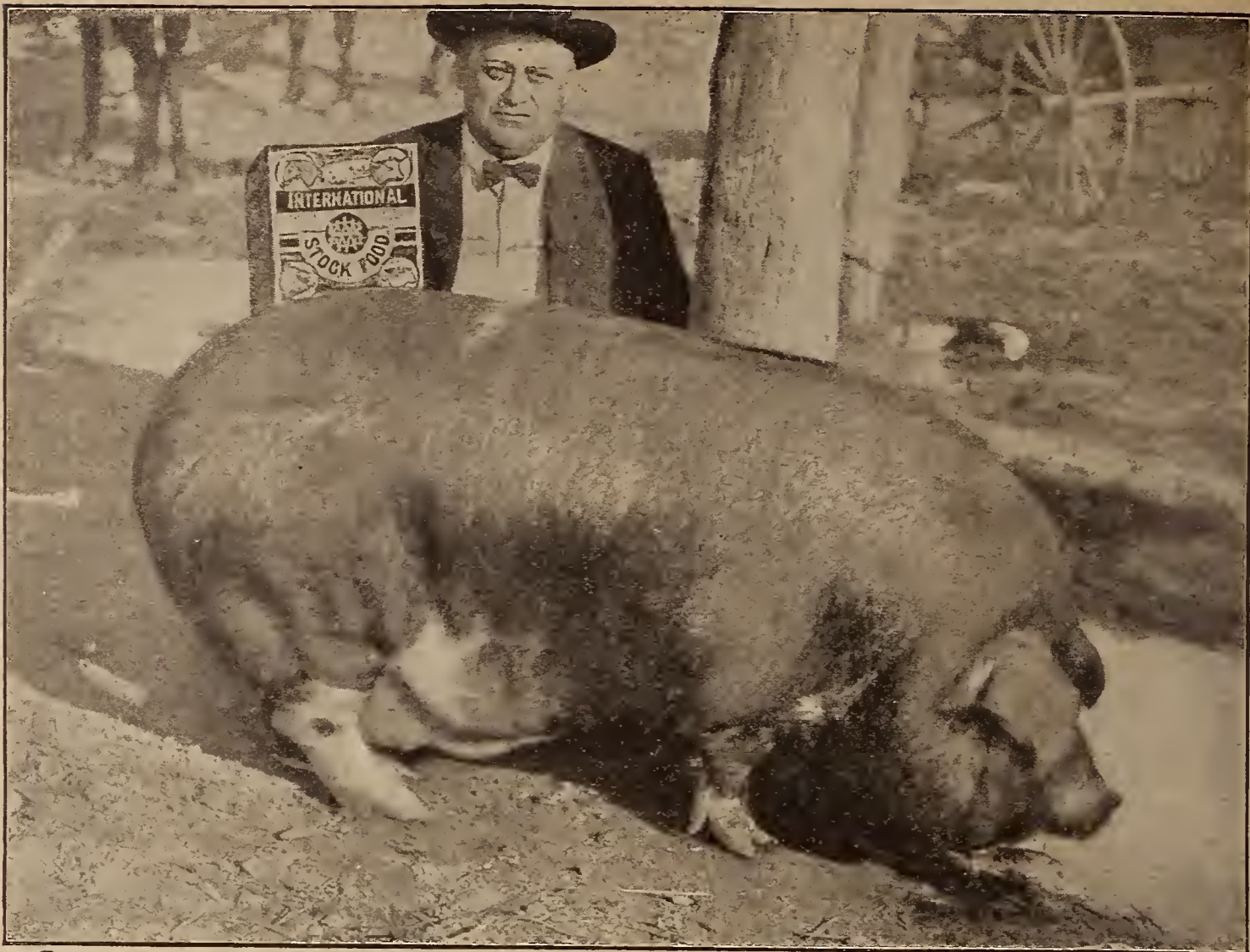
Catalogues Received

Babcock & Nash, Bridgman, Mich. Descriptive catalogue of small fruits.

D. Hill, Dundee, Ill. Descriptive catalogue of forest-trees and hardy evergreens.

Deere & Co., Moline, Ill. Descriptive circular of the Deere two-row corn-cultivator.

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Racine, Wis. "Facts from the Field," about Case threshing-machinery.



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The Poor People of Newfoundland

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

IT SEEMS like a caprice of Nature that the soil of Newfoundland should have been made so barren and the surrounding sea so rich. The wealth of the country is in the near-by water rather than upon the land. Fish is the legal tender of these North Sea Islanders. Everything depends upon Old King Cod and his fellows of the finny tribe. If one is to keep within range of the conversation here he must know all about the habits of herring, haddock and halibut; he must be up on the market price of cod-livers, as well as know how much salt it will take to cure a quintal of mackerel, not to speak of divers incidentals concerning the kind of bait it takes to lure a salmon to his doom or the proper way to approach a seal or an ice-floe. On a certain day the news of Skipper Ambrose taking nine thousand codfish in one haul of his trap caused more discussion than the cabled report that Roosevelt had carried all the doubtful states.

The fishing-grounds reach from the southern point of Newfoundland to Hudson Straits, the entrance to Hudson Bay, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. In width they vary from one hundred to two hundred miles. During each season from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred vessels engaged in fishing ply these waters. The number of Newfoundlanders employed in the business varies from sixty thousand to sixty-five thousand. Besides the natives of the island, there are Americans, Frenchmen and Canadians to the number of sixteen thousand who depend upon these waters for a livelihood. It is said that it is as impossible to procure expert fishermen now as it was fifteen or twenty years ago. The reason for this is the introduction of new methods among the different nationalities. The Frenchmen are recognized as the poorest fishermen. The deep-sea fishermen take cod, halibut, haddock and mackerel, and hunt the seal as well. What is known as the inshore fisheries are devoted to the capture of cod, herring, lobster and salmon.

The market value of the fish taken by the people of Newfoundland in a season varies from seven million to eight million dollars. Cod is the big item in this total, with seal and herring and lobster about even for second place on the list. The livers of the cod are valuable for making emulsions, and the sum derived from the sale of this by-product in a season often exceeds three hundred thousand dollars, especially if there happens to be a light catch in Norway. The seals are not fur-bearing. Their hides are used in the manufacture of leather, and their oil for illuminating the lamps in lighthouses, as well as in making high-class soaps.

The life of a fisherman is a hard one at best, and only the most rugged can have the hardihood to endure it. Those who fish in the small coves frequently have to carry all their supplies overland on their backs, then take their catch out in the same fashion. The sealing business is extremely hazardous. Every resident of St. Johns remembers the disaster which befell the crew of the steamer "Greenland" while on one of its sealing expeditions. There were nearly two hundred men on the floes pursuing the seals, when a terrible blizzard arose. The fury of the storm was such that the men were blinded and rendered utterly helpless. The steamer was driven away by the fierceness of the gale, and the unfortunate hunters were left on the ice without food or shelter for thirty-six hours. When the storm had subsided, so as to permit of search, forty-eight of the men were found dead. They were frozen in every conceivable position, and when the steamer returned to St. Johns with its cargo of distorted corpses the scene was one never to be forgotten.



A SIXTY-POUND CODFISH

The history of the fishing industry on the great Newfoundland banks is a long chapter of calamities. The men look after their lines in small dories, two of them going in each boat. Although the distance they are required to go from their schooners is not very great, being usually about one fourth of a mile, they frequently get lost in the fog and drift for days. The tide may carry them back to their haven, or it may sweep them out on the turbulent bosom of the At-

lantic. Stories of hardship endured with great pluck are numerous. One fellow rowed the boat alone for three days and nights after his companion had become exhausted, and reached land one hundred and seventy miles from where he had lost his ship. Another pair of young men became separated from their vessel, and were exposed to the elements for five days and nights. This was in February, during the worst kind of winter weather. One of them died from exposure, and the other pulled gamely and blindly toward the land. When he finally made the coast his hands were frozen to the oars, and he was so numb that he could not even stand erect. All of his fingers had to be amputated. Two others were picked up at sea in an unconscious condition, with their feet so badly frozen that amputation was necessary to save their lives. These men had been adrift for thirteen days.

Still another tragedy of the banks was when a fishing-vessel coming out from France collided with an iceberg. There were seventy-four men on board, and only three of them escaped. One boat was picked up containing six men dead and one alive. The survivor was in a pitiful state when rescued, and did not recover for months. Another boat was picked up from this same vessel containing three men dead and two alive. The horrors of such experiences cannot be properly understood by the mere recital of them.

The returns for such a hazardous calling are not commensurate to the hardships and the risks. The statement of the bank at St. Johns shows that in the savings department there are four thousand accounts under one thousand dollars and only one hundred and twenty over that sum. Comparatively few of the fishermen have anything laid by for a rainy day, while most of them are behind in their accounts. They get their supplies from the merchant in advance, and he takes their fish on account. Some of them do not get out of debt for years, and others owe the merchant all their lives. Their civilization is without doubt the crudest of all white people on the American continent. Almost the entire population lives along the coast in sight of the sea. There are no roads in most of the outlying districts, and as a result of the absence of highways there is no need of animals and vehicles; hence many of these people have never seen a horse or buggy. If it was possible for an automobile to run down the main street of one of these settlements it would depopulate the place in five minutes.

There are absolutely no modern conveniences of any sort, which is due both to poverty and ignorance. These poor sea-dwellers are for the most part without education. One writer reports having found a justice of the peace who could not sign his name. The most pitiful side of their life is the lack of proper medical care. They cannot support a doctor who knows his business, and as a consequence are left to the mercy of their own "healers." One doctor who made a trip among them told me that he found their favorite treatment for fever to be the most absurd thing he ever heard of. It consisted in binding the half of a chicken which had just been killed to the soles of the patient's feet. He could get no explanation from the quack in attendance concerning the reason for such remarkable treatment further than it was a charm for that kind of disease, and would destroy it. Another fellow who had a sore throat was found with half a mackerel bound around his neck. Consumption is very prevalent among the fisher-folk, as well as nervous troubles and dyspepsia. The former is caused

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 28]



A COAST SETTLEMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

PRESERVING EGGS.—At this time, when eggs are plentiful and cheap, I cannot refrain from again calling our readers' attention to the water-glass method of preserving fresh eggs. It is the simplest and best method available for the family. By simply dropping the eggs as they are brought in fresh from day to day during the months of May, June, July or August into a ten-per-cent solution of the common liquid silicate of soda, or water-glass, you will have eggs next winter practically as good as when freshly laid.

A QUESTION REMAINING UNANSWERED.—Not one of those who would rather see us lose our cherries and large proportions of other fruits than allow us to molest a robin have yet dared to answer the question, What insect is it for the control of which we have to rely on the robin's help? I do not ask for generalities, nor for a display of sentimental rhetoric. Give me a plain, practical answer to a pointed question. What insect is it we cannot control without the robin? What insect is it in the destruction of which the robin renders us service that is of any appreciable account?

THE WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE.—I have never yet, since the beginning of the Eastern struggle, doubted the ability of Japan to hold her own against her Russian adversary. Having watched the "little Japs" as they were systematically seeking knowledge by sending their best scholars to American and European schools and institutions of learning, appropriating to themselves all the best ways and methods in peace or war known to the most advanced nations of the world, and then trying to improve on these, I felt sure that there could be but little doubt about the final outcome of the struggle between the progressive Japanese David and the clumsy Russian Goliath. Knowledge is power, and in such a struggle worth armies.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER in all human enterprises and in all the daily walks of life. The farmer is only a very small David in comparison with his combined adversaries—weed and fungous growths, armies of insects, the specter of soil-exhaustion, etc.—but all these foes are clumsy giants, with many weak spots exposed to the attacks of the David who knows them and has learned how to use the sling of skill. This brings the question of agricultural education to the front. The time when success in farm-operations depended upon the strength of the arm that wielded the scythe, cradle, ax or hoe is past never to return, and the soil-tiller who has studied up the various problems that confront him in his daily work, and has not only gathered up knowledge, but also has learned how to apply it in practice, is the one, and usually the only one, who can make farming pay.

THE PARCELS POST.—The "Rural New-Yorker" advises its readers to plaster Senator Platt with postage-stamps, making him realize that there really is a public demand for a parcels post, which demand the Senator professes he has never yet noticed. We might better save our postage-stamps. Mr. Platt is not in the United States Senate for fun. Will you attempt to prevent a duck from swimming when it finds itself in congenial waters? Will you try to kill an elephant by firing mud bullets at the big pachyderm from a boy's blow-gun? Yet these things would be just about as easy as to make the representatives of big corporations give up their soft snaps voluntarily. The time may come when United States Senators will be elected by popular vote instead of by the legislatures. In that case Platt and other representatives of greedy corporations will not find it quite so easy to get into the Senate. In the meantime, however, why waste postage-stamps on Platt?

QUIET AND SOLID ARGUMENT, no doubt, is by far the best means of defending one's position in an honest difference of opinion. Irony, ridicule and invective, however, are perfectly justifiable and stand in good stead against an absolute wrong. The story credited to Ananias B. Good in an earlier issue was not meant to dispute the fact of the existence of the seedless apple, but was directed against the fraudulent methods of certain people who wish to extract good money out of the pockets of the public by selling at extravagant prices something which will be a damage rather than a benefit to the buyer. I concede that the seedless apple was once an interesting curiosity. All the seedless apples now known to horticulturists, however, are without practical value. It is stated that a few specimens, offered as a curiosity, have been sold in England at about seven dollars apiece. For eating or cooking purposes I would not give seven cents for a dozen. A West Virginia friend offers to send me a lot of grafts gratis. I do not want them, and if I had been foolish enough to set a whole orchard of these seedless apples in the expectation of getting big returns sometime I would now surely graft every tree over to something that I know will be of value—say Baldwin, Greening, Spy, etc.

CABBAGE-WORM AND SPARROW.—A reader in Ohio writes very enthusiastically about the English sparrow, saying that this bird has kept his cabbage free from the green worm for some years. He sprinkles corn-meal on the cabbage, and when the sparrows come after the meal and happen to find a green worm, that, too, is picked up and devoured. It is true that at times not only the English sparrows, but also our native little song-sparrows, get into the habit of visiting cabbage in the field to feast on the green worms or to take the worms away to feed to their young. I have now and then observed both kinds of birds at their work of this kind. Yet I would not ascribe much significance or importance to such performances of these birds, and least of all would I claim that these birds are necessary or indispensable to the soil-worker on that account. We have our remedies for such insect pests that are even swifter and surer than the birds, and it will not be wise for any one to rely on the assistance of birds in such cases when it is so easy to work out your own salvation in the case of the green pest of the cabbage-patch by applications of tobacco-dust, tobacco-tea, buhach (insect-powder), kerosene emulsion, or even common road-dust or many other substances. Buckwheat flour, middlings and corn-meal have also been recommended for this enemy. But it is refreshing to have somebody say a good word for the impudent yet interesting little foreigner, the English sparrow. We have more troublesome birds that are protected by law as "song-birds."

THE "YELLOW BLESSING."—Much has recently been said about the "yellow peril," meaning the danger to Western civilization and Western supremacy from a possible combine of the yellow races under the leadership of the progressive and pushing Japanese. Yet as things look now we may have to revise our earlier notions of the superiority of the Caucasian over all other races. I have no reference, either, to the superior skill and strength shown by the Japs over the Russians. Even in the middle ages people of yellow color overrun Europe in vast hordes, showing great skill and endurance as warriors. We now shudder when we think of the tales told us of inhuman practices charged against the Mongolians—their habit of cutting off the ears and noses of their dead or wounded enemies, etc.—although white people, even in later times, have had much to answer for, depriving us of every reason to crow over Caucasian superiority in that respect. The true present standing of the Japanese is shown in their alertness (which is without a parallel in history) to grasp and make practical use of every new idea, every new invention and development, no matter where found or originated, and still more in their moderation, their regard for the feelings of others, in the excellent care they take of their sick and wounded, so that the death-rate is reduced to a smaller percentage than ever recorded before, and altogether in the true Christian spirit that seemingly animates their leaders. There may be a chance for us white peoples to learn lessons of true civilization from these little Easterners. If they will go on and

spread the principles of civilization and true Christianity among the peoples of their own race and color, the world at large will be the gainer, and we should find no fault because the skin of these "advance agents of civilization" is yellow rather than white. It will be a "yellow blessing," not a "yellow peril."

WEED-KILLING POWDER.—A New York correspondent sends a sample of a "weed-killing powder" which he says has for some years been used among farmers and holders of large estates abroad for killing weeds in grain-fields. The only thing that is known to us here in this line is sulphate of copper applied in a spray. This has been found serviceable for killing a certain class of weeds in grain-fields, especially such weeds as mustard, ragweed and a few others. It cannot be recommended as a general weed-killer in all crops, as it would be liable to injure some of the crops as well as the weeds. I have used rather stronger spray-solutions among onions, strawberries and a few other crops than the stations recommend for use in grain-fields, yet have not received much benefit. The worst of our weed pests in the garden stand as much copper sulphate as the crops do. There are, however, some cultivated plants, chief among them celery, that seem to be less subject to injury from contact with copper sulphate in solution than are the great majority of garden-plants, and on these such sprays might be tried with less danger and greater prospects of good results. I have used such sprays, however, more for the purpose of keeping the celery-plants free from blights than from weeds. The powder used in Europe (if our report is true) is said to contain a small percentage of nitrate of soda, and should be strewn over the patch early in the morning after a heavy dew, or still better after a rain. From fifty to sixty pounds is required for an acre, the price said to be only about two and one half cents a pound. I do not know what the powder consists of, but will give it as thorough trial as the quantity at my disposal will allow.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—Our common schools are schools for the children of all classes and of all creeds. They should not be expected to favor by special courses of instruction any particular sectarian creed or any particular class of people or particular occupation. Even in an overwhelmingly agricultural community the district school is hardly the place to look for instruction in the details of good farming. What we should expect from the rural school, however, is that it shall have given to the boy when at sixteen years of age he leaves the school the elementary knowledge on which as a foundation he can build up his technical or professional education. Not only the farmer in his farm work, but also the mechanic in his pursuits, and in fact everybody in the daily walks and occupations of life, needs some little knowledge of the first principles in physics and chemistry. Any American farm boy of sixteen is entitled to know something of the nature of steam, electricity, magnetism, gravity and capillary action, of the scarcely more than a dozen important simple elements of matter, of the common acids, alkalies and compounds—all things which the lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age will study with interest and avidity if only he is given the chance, and especially if the instruction (may this be not more than one or two hours a week for a year or two) is enlivened by means of some simple and inexpensive apparatus and with some simple experiments. Having acquired this fundamental knowledge, the boy may go to the study of farm problems, or the problems that he will face in mechanics or in many other callings, understandingly, and attend the meetings of his co-workers, farmers' institutes, etc., or read the technical books and periodicals of his profession, without becoming discouraged by hearing or reading terms and phrases the meaning of which he is entirely unable to comprehend. Give the American farm boy a chance in the common school.

FERTILIZERS FOR CORN.—A reader in Dundee, N. Y., asks about the constituents of a fertilizer best adapted to corn, and how such fertilizer should be applied. The land is a clay loam underlaid with a clay subsoil, and usually considered fairly good corn-land in that vicinity. It was a stiff timothy-sod, having been seeded to clover and timothy some years ago and plowed last fall. Our friend has very little barn-yard manure, and wishes to do all he can to secure a good crop by using fertilizers. The probabilities are that the land contains all the nitrogen needed for a good crop of corn, and perhaps also the full ration of potash. If so, the only thing needed would be a certain amount of superphosphate to furnish the phosphoric acid. For soils of a more sandy nature I would advise to use rather freely of potash, however. A formula credited to the Maine Experiment Station calls for one hundred and fifty pounds of sulphate of ammonia, five hundred pounds of dissolved South Carolina rock and one hundred pounds of muriate of potash, and an earlier report of the Massachusetts station says: "In breaking up sod-land for corn, particularly that which is in fair condition, but which has been under ordinary farm-management, if fertilizers only are to be used, apply those which are rich in potash. Use materials which will supply from eighty to one hundred pounds of actual potash, from twenty-five to thirty pounds of phosphoric acid and from fifteen to twenty pounds of nitrogen to the acre." It would require at least one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of muriate of potash, two hundred pounds of dissolved rock and one hundred pounds of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia to furnish the quantities of plant-foods that are mentioned by the Massachusetts station. If nitrogen is considered necessary at all, sulphate of potash would probably be better than nitrate of soda, although there are other good forms of nitrogen that could be used with advantage for corn, such as cotton-seed meal, dried blood, fish-waste, etc. I think I would use the superphosphate (dissolved rock) more freely and the potash more sparingly than advised by the Massachusetts station. A little nitrogen, however, will probably give good results in any case, or at least give additional assurance of a satisfactory outcome.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

ABOUT HORSES.—The present high prices obtained for good horses prove that we still have need of the horse. A few years ago very fair animals were sold so low there was no profit in raising them; now a good common horse brings a price that yields a very fair profit to the raiser. The great demand and the good prices are almost certain to lead to the breeding of all sorts of mares, and in a short time common, or "plug," horses will again be more than plentiful. Farmers who are breeding extra-good heavy stock declare that the "plug" class does not injure their trade; that real good heavy animals will always command high prices. To some extent this is true, but many a time I have seen farmers buy and use three "plugs" in preference to the higher-priced stock. Three fair animals will do as much work as two good heavy ones, and when they can be bought for less than half the price of the latter thousands will buy them. In this way the inferior animal cuts the prices of the better grades by lessening the demand for them.

Most men like a fine horse both for driving and for work, and they will buy such unless they can obtain fair animals for less money—that is, animals that will answer their purpose. And a few years ago such animals were abundant, and more than half of all farm-implements were drawn by teams of three. The past three or four years I have noticed that farmers were buying larger implements, and using three large horses in drawing them. This was because large horses were cheap. A few days ago I saw one buying a gang-plow, and he was taking the smallest size, because, he said, his three horses were rather too light for the larger ones. The dealer asked him what he had done with the large horses he had had last year. "I sold them for six hundred and seventy-five dollars," said he, "and bought these for three hundred and thirty-five. The others were too expensive for a small farmer like me when a cheaper lot will answer my purpose. When big horses get cheap again I'll buy three more."

Large, well-built animals will always find ready sale, whether the price be high or low. There is big money in them at present prices, but present prices will not last many years. When they go down, the big horses will still be salable at good prices. So it is always a safe proposition to raise that sort and good driving-horses. I rather think that in time the automobile will lessen the demand for driving-horses, but that time is still some little distance away. The assertions of horse-importers and professional horsemen that the automobile is merely a toy for the wealthy to play with will be disproved in the near future. As soon as the price of good practical machines gets down within the reach of people of moderate means thousands will buy them. The automobile has the advantage over the horse in not eating, not requiring food while not in use. It will stand in its shed during the months when roads are muddy and the weather unfit for driving without consuming a particle of food, but the horse must be fed and cared for all the time whether used or not. For a mere pleasure-conveyance the automobile has advantages that are entitled to a good deal of consideration. I am inclined to believe that the time is not far distant when automobiles will be as plentiful as buggies are now. But the horse has not finished his day yet by a good deal, and he is still good property.

PLANTING EVERGREENS.—A reader asks whether I think it safe to plant evergreens as late as May. He wishes to set out a hedge of arbor-vitæ, and will be unable to get the ground into proper condition before May. He says he has been told that they may safely be planted up to the middle of June, but he doubts it. I have planted a great many evergreens during the past thirty years for myself and others, and the earlier the work could be done, the better were the results. A nurseryman once delayed a shipment of arbor-vitæ, spruce and silver fir until May, and he sent me an elaborate set of "instructions" for their management. Among these instructions was that it was absolutely necessary to keep the soil about each plant almost like a puddle for at least a month after setting them. I knew that if they were set out not one in twenty would live, no matter what sort of treatment I gave them, so I dug a long trench along the north side of a row of tall trees, and set them in that. The soil was kept in almost a puddled state all summer, and when cool weather came in autumn I found all of the arbor-vitæ alive, five out of twenty Norway spruce, one out of six white pine. All the silver fir were dead. They were set out in November, and well banked about, and the following year made a fine growth. Arbor-vitæ should be planted as early in spring as possible—the earlier one can get them out, the better. It is the same with all other evergreens. Those who advocate late planting get their stock from northern Michigan or Wisconsin, and as it cannot be dug until the spring is well advanced in more Southern localities, the sellers find it necessary to advise late planting to sell their stock. I would much rather pay a higher price for stock grown nearer home and have it delivered at the right time.

Most evergreen-planters want to plant for immediate results—that is, they desire good-sized trees to start with, and they all want big trees not less than three feet high and from that to six. That is where they make a great mistake. A tree two feet high is big enough for any one to set out. It is more easily protected from storms—that is, from being blown over before its roots become firmly fixed in the soil—

All Over the Farm

and it is surer to grow, can be trained to the shape wanted, grows faster, and makes a much better tree than any obtained direct from the nursery-row. For planting in hedges I would much rather have trees eighteen inches high than any larger. If eighteen inches high or less they can be set two feet apart, and trained by proper trimming to form a hedge or screen that is perfectly tight from the ground up. To see these small trees when first set out, one would think they never could be made to meet near the ground and make a close screen, yet in three or four



A SPRING CLEANING

years, if trimmed right, they will look like one continuous tree from one end of the row to the other.

POULTRY-PRICES.—A lady in Indiana wants to know what it is that makes poultry and eggs so high in price. She is not a poultry-raiser, but a consumer, and she declares that the prices have been "outrageous" for six months or more, and she would like to know if I think they will remain high all the year. I am sure I cannot say whether they will or not, but I hope they will. I am somewhat interested in poultry myself, and high prices are especially pleasing to me. She says she reads a poultry paper and two agricultural papers, and it seems to her that from all that is said about poultry-raising and the number of incubators advertised that every farm should now be "smothered in poultry," and prices down to "living rates."

Growing Millet for Seed

A reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE in Tennessee writes:

"You have advised me that you do not think growing German millet for seed would be any more exhaustive on soil-fertility than the growing of any other similar crop, and now I have what appears to be sound advice from other quarters that your advice is wrong, and that if I grow a seed-crop of millet I will always regret it. As I wrote you before, you will probably remember my farm is on an island in the Tennessee River. Part of the land is overflowed yearly, and all of it has been farmed to corn for a great number of years, and either from lack of proper rotation, careful farming or from some other negative cause the yield of corn has gradually been lowered until the crops are not satisfactory."

"I have read your advocacy that good farming consists not only of growing good crops, but in so treating the land that the yield is upward in tendency rather than downward. As I shall take personal charge of the farm in the spring, I want to institute some crop-rotation and system of management that will entitle my operations to your definition of good farming. In this rotation German millet for seed, the straw being used as roughage for cattle, has been suggested to me as profitable. Now, finally, are you or the other fellows mistaken regarding the soil-exhaustion of the crop? I want to forewarn you that one who advises against you is a professor."

I had advised this subscriber by mail that I did not think he would find the millet any more exhaustive than any other crop of similar composition, season and habits of growth.

Without having had experience, and reasoning theoretically or hypothetically, one is as liable to be mistaken as another, even though one be an expert or a professor. I have known some mighty young professors. Notwithstanding the weight of the evidence against me, I see no reason for altering my opinion that, considering habit of growth—that is, season of growing, root-habit and duration of time in maturing—and chemical composition of matured plant, a pound of dry matter in one plant is no more expensively produced in the matter of soil-exhaustion than a pound of like matter in another plant.

It is difficult to make accurate plant-comparisons, for no two are exactly alike in their contents of the elements they draw from the soil; and if we shall find two grains or seeds nearly enough alike to afford in-

telligent basis for comparison, one may have a short season of growth, while the other has a longer; one may be an extensive root-forager, while the feeding-area of the other is very limited. Given quantities of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid in wheat have as surely come from the soil as the same quantities in millet, but while the root-systems of the two plants are much alike, their seasons of growing are so different that any one familiar with them can readily understand in what manner the millet uses a larger supply of actively available fertility than is used by the wheat. The fact remains, however, that that which each crop has taken has come from the land.

While my experience in growing millet has been confined to its production for green feeding and for hay, I would not hesitate to grow it for seed if I wanted to fit it into my other farming. First I would

make sure it gave promise of being desirable in my rotation and of making a profit. If after this was agreed upon I had fears of its being a soil-glutton, I would feed it more heavily. Our best cows are generally our best eaters, and in cows and crops both I do not figure maintenance except in its relation to production. I feel sure if our Tennessee friend will feed the millet crop well, and give it the advantage of thorough tillage, using it in a rotation of corn, cow-peas, crimson clover, etc., and use all the animal-manure made, supplementing it with commercial chemicals if necessary, he need not refrain from growing millet-seed because some disciple of Jeremiah prophesies soil-depletion. W. F. McSPARRAN.

Notes

This season don't forget the advice of H. W. Campbell, in the "Nebraska Farmer:" "Harrow when the surface-soil is moist, not wet or dry." Commit this to memory, act upon the advice, and your crops will grow apace, possibly two paces.

The raising of alfalfa-seed in Montana is proving quite profitable. The yield to the acre in 1904 ranged from ten to twenty bushels, the usual selling price being nine cents a pound. The weight to the bushel is sixty pounds. The selling price of

the chaff and straw ranges from seven to eight dollars a ton.

The flax-growers of the Northwest are to be aided very materially by the introduction of a new variety of seed, known as the Primost, or Minnesota No. 25. It is expected that it will add two dollars an acre profit over the ordinary varieties. The Minnesota Experiment Station is supplying the seed at two dollars and fifty cents a bushel in four-bushel lots. Only those who have clean lands can secure the seed.

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Gardening

By T. GREINER

ALL THE BORDEAUX MIXTURE that I am going to use this season will be made with washing-soda, not with lime. This will show my friends what faith I have in this formula. And I do hope that the stations will make systematic tests with it, so that they can recommend it if they find it as good as I think they will. It is much more convenient to use than the old lime mixture.

AN EARLY SPRING.—Compared with last season, this is certainly an early one. Last year we could not do any planting before the very last of April. This year I plowed some of my garden-patches the very beginning of April. I have already sown some peas and planted a few early potatoes. I shall also risk a few garden-beans. They may get nipped by a late frost, but if they escape, as they are liable to, I will get string-beans weeks ahead of the usual season, or much earlier than I would if I was timid about planting them now.

WORM-EATEN POTATOES.—I am sorry that I am unable to give to a reader in Herkimer, N. Y., the desired advice in regard to means of preventing the injury caused by "thousand-legged worms." My own potatoes last year—at least, the later ones—were more eaten by worms (I think wireworms) than I have ever seen them before. They seemed to be thus injured in all parts of the patches, whether fertilizers were applied or not, and even on old land that I thought was quite free from wireworms. If anybody knows a remedy I would like to be told of it.

SOWING ONIONS AND FERTILIZER TOGETHER.—A reader asks whether onions will do well if the seed and fertilizer are sown together. I do not think that I would want the seed mixed up with fertilizer and the combination sown together. It is much better and safer to sow each separately. My way is to apply fertilizers of all kinds broadcast before sowing the seed, or in case of nitrate of soda when the young plants are already up. I do this although I have a drill with which I can sow fertilizers, depositing them in a band on each side of the row even after the plants are up.

QUESTIONS ON ONION-RAISING still continue to come to me in greater numbers than those on almost all other vegetables together. And yet if I wanted to satisfy all inquirers, it could only be done by filling the garden columns of every issue of this paper with onion talk. People who desire to raise onions largely, as a money crop, should first of all study the modern onion books, and then keep track of the new developments. We are learning something new every year. It is more the new things that I try to bring out in these columns than what has been generally known for years and has been published in all our standard onion books.

EARLY BEETS.—On this 10th day of April I have already some early beets growing in the field. They were transplanted from the greenhouse-bench. I now have a number of really fine varieties of early table-beets, such as Alpha, Crosby's Egyptian, Early Red Ball and others. Starting the plants in the greenhouse and transplanting to the open ground does not make the crop earlier to the same extent that it will some other things, like lettuce, cabbage, onions, etc., but it forwards the crop at least a week or ten days, and under favorable conditions perhaps two weeks. That is just enough, however, to insure big prices in the market.

TO AVOID SCAB ON POTATOES I know of no simpler means than laying the seed-potatoes for a few days where the sun can strike them, turning them a few times so that the direct rays of the sun will reach every part of them for at least a few hours. If this is not considered effective or thorough enough soak the seed-potatoes for at least ninety minutes in a solution of two ounces of corrosive sublimate in fifteen gallons of water, then plant immediately, never forgetting that this solution is a deadly poison, although good for cleaning and disinfecting wounds. The solution may best be made by putting the two ounces of the sublimate (bichloride of mercury) in two gallons of hot water, and then adding the other thirteen gallons of cold water.

VEGETABLES FOR CANNERS.—A reader in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, says that he has a dry and gravelly soil, and wishes to raise vegetables for a canning-factory situated within two and one half miles of his place. The question is, What kind of garden produce will be most profitable to raise for the purpose, and what varieties of seed should be selected? In his dry, gravelly soil he might raise sweet corn, tomatoes, possibly pickles, peas, etc. What will pay him the best? That is a question which only a trial can settle. The prices usually paid by canners for such stuff are gaged in such a way that one crop pays about as well as another, and the question then is, To which crop is your land best adapted? This is on the assumption that the cannery puts up all kinds of vegetables. Of course, the first thing a man in the inquirer's position must do is to interview the managers of the cannery, and find out what they want and what prices can be agreed upon. Then select those crops that you can raise to the best advantage. In regard to varieties, the cannery people will tell you what they want. They usually furnish the growers with seeds of tomatoes, and possibly of other vegetables, in order to be sure that they get the kind they need or want. Some canning establishments use only red tomatoes; others want only purple ones. The grower must grow what the canner wants to buy.

THE GARDEN-SPRINKLER cannot be called a perfect implement with which to apply liquid poisons to plants. A reader says that he applies Paris green in water with the sprinkling-pot. This is a very inconvenient and wasteful method. I would surely try to get some good spraying device. The liquid should be put on in a fine mist, not as a heavy rain. To apply Paris green in water various cheap hand-sprayers are now on the market. They need not be of copper for this purpose, as Paris green will not corrode iron any more than does water; but when we use Bordeaux mixture as a carrier for the arsenical poison (and I would strongly urge that this be done in every case, as it must be done if we put our potato-growing operations on a safe basis), then the sprayer must be made of copper and brass—iron would be eaten up in a short time. The modern knapsack-sprayer, which is probably by far the best implement for spraying smaller patches of potatoes (up to three or four acres), cucumbers or other vines, and for general use as a spray-machine in the garden and small vineyard, will involve a first expense of from twelve to fifteen dollars, but I do not see how I could possibly do without it in my garden operations.

DOSES OF POISONS.—Several readers are asking about the quantities of Paris green, arsenate of lead, etc., that should be used to fifty gallons of water for potato-beetles and other insect enemies. In a general way it must be said that the proportions of poison often recommended by people who are supposed to know are too low for best results. I wish to get rid of my insect foes quickly, before they have much time to do serious injury. For potato-beetles the dose used to be given as one pound of Paris green to one hundred, and sometimes even two hundred, pounds of plaster or flour or one hundred gallons of water or other liquid. I always apply poison to my potatoes in Bordeaux mixture, fighting beetles and diseases at the same operation. But I find that one pound of poison is not enough for one hundred gallons of spray-liquid. I would use not less than one pound in fifty gallons; then we can expect to see prompt results. When using arsenate of lead or disparene (which I now prefer to other forms of arsenical poison) I always allow at least two pounds of it to fifty gallons of liquid for potato-beetles, and even a stronger dose—up to five pounds—for the yellow-striped cucumber-beetle. Strong doses are especially advisable and useful in the latter case. The beetles must die quickly, or the vines may be ruined. Perhaps it might not be safe to use Paris green in doses large enough to promptly dispose of the cucumber-beetle. We can use arsenate of lead without fear in much greater strength. It does not harm the foliage, but being partially absorbed into the leaf-tissue, it protects the foliage perfectly and for a long time.

RAISING ONION SETS.—Perhaps if I had the right kind of soil—namely, a clean piece of sand in good heart and fairly well supplied with humus, free from rubbish, weeds, stones, etc.—I would try to raise onion sets and pickling-onions. I have no such soil at my command, and I deem it the better part of wisdom to let other people grow these crops. I do not advise any one to waste his efforts on these crops unless he has the right kind of soil. You might get along with weeds, but stones, rubbish and sticky soil will prove your undoing. If you have a piece of land that is quite sandy and of medium fertility, try onion sets or Barletta pickling-onions if you wish to. Sow in rows a foot or so apart, using at least forty pounds of seed to the acre, and give the good cultivation that we all concede onions must have. Keep ahead of the weeds. When the tops die down, run a garden-trowel under the row, lift up the string of little onions, and throw them into a sieve that will let the sand run through and retain the smallest onions. Then spread them out where they can dry out thoroughly, so that the tops and roots will all or nearly all dwindle away, and finally clean them in a drum-sieve or by running through a fan-mill, perhaps a number of times. Pickling-onions give this one advantage, that they do not have to be stored over winter, but can be sold almost as soon as harvested, and consequently avoid the risk of loss from spoiling during the long winter season.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

MANURE FOR STRAWBERRIES.—J. D. P., Grand Rapids, Mich. The strawberry-plant is a gross feeder, and I know of no objection to using fresh horse-manure for strawberries, provided it is well turned under. I should certainly prefer to use this rather than not to manure at all. Taking it altogether, I am inclined to think that good stable manure is by far the best fertilizer for strawberries.

TREES BLEEDING.—N. B. P., Duluth, Minn. You need not fear that your box-elder trees will bleed to death from the wounds which you made in pruning last autumn. The sap will run from these wounds this spring, but will not cause any serious injury. The only danger is that where the sap runs down the tree it will cause a killing of the bark just below the wound, but this is rather unusual in the case of hardy sorts. If you find in the summer that the wounds are not healing up well you can cover them again with grafting-wax, and they will be very sure to heal over quickly.

OVSTER-SHELL BARK-LOUSE.—W. H. M., Guttenberg, Iowa. The specimens of apple-branches infested with a scale which you sent on are affected by what is known as the oyster-shell bark-louse. This scale-insect is not nearly so troublesome as the San Jose scale, but nevertheless it has sometimes caused considerable injury in orchards. If the trees are thoroughly whitewashed so as to cover every part of the

tree sometime during the winter the scales will usually come off with the lime. The ordinary remedies for scale-insects may also be used successfully in this case. Spraying with clear kerosene on a bright day before the buds start will destroy the scales.

ROTTEN CHERRY-TREE TRUNKS.—N. K., Tigardville, Oreg. Where the trunks of cherry-trees have started to decay probably the best way of checking it is to clean out the dead wood, paint the wound thoroughly with whitewash, or better yet with Bordeaux mixture, and then cover the whole wound with grafting-wax or clay so as to keep water out. While this may not result in an entire healing over of bad wounds, it will probably stop the decay, and make the trees last longer than they would if left without treatment. Don't be afraid to remove all the rotten wood, as it adds nothing to the strength of the tree, and has a tendency to promote rot in the new tissues. It is quite likely that this rot started in the tunnel of a borer, and has gradually spread until it is serious.

WIND-BREAK.—E. H. K., Vermontville, Mich. If you want a quick-growing wind-break, probably there is nothing better to use than white willow, and I am inclined to think that it is about as satisfactory as anything we have that is of very rapid growth. In setting out a wind-break one of the chief points to have in mind is that it may be a great nuisance if located within fifty feet of roads, paths or buildings, by the drifting of snow onto it. My idea of a farm wind-break is that it should be large enough to include all the land devoted to farm-buildings, garden, barn-yard, paddocks, etc., and it should be at least several rods wide, but a wind-break of these proportions is not always practicable, although as a rule it is practicable on our Western prairies. The common mistake of those who start on prairie-farms and wish to put up wind-breaks is that they do not inclose enough land, and in a few years they have outgrown their inclosure, and must start a wind-break anew.

PINE CONES AND SEED.—S. M. D., Goosecreek, W. Va. If you will carefully examine a pine-cone that has not yet opened you will find that it is made up of scales, and at the base of each scale there are two pine-seeds, each of which has a very thin wing on it. At this time of the year most of the pine-cones have opened, and the seeds have fallen out, but if you will cut the cone to pieces you will see the little depressions at the base of the scales where the seeds were before they fell out. Of course, pines could be grown by planting the whole cone, but it would mean in most cases that there would be a large bunch of seedlings in one place. It is customary to gather pine-cones before they have opened, and then allow them to dry in the sun until they open, or in some cases put them into the oven and heat them gently until the scales separate. After the scales are separated the practice is to put the cones into a sack, and then jar out the seed by pounding the sack.

SOWING PINE-SEED.—K. O., Houston, Minn. The best way to sow pine-trees is perhaps to sow the seed about four feet wide in a location where there is a good circulation of air and on light soil. Sow the seed in rows about four inches apart, cover three fourths of an inch, and after the seed is up cover the whole bed with about half an inch of clean sand. The seeds start readily if of good quality, and the most troublesome time is when the seedlings are about ten days out of the ground, when they are very liable to damp off, especially if in full sunlight or if there is much moist weather. I protect them by making screens of lath, putting the lath about one and one half inches apart. The screens should be placed over the seedlings, and about sixteen inches above them. The object of this covering is to keep a continual play of light and shade over the bed throughout the whole day, so that at no time will the seedlings be exposed to the full sunlight, but so they will have about the same protection as they would have in a rather open grove. In cloudy weather the screens should be removed entirely.

WORMS ON RED CEDAR.—S. W. B., Lafayette, Ind. The only practical remedy for the worms that are injuring your cedar-trees is to spray with Paris green, just as you have done. I know it will be rather hard to reach the tops of the trees, and perhaps the simplest way to do it if they are in a row is to build a platform on your wagon, from which you can throw a spray over the trees. The chances are, however, that these worms will not be troublesome every year, but only in occasional years. They may, however, be injurious next season, and if you especially value your cedar-trees you had better prepare yourself with an outfit which will enable you to give them one or two doses of Paris green and water. However, if you prefer, you can dust the trees with Paris green and flour, at the rate of one pound of Paris green to thirty pounds of flour. If you haven't a good spray-pump, and do not wish to go to the expense of purchasing one, you will find this method satisfactory and the dust more easily applied than water. In can be best dusted over the trees early in the morning, when they are moist with dew. For this purpose a cheese-cloth bag on a pole is a great help.

A Horticultural Pleasure

One of the joys of horticulture is the pleasure of experimenting with new varieties, and then discussing our experiences with others having like tastes. This is a form of enjoyment which has in it much of the element of service that always goes with highest pleasures. The brightest minds of all ages have been interested in such matters. These words are called to mind by the pride that my old friend A. W. Sias, of Harbor View, Fla., takes in the fact that he has succeeded in introducing into his section one of the Australian gums known as "Eucalyptus sideroploia." Of five species tried, only this variety succeeded, and the experience of others had been a failure. He now has a specimen seven-years old that is forty feet high. Mr. Sias went to Harbor View for his health, and does his gardening only for pleasure.

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Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

The Young Turkey

IF THE weather becomes warm the turkeys will lay in April, and old hens should be preferred. The main crop of young turkeys comes in May, though in some sections they are hatched sooner. The earlier they are hatched, the better, if it is not too cold, as a good start gets them ahead of lice. When the turkey-hen brings off a brood, put her and the young ones in a coop in a warm, dry place, having a small yard for exercise, until they can be allowed at liberty, feeding them four or five times a day, with stale wheat bread dipped in milk to be used for one meal, and corn-bread, milk-curd, onion or parsley tops and chopped hard-boiled eggs for the next. As soon as they are strong enough, give them a lawn-range at first, then turn them into a pasture, but never fail to feed them at noon at the farm-yard, so as to teach them to come for their dinner, and then they will not go far away from home. They must be fully fed and safely housed at night, so that enemies cannot get them. The best way to secure good stock is to purchase a sitting of eggs from a reliable breeder. These should be placed under good sitters. To keep off lice, which are always fatal to young turkeys, the hens should be greased once a week under each wing with melted lard, but grease must be used sparingly, as it is injurious to young poultry. If sitting on eggs, dust the hens and eggs with insect-powder. To prevent bowel disease the young turkeys should be given varied food. When three months old they may be fed the same as the old ones, and will need but very little further attention, as they will then have passed the critical stage. Expensive poultry-houses are not desirable for turkeys, as they thrive much better if allowed to roost in an open shed as soon as they leave the hen. The turkey-hen will lay from one to two sittings of eggs, and these will usually hatch. Turkeys are excellent foragers, and the cost of feed will be low in proportion to their

thrive if kept upon ground that is at all filthy. If the amount of space at one's disposal is very limited, and it is impossible to move the coops to fresh ground every day, then thorough cleaning will be necessary, and fresh earth should be brought to the coops. A sod or a shovel-ful of earth should be put in the run each day, but it is not advisable to attempt to rear chickens unless one has sufficient ground on which to move the coops every day. No method of management will succeed, however, if mites and the large body-lice get on the chicks. The rules that should be followed to insure success with chicks are: Feed three times a day, and remove all food uneaten. Scatter millet-seed in dirt, to induce them to scratch. Feed a variety of food. Keep down lice. Give dry quarters. Give them a grass run as soon as can be permitted.

Spring Feeding

Now that the weather is favorable it is of advantage to utilize the orchards and permit the hens to forage. Grain is excellent during cold weather, but a greater variety of food must now be given in order to have the hens produce eggs. When spring weather begins the supply of eggs will increase. The ration of corn should then be decreased, and a larger supply of meat, or animal-meal, allowed, or the hens will become excessively fat and fail to give their full quota of eggs. Corn is the best food during the cold season, because it creates animal heat, and serves as a protection against severe cold, but corn is not as suitable as a mixed food during warm weather. Grass is always acceptable to poultry. Cow-peas may be grown as a special food for poultry, as they cannot be excelled when used for laying hens and growing chicks. The danger in feeding too much corn is that it builds up fat, but leaves the bone, muscles and nerves without the proper nourishment. These are injuries not noticed until some



No. 3—FEEDING-TIME

value when they mature. If turkeys grow rapidly or roost very high they are liable to lameness. Dampness is also very injurious to young turkeys, but the greatest mortality among the little ones is from the large lice which are found upon the skin of the heads and necks, under the wings and around the vent. These lice go from the mother-hen to her chicks. Anointing with a few drops of melted lard once a week, and dusting with insect-powder, are the best remedies. It is an old maxim that if a young turkey droops, look for lice. The same rule applies to chickens. Change the little runs to new, dry locations daily if the ground becomes unclean. A flock that consists of a gobbler and six hens will produce as many young turkeys as may be desired, and the gobbler, which should be two years old, should be pure-bred, and procured from a new source every year.

Care of the Chicks

The chicks require a variety. Instead of allowing only corn-meal dough, feed them millet-seed, stale bread dipped in milk, cracked corn and wheat, bone-meal, and a little lean meat twice a week. Have a suitable coop and run, and keep the hen and chicks on clean places. This is important, as it is impossible to rear chicks successfully unless they have fresh ground each day, or at least every other day, depending to a certain extent upon the size of the coop. Chickens foul the ground very quickly, and they cannot

vital function, as fecundity or digestion, is impaired or some disease is contracted. The injurious effects may not be immediate, but if corn is fed exclusively evil will result eventually.

Inquiries Answered

SELECTING EGGS.—G. B. Y., Columbus, Ga., asks "if the sex of an egg can be determined by the shape of the egg." Experiments made by scientists and breeders conclusively show that there is no known method of determining in advance the sex of the chick in an egg.

INCUBATOR-MANAGEMENT.—A. H., Paris, Ohio, wishes "full details of managing an incubator and brooding the chicks." In nearly every issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE the hatching and management is mentioned. The full details of incubator management could not be given in a single issue. "The New and Complete Poultry Book," published by FARM AND FIRESIDE, contains illustrations for operating incubators and brooders, with general instructions for feeding, etc.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—E. M. G., White-water, Col., desires to know "how to distinguish a pure-bred Barred Plymouth Rock male." The bird should weigh about nine and one half pounds, have single comb (five points), red earlobes, yellow shanks, the general plumage being grayish-white, each feather crossed with black bars, the bars being close on neck and hackle. All varieties of Plymouth Rocks are alike in form, but some differ in color, such as white, buff, etc.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Some Troubles of Swine

PARALYSIS OF HOGS

DURING the past year numerous reports have reached us from different parts of the state of what appears to be a paralysis of the back and limbs of hogs. Young pigs are the ones most generally affected. The cause has been found to be overfeeding young, growing pigs on an exclusive diet of corn and water. Fat is put on the pigs too rapidly, with the result that the weak bones of the growing pig cannot support the flesh so rapidly put on. The first symptoms noticed are that the pigs refuse their feed, and walk rather stiffly, continuing to grow worse until they can barely raise themselves upon their front legs. The pigs die of starvation, as they cannot drag themselves to the trough.

TREATMENT.—To prevent young pigs getting sick, a very small amount of corn should be fed them while nursing their mothers; then gradually increase the amount of corn. When weaned, feed ground feed of bran, shorts, corn, and a little bone-meal mixed with sufficient milk to make a thin slop.

After young pigs are paralyzed it is best to take all corn away from them and see that they are placed at a trough of milk in which has been stirred bran and the following tonic, which is recommended by the Bureau of Animal Industry as a preventive against hog-cholera and swine-plague, and which is also a very good tonic for hogs: One pound of wood-charcoal, one pound of sulphur, two pounds of sodium chloride, two pounds of sodium bicarbonate, two pounds of sodium hyposulphite, one pound of sodium sulphate and one pound of antimony sulphide (black antimony). These ingredients should be completely pulverized and thoroughly mixed. The dose of this mixture is a large tablespoonful for each two hundred pounds weight of hog to be treated, and it should be given only once a day. When hogs are affected with these diseases they should not be fed on corn alone, but should have at least once a day a soft feed made by mixing bran and middlings, or middlings and corn-meal, or ground oats and corn, or crushed wheat with hot water, and then stirring into this the proper quantity of the medicine. Hogs are fond of this mixture; it increases their appetite, and when they once taste of food with which it has been mixed they will eat it though nothing else would tempt them.

Animals that are very sick, and that will not come to the feed, should be drenched with the medicine shaken up with water. Great care should be exercised in drenching hogs, or they will be suffocated. Do not turn the hog on its back to drench it, but pull the cheek away from the teeth so as to form a pouch, into which the medicine may be slowly poured. It will flow from the cheek into the mouth, and when the hog finds out what it is it will stop squealing, and swallow. In our experiments hogs which were so sick that they would eat nothing have commenced to eat very soon after getting a dose of the remedy, and have steadily improved until they appear perfectly well.

This medicine may also be used as a preventive of these diseases, and for this purpose should be put in the feed of the whole herd. Care should of course be taken to see that each animal receives its proper share. In cases where it has been given a fair trial it has apparently cured most of the animals which were sick, and has stopped the progress of the disease in the herds. It also appears to be an excellent appetizer and stimulant of the processes of digestion and assimilation, and when given to unthrifty hogs it increases the appetite, and causes them to take on flesh and assume a thrifty appearance.

B. A. I.

WORMS IN HOGS

Hogs affected with worms in the intestines, run down in condition, become very thin and lank, the back is arched, the eyes are dull, they refuse feed, walk stiffly and appear lifeless. The worms may be very numerous, in bad cases completely filling the intestines. The pigs die if not treated. To secure the best results, affected hogs should receive individual treatment. Twenty-four hours before administering treatment very little feed should be given them; then give the following medicine as a drench to each one-hundred-pound hog. Larger or smaller hogs should receive a dose in proportion: Four drams of oil of turpentine, half a dram of liquor ferri dialysatus, six ounces of raw linseed oil. If necessary repeat the dose in four days.

After the worms have been removed, give the tonic recommended above, to put the pigs in condition.

TUMORS ON PIGS AFTER CASTRATION

CAUSES.—Bunches form on the cords of pigs after castration as a result of infection from dirty instruments or hands, etc., during the operation, or from leaving the cord too long, thus increasing the liability of its becoming infected. These tumors grow, and in the worst cases attain the size of a man's hand.

TREATMENT.—Cut down on the tumor the same as in a simple case of castration. Separate the skin from the tumor, and then follow up the cord with the hands. Cut the cord off as high up as possible. The wound may be healed by the use of any of the common disinfectants. A teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a quart of water may be used once daily until the pigs are healed. Pigs should be kept in a clean pen after the operation.—C. L. Barnes, in Bulletin of the Kansas Experiment Station.

Outlook for the New Wool-Season

Reports received from nearly all sections of the country indicate that sheep have wintered unusually well, and that with the usual amount of spring rains an excellent wool-clip, well-grown and of light shrinkage, will be shorn. In some localities the wools will be of lighter shrinkage than those shorn last year, as, for instance, in Nevada, Wyoming and Utah, as well as in Arizona. Another light-shrinkage clip is indicated from Idaho, as well as from Montana. Range conditions have favored a good growth of wool, as in many localities the sheep had a longer period of good grass before the snow came on, and in a number of sections abundant rains have caused the fleeces to be freer from dirt. Some of the early Arizona wools were characterized by defect, but taking the territories west of the Mississippi River as a whole, indications are that the wool-fibers will be fully as long and sound as usual. Losses of sheep have been small, and the new season, in short, is about to open under favorable auspices.

All this is, of course, very gratifying to those wool-merchants who took such long chances last fall when they contracted for the 1905 wool-clip. Contracting at that time for the following season's wool-clip was an absolute gamble, the character and extent of the yield being necessarily an unknown quantity, with a winter ahead which was just as likely to prove an unfavorable one for a clean and excellent growth of wool as a favorable one, so far as human knowledge could determine. Weather conditions might have been such as to cause a difference of several cents a pound in the intrinsic worth of the wool. Severe and trying weather or insufficiency of food might have caused the growth of a weak and short fiber, or an absence of a proper amount of snow might have caused a heavier shrinkage from dirt, or destructive storms might have decimated whole flocks of sheep whose wools had been contracted for.

Luckily, however, weather conditions have favored those who contracted last fall for the 1905 clip, and it is now claimed by several that the wools which were contracted for at that time will prove to be the cheapest wools which will be bought this season. This claim is, of course, based partly on the assumption that there are to be no untoward developments in the goods market or in the wool market at the seaboard which would cause a break in the price of wool before shearing is completed or would lead growers to make concessions. Such of the early shorn wools as have thus far been taken have cost fully as much or more than the early contracts were made at, and notwithstanding the intense quietness which has prevailed for so long in the seaboard market, the new-clip wools have continued to be contracted for at high prices.

It is certainly a remarkable situation, and its final outcome will be awaited with much interest. It is conceded that the new wools will prove attractive to consumers—fully as much so as they were last year, when, it will be remembered, the large manufacturers came into the market early and quickly absorbed the bulk of the clip. Will they do so again? That is one of the questions which is now agitating the minds of the trade, whose lofts are bare of wool. The correct answer will depend partly on the size of supplies now in the hands of consumers and the character of the developments in the goods market.—The American Shepherd's Bulletin.

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Live Stock and Dairy

The Shetland Pony

THE genuine Shetland pony, produced from the pure breeds of the Shetland and Orkney Islands, has become so popular and useful that the business of raising ponies has grown important. The business is not so simple as it might appear at first glance. In the first place, the progenitors—sires and dams—are usually selected in the Shetland Islands. Occasionally desirable breeds may be found in the interior of some of the other northern islands bordering Scotland, but the majority are found in the Shetland Islands.

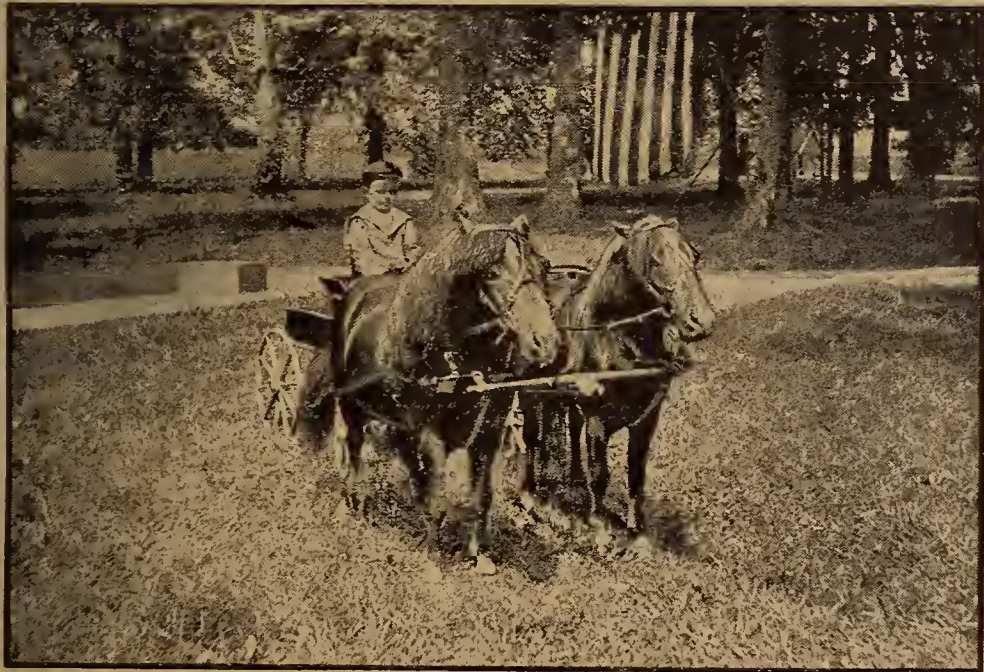
Since the ponies have become so popular in this country the inhabitants of those islands have learned to carefully select animals for breeding purposes, and the consequence is that the Shetland pony was never so beautiful, hardy and tractable as he is to-day. Each year expert judges of ponies are sent from the large breeding-farms in this country to the Shetland Islands to select the very best animals to be found for breeding purposes and bring them back with them. As soon as they are received here they are given a course of the most careful training. They are exercised daily, and kept in as robust health as possible, upon the theory that muscular development is imparted to the offspring. The mental characteristics of the animals are carefully noted, and vicious-tempered animals are never kept for breeders, neither are those of moody and sluggish natures. Several hundred dollars is not considered too much for a pony that gives evidence of possessing all the traits desired, and even a thousand dollars has been paid for such an animal in the Shetlands. To this price must be added the transportation charges and the cost of training and educating.

The Shetland pony is unlike the horse in many respects other than that of size. He is more patient, and as a class is better tempered. Mute under punishment, patient during severe labor, constant as a dog in friendship, combining marvelous intelligence with a tractable spirit, the Shetland pony is of all animals the best servant, companion and friend for children. There are grown persons who so admire the sturdy little ponies that they prefer a cart and pair to the best trotting-horse. They make up in strength and endurance what they lack in size,

In training the ponies kindness is practised under all circumstances. When the little pony colt, which a man can take up in his arms and carry about, is strong enough to run and play with its mother, a little halter is put on it, and it is taught to lead and start and stop at the word. When it grows stronger, but is not yet nearly full grown, a set of silver-mounted harness is fitted upon it, a smooth, easy bit is slipped into its mouth, and it is driven about with the lines. A very gentle pressure of the bit on the tender mouth is sufficient to guide it. Later on it is hitched to a little yellow cart, and trotted about the smooth gravel drives under the spreading, beautiful trees, until it becomes thoroughly bridle-wise—that is, until it becomes trained to turn about instantly without hesitation in response to the bit. It is taken close to puffing locomotives and alongside queer-looking vehicles; into the neighborhood of shops where there is the sound of clanging iron and pounding hammers and ringing bells. Its actions under all these conditions are carefully noted and recorded, and its special qualifications for particular purposes fully ascertained.

The trainer knows the natural propensities and acquired qualifications of every pony about the farm fully as well as the teacher knows those traits in a pupil, and all those things go to make up a pony's record. It is a very happy truth that most ponies get a hundred in deportment. It is a fact that a pony's natural characteristics are not easily changed. It has been found, however, that vicious propensities may be in a measure subdued, and a timid, shrinking spirit encouraged by kindness to assume a more confident and aggressive disposition. It is seldom attempted to teach the ponies any tricks, the sole object being to make them useful, tractable and safe under all circumstances. At all seasons of the year at least a hundred ponies are kept ready for purchasers at the farm mentioned. This number, which are always kept carefully groomed and presentable, and constantly trained for instant service, is only a fraction of the total number kept on the farm.

When winter approaches the ponies commence to take on their winter clothing. If they are left ungroomed a thick coat of hair six inches or more long will



A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PAIR

and for light driving will prove equal to the horse except in point of speed.

The Shetland pony is always an object of interest, whether seen drawing a shining cart in the city park or bending beneath the cruel weight of his heavy burden on the mountain-trails of his native country. If he were less hardy he could not endure the severe labor he is made to perform in his native land, for there he is purely and simply a burden-bearer. Grain, iron, furniture, coal, ore and merchandise of all kinds are transported to all parts of the islands on the backs of the tough little animals. Three hundred pounds is the usual load for each pony, and long lines of these laden little beasts wind in and out among the hills of their native land. Their condition is much better here than at home.

There is a farm in Wayne County, Indiana, where hundreds of ponies are produced every year. The farm might also be termed a pony-school, for each pony undergoes a course of examination and training, differing, it is true, from children's school, but exacting and rigid.

cover them from head to heels. That is their winter attire, and then even their truest friends and lovers would not call them beautiful. But with that coat on they can withstand the worst storms and the coldest weather with no shelter but strawstacks. They have a knack of taking care of themselves, and will burrow into the sides of the great stacks of straw like rabbits in a burrow. When they are taken up, a few days grooming will make them sleek and shining.

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In the Field

Farm-Musings for Early Summer

WHAT a busy time this is, just when summer is slipping over the ridge from springtime! "So much to do!" This is the word from every farmer everywhere. "Why don't you come over?" queries the friend down on the creek; and your only plea is, "So much to do!" "Coming out to see us this summer?" writes the friend across the state; and back the answer goes when you can get time to write it. "Can't till the work is out of the way. We are pushing things as fast as we can, but you know how it is on the farm. Crops must be attended to now if we have anything to gather in by and by."

Take corn and potatoes. Corn, especially, must be put in as soon as the danger from frost is past. In our Northern latitude it is nip and tuck to get length of days enough at the very best to ripen the ears. It seems of late as if the season is growing shorter and shorter. We live in constant fear lest the frost shall catch us just a few days before the ears hang yellow on the stalks. So we hurry now to get the seed into the ground. But it will not pay to be in so big a hurry that we do not make a thorough test of our seed. Last year we got badly caught by planting seed that would not grow. In many parts of the country there was the same complaint. The trouble was that much of the seed was hardly dry when it was hung away after husking. Hanging out in the granary or some other place where it was cold, the germ froze; and so while the kernels looked nice and bright, there was not a particle of life in them. What a disappointment it is to spend so much time fitting the soil, in planting the seed, and then have nothing come of it! We go out and look the bare earth over with serious faces. We dig deep into the hills, only to find a few rotten remains of kernels, the ruins of all our hopes.

But there is always a hope left in our hearts. What a blessed thing that is! And we strike a bee-line for the house, hitch up, and set out in search of seed-corn that will grow. There may still be time to get a crop before the frost catches us. Anyway we will get some fodder from the stalks, if no corn.

And the potatoes must be put in, too. With many of us, however, there has come a change with respect to the time of planting of late years. Many late potatoes are put in not in May, as formerly, but well on into June. The idea underlying this difference from former practice is that the late-planted potatoes are freer from bugs, and the blight is not as apt to strike them. For myself, I prefer to plant potatoes just about the same time I do corn. I do not like to be compelled to stop in the middle of haying and hill up my potatoes. Many of late have let this go until after haying.

Early summer is the time, too, for getting the sheep and lambs out to pasture and gathering in the real harvest from the cows. It costs less to make a pound of butter at this season of the year than any other. We are not compelled to feed as much grain—the cows get almost all they want to eat from the pasture. The grass is so fresh and succulent that it makes milk readily, and we bring in the pails brimming full every night and morning. It is a good plan, though, not to leave off all the grain rations even now. Every observing farmer must have noticed that there is a tendency at this season of the year to looseness of the bowels among the various members of his herd. This is due to the large quantities of green grass eaten day by day. The effect of this must be more or less debilitating. To meet this weakness, it is a good plan to feed some grain. I do not know of anything better than good wheat bran.

By this time the lambs which came in March or April will have become large enough to take nips of grass by the side of their mothers if permitted to go out with them to pasture. You have noticed how the little scamps will creep through the fence while the old sheep have been shut in the yard. They seem to have a great appetite for the fresh grass. It is good for them, too. How they will scamper back into the yard the minute you come anywhere near them! How do the little rascals know they are out of place? Tell me that. Is it the warning call of the mother, who sees your every movement, and sends the word along to her offspring that over the fence is forbidden ground?

So the early summer drifts on. The clover comes on quickly; it must be cut. The cultivator must be kept going. Work presses. But how sweet our sleep is these nights! Kings do not sleep so.

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The Grange

BY MRS. MARY E. LEE

Brewster Owen Higley

WHEN a great man dies, a people mourn. They make the earth beautiful, and touch the best in our hearts. The educational world is much grieved at the death of Brewster Owen Higley, professor of history and political economy of Ohio University. I cannot speak of him save from the standpoint of a college-friend. His later life, so full of promise and helpfulness, was an inspiration, but it is the friend of college days I mourn. I think that there is no place that we come closer to the mind, the guiding purpose of a life, than in those days when we are preparing ourselves for the work God would have us do—than in the college days. I well remember the first impression he made on me when I came into the college life, a "prep" and he a sophomore. His tall form, rugged face and honest eyes told me that here was one marked for distinction. Later acquaintance ripened into a deep friendship. In all the years I never knew him to say or do a thing that was not befitting the greatest and best. He was absolutely honorable. I do not think that he could tell a lie. I never heard him repeat a word of scandal. His criticisms were never bitter. They were always in the light that one was not making the best of his opportunities. He was quiet, grave, an earnest, hard-working student, respected by every one who knew him, loved by those so fortunate as to come into close thought with his great soul. As librarian I had opportunity of knowing the class of reading done by each. His was always high and lofty, as befitting a high and lofty mind.

He was only forty-six when he died, of pneumonia. His funeral was conducted from the college he loved so well. I shall not speak of the prominent positions he held. They were many, and growing in number and importance as the strict integrity and manly courage, modesty and worth of the man became better known. He could not seek office—he was too great for that—but he took an active interest in all that pertained to his town. He was a model citizen of the cultured type. He came under the influence of Doctor Gordy early in his college career, and studied the history of our country then, and later at Chicago University and Harvard. He was always a keen learner.

All over Ohio, where he was known as institute lecturer and worker in educational fields, there will be sorrow. To those college-friends who knew and loved him there will be tears and aching hearts. His influence can never die. At the annual gatherings in June we will miss him, but his influence will be there, encouraging and inspiring. What Tennyson said of King Arthur could be truthfully said of him:

Indeed he was my own ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, nay, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and clung to her;
Who held his word as his God's.

Grange Hall Dedication

S. Effie McCormick writes of the dedication of Denmark Grange Hall as follows: "March 3d was a banner day for South Denmark Grange, Ashtabula County, Ohio, for on that day we dedicated our fine new hall. The grange was organized in June, 1901. It purchased a good lot where Center and Jefferson Roads crossed. This lot had a barn fifty by thirty feet, which we use for sheltering horses. There was a beautiful row of evergreens on two sides of the lot, and an old store-building, which has done duty as a hall.

"The new hall is twenty-four by fifty feet. On the first floor there is a banquet-room, a well-furnished kitchen and an entrance-hall. The second floor has the lodge-room, preparation and cloak rooms. It is finished throughout in hard wood, and is very attractive. When we look back at the time when we started we think that, although we may not excel, we certainly stand high in the ranks of the energetic, for we now have a membership of ninety-five and a hall worth twelve hundred dollars.

"The membership is composed of the most prosperous and intelligent men and women of this section. They realize the real object for which the grange was instituted, and work in harmony for the upbuilding of the community. I think the time will come when a granger's

home will be known by its thrifty crops, clean fence-rows, closely mown lawns and painted buildings.

"The forenoon was spent in visiting with the guests who came from neighboring granges. A delightful dinner was served in the dining-hall, where plates were laid for two hundred. At one o'clock Worthy Master R. J. Forsythe called the grange to order. Mrs. May Traxler presided at the organ. The dedication services were impressively conducted by State Master F. A. Derthick. Addresses were made by visiting Patrons, and Rev. O. B. Jones, of Ash-tabula. These were followed by an address by State Master Derthick that was the best that it was ever our good fortune to hear. He spoke of the educational and social features of the order in an eloquent manner, and showed how the grange had secured beneficent laws and prevented unjust legislation. He urged the grange to carefully guard the gates, that the unworthy might not enter; that the grange was becoming so powerful that many wanted the advantages of its membership, while not willing to make the effort to become worthy of the privilege.

"The music was especially fine. The day was all too short, and all felt that it was good to be there. An echo-song by the little Marx girls was highly appreciated."

This is surely a commendable record, and one that other communities will find to their advantage to imitate. This hall is several miles from any town. It represents the ideals of a people whose hearts are alive to the message of love and good-will. "We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great." We read of the templed groves of Greece, the altars built to the deities. When time shall have cast its soft luster over the present day, such halls as this and Freedom, that was described April 15th, will be encircled with a like halo of glory. They are temples dedicated to the enhancement of home and country, the upbuilding of a nation. Those who have had the energy to rear buildings to the worship of the good and the beautiful are to be commended, and that country is safe that has men and women of such spirit.

The Observatory

State Master Derthick of Ohio will spend one week each in New Jersey and New York in field-work. He is one of the best speakers in the National Grange, and is in great demand as a speaker.

One hundred and five granges were organized and reorganized in the first quarter of 1905. The leading states were as follows: Vermont, fifteen; Ohio, fourteen; Michigan, thirteen; Massachusetts, eleven.

Garrettsville Grange, Portage County, recently spent sixty dollars for costumes. They are classical, and lend a charm to the work that can be secured in no other way. Electric lights are thrown on the three Graces, who pose in appropriate postures.

The Western Reserve is making splendid progress. This is the home of State Master Derthick. February 20th he dedicated Freedom Grange Hall, March 3rd Denmark Grange Hall. Streetsboro Grange, of Portage County, gave a play to help raise funds for building a home of its own. Many other halls are in process of erection.

Now that the desire for organization is sweeping the land, it behooves the grange to guard its gates. There are many organizations of various natures springing up. There are many people whom it will be just as well to let go into these new lodges. It might be a good plan to encourage them as an outlet or intake. The grange stands for the highest and best development of the individual, the best individual.

The Eastern and Central states are very strongly organized, yet more new granges are being added there than in other sections. There are several reasons for this. The grange has existed longer, and its power is known, as well as its opportunities for bringing people together; large bodies of people are congregated near, and are organized, each to protect its own class; the farms are smaller, and the social instinct strongly developed by the contact. Its influence is being extended.

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Wedding to Cost Half a Million

THE wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, set for Monday, May 22d, will rival in pomp and splendor any similar event seen in modern Europe. It is estimated that this royal wedding will cost Germany over five hundred thousand dollars. The ceremony will be performed in the magnificent new cathedral in Berlin. On their wedding-day the bride will lack four months of being nineteen years old, while the groom will be aged twenty-three years and two weeks.

It is expected that twenty monarchs will see the wedding. Among these will be the King of Spain; the Czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael of Russia; the successor to the Austrian throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand; the Duke of Aosta, representing Italy, and the Prince of Wales, representing England. There will be the rulers of the smaller German states, twenty reigning monarchs and thirty royal princes and princesses, making a total of over fifty royal personages present at the wedding.

In the imperial castle immediately following the marriage will be held an elaborate state banquet, at which covers will be laid for five hundred guests.

The Crown Prince and his bride will spend their honeymoon at the former's estate in Silesia, and upon their return will take up residence in the old palace built by Frederick the Great in Potsdam.

The President's Reading

President Roosevelt is as vigorous with his reading as he is with anything he undertakes. The Washington correspondent to the New York "Tribune," touching upon the subject, says:

"President Roosevelt's love for the woods and the plains is no greater than his affection for books. In spite of the busy life he leads and the regular hours he keeps, it is safe to say that few men of affairs in the Republic read more than the President, and fewer yet extend their literary foraging over a wider range of subjects. In addition to 'keeping up' with the important newspapers and magazines, which is a task in itself, the President is always abreast of the times in fiction, science, historical research and art. Reading is to the President what rest is to most men. When he is at home in Oyster Bay, at the White House in Washington, or in his car speeding over the rails to meet some distant engagement, he is invariably found with a book in his hand when not engaged in some more important work. When he starts on a trip, be it long or short, his car is always stocked with volumes and magazines, and just as soon as he disposes of his correspondence, or bows out the visiting 'local committeemen,' who come to pay their respects, he takes up the book that lays open and continues to race through its pages. Aided by a wonderfully retentive memory, the President holds fast all that he reads, and is ready, if the need arise, to repeat almost any thought expressed by the author years after his eye had traveled with lightning speed over the page. That the President is able to cover so much ground in literature is due to his systematic sticktoitiveness."

A New Kind of Strike

According to the Rome correspondent to the London "Express," the employees of Italian railways have given to the world a new form of strike. Instead of leaving work, the strikers pursue a policy of obstruction, which lies in observing strictly the regulations of the railways. All sorts of delays are brought about by following the minutest detail of routine. Tickets are checked with studied deliberation; trains do not leave the stations until every passenger is seen safely inside and the doors have all been closed with scrupulous care. Passengers are not left behind if by any means a short delay will help them to enter the trains. The result is that the whole system is becoming rapidly disorganized. Time-tables are completely upset, and as the disturbance has taken place in the height of the tourist-season, the effect is very serious. Furious protests against delays are answered by the imperturbable employees, who draw attention to the fact that they are merely adhering to the rules of the service.

Destruction of Niagara Falls

Mr. Alton D. Adams, in "Cassier's Magazine" says Niagara Falls are doomed. Children already born may yet walk dry-shod from the mainland of New York State Reservation to Goat Island, across the present bed of Niagara River. The statement becomes at once one that makes a person sort of "stop, look and listen." Mr. Adams in his very interesting article declares that certain economic, industrial and political forces are working strongly toward this result, and that their course can be stayed only by the strong arm of the government.

The "Review of Reviews," in reviewing Mr. Adams' story, says: "It is not so much to their extraordinary height as to their great volume of water that the Falls owe their beauty and grandeur, and as Mr. Adams shows that any diversion of the water of the Great Lakes reduces by just so much the amount that goes over the Niagara cataract, it matters little as to this result whether water is taken from Lake Michigan at Chicago, or whether it is diverted from Niagara River near the upper rapids, and then discharged into the gorge below by means of canals, pipe-lines or tunnels. Either process, it is declared, will dry up the Falls if it be allowed to progress sufficiently far."

"According to the measurements of United States engineers in the years 1899 and 1900, the normal discharge of the Niagara River for mean level in Lake Erie is two hundred and twenty-two thousand cubic feet a second, but this sinks at times to as little as one hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and forty cubic feet a second; and this latter amount, great as it is, is said to be not beyond the capacity of water-power developments like those now in progress about Niagara to seriously diminish, or even dry up, the

Around the Fireside

Falls. From estimates lately obtained of the various hydraulic plants now operating or in course of construction on both sides of the Falls, it appears that these plants have a total capacity of about forty-eight thousand eight hundred cubic feet a second, or over twenty-nine per cent of the minimum discharge of the river. The consumption of water by the prospective new barge-canal, following the line of the present Erie Canal from Buffalo to Savannah, will greatly add to the drain, while the Chicago drainage-canal is already said to require as much as six thousand cubic feet a second. Mr. Adams estimates that the total diversion of water from the Great Lakes about Niagara Falls for all purposes will reach as much as sixty-seven thousand four hundred cubic feet a second when all of the works now operating or under construction are carried out to their full authorized capacity. This would be forty-one per cent of the minimum discharge of the Niagara River."

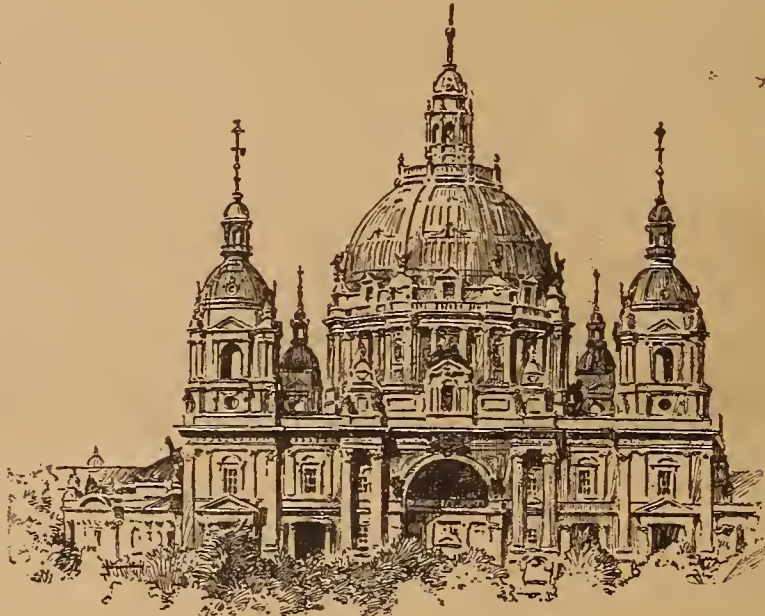
The Things Girls Should Do

If you would be popular, the eight little paragraphs printed in the "Brown Book" of Boston for April will interest you:

"First—Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed. A full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding.

"Second—Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

"Third—Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.



THE GREAT CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN

Recently erected by Emperor William, with a view to making it the mecca for all Protestants in the world. In this magnificent cathedral the wedding ceremony of the Crown Prince and Duchess Cecilia will take place

"Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

"Fifth—Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

"Sixth—Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you consider very entertaining nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly.

"Seventh—Be cheerful. If you have no great trouble on your mind you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will generally be avoided.

"Eighth—Above all, be cordial and sympathetic. True cordiality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated, and are certain to secure the popularity so dear to every one."

"Yankee Doodle" a German Tune

According to a United States consul in Germany, the tune "Yankee Doodle" is of German origin. The consul quotes from the "Frankfurter Zeitung":

"Johann Lewalter gives expression to his opinion that 'Yankee Doodle' was originally a country dance of a district of the former province of Kur-Hesse, called the 'Schwalm.' It is well known that the tune of 'Yankee Doodle' was derived from a military march played by the Hessian troops during the War of the Revolution in America. In studying the dances of the Schwalm, Lewalter was struck by the similarity in form and rhythm of 'Yankee Doodle' to the music of these dances. Last year at the 'kirmess' of the village of Wasenberg, when 'Yankee Doodle' was played, the young men and girls swung into a true 'Schwalm' dance, as though the music had been composed for it. During the War of 1776 the chief recruiting-office for the enlistment of the Hessian hired soldiers was Ziegenhain, in Kur-Hesse. It therefore seems probable that the Hessian recruits from the 'Schwalm' who served in the pay of Great Britain in America during the Revolutionary War, and whose military band instruments consisted of bugles, drums and fifes only, carried over with them the tune, known to them from childhood, and played it as a march."

Wholesale Destruction of Derelicts

When it is remembered that an average of two hundred and thirty-four abandoned vessels start their aimless wanderings each year in the North Atlantic, the constant danger from that source can be appreciated. An American war-vessel will seek out and destroy these derelicts. No danger of the sea is more dreaded by mariners than that from wrecked and abandoned hulks. Almost submerged as a rule—at any rate, barely awash—and scarcely distinguishable even by day, derelicts are the terror of seamen. A fine passenger-steamer, filled with unsuspecting passengers, booming along its course in the night, strikes one of these hidden perils without warning. Fortunate it is if she does not go down before her boats can be lowered. Just now, as one result of the stormy winter, many of these crewless and menacing wanderers are drifting in the great ocean-lanes. No fewer than twenty-seven have been reported off the American coast recently, floating in marine highways from Cuba to Newfoundland.

Music and the Postmaster-General

Postmaster-General Cortelyou finds in music that stimulus that other men find in drink, drugs or long walks. He is a fine pianist, and it is said of him that whenever the cares of his office have proved unusually heavy he goes to his den, and sits down at the piano in the dark. Mrs. Cortelyou knows when he is beginning to forget his official troubles, for then he ceases the minor strains with which he always begins, and passes to more lively music, generally finishing with a triumphant march.

Soldiers May Enlist at Eighteen

The new order issued by Adjutant-General Chaffee through Military Secretary Ainsworth calls the attention of recruiting-station officers to the fact that recruits may now be enlisted at the age of from eighteen years up, whereas only two years ago the department fixed the minimum-age limit at twenty-one years and cited a number of objections to the enlistment of men at less than twenty-one years. It was cited that recruits of less mature years are of an undecided disposition, and that they find it hard to conform to the strict discipline of the army.

The order is taken to mean that the regular army is to be increased in numbers—at least, the fixing of the minimum-age limit at eighteen years has always proved to have that result. What object the War Department has in view is not known, but it is believed the possible need of additional soldiers within the next few years is responsible for the extra efforts put forth for recruits.

The present number of men in the regular army is about sixty-five thousand, and now that younger men can be enlisted that number will be greatly increased in a very short time.

First Trains Through Simplon Tunnel

Traffic in the Simplon Tunnel, which penetrates the Alps between Italy and Switzerland, was inaugurated on the morning of April 2d last. Trains started simultaneously from both the Swiss and Italian sides, meeting at the center, where there was an iron door, which originally prevented the overflow of hot water. This door was opened on the above date for the first time.

Engineer Brandau, who had directed the work on the tunnel, conducted the Italian train, which part of the way was lighted by miners with lanterns. The train from the Italian end first reached the iron door, but a little later the train from the Swiss end was heard on the other side. There was a brief time spent in communicating through the door by means of hammering, and finally the door was knocked down amid frantic applause and cries of "Long live Switzerland" and "Long live Italy;" bands played the Italian royal march and the Swiss anthem, and the two parties embraced and kissed each other. Engineer Brandau shook hands with Engineer Rosemund, the director of the work on the Swiss side, and the Italian bishop, Novara, embraced the Swiss bishop, Sion. The latter then preached a short sermon, in the course of which he said, "The church blesses progress." In the name of God he blessed the tunnel.

A Monetary Problem

From the city of Chicago comes the story that there is a citizen there who is a law-breaker not from choice, but from peculiar circumstance. He has five hundred cents which he cannot spend, cannot sell, cannot melt, cannot give away, and which he cannot even keep. At least, if he does any of these things he is breaking the law, and he hasn't figured out the answer yet. He is proprietor of a number of penny-in-the-slot machines, and the five hundred pennies are the mutilated coin that the machines have accepted in six months without his consent. He can't sell them for junk copper, because they are bad money; he can't pass them off as pennies, for the reason that they are bad pennies, and might cause him to pass some time in jail, and if he keeps them he is liable for carrying bad money. Technically, the owner of the pennies violates the law whatever he does with them.

John Paul Jones' Grave

According to Joseph A. Wheelock, editor of the "Pioneer Press," St. Paul, the bones of John Paul Jones repose in Scotland. In a dispatch from Redlands, Cal., Mr. Wheelock says the grave of the former famous sea-fighter is not in Paris, as believed by Ambassador Porter, but in his birthplace, Dumfries, Scotland. A Mrs. Preston, who is a native of Dumfries, asserts Jones' mother caused the remains to be transported from Paris and buried in the Dumfries cemetery.

The grudge his countrymen bore him on account of his exploits in the capture and destruction of British ships is expressed in the stone over his grave, which, Mrs. Preston says, bears the inscription, "John Paul Jones, the Black Pirate."

Two Famous Churches

"LET the work of our fathers stand."

This is what the people of Boston said with decision when, some years ago, it was proposed to tear down the famous Old South Church to make room for the erection of a business block on the ground occupied by it. The Christ and the Old South churches and the beautiful old Common are very dear to the heart of every true Bostonian, and he stands ready to combat fiercely any attempt to raze either of the churches to the ground or use a single one of the fifty acres of the Common for commercial purposes. There were those who were not sure that it was not something of a desecration to allow the great Boston subway to be built under the Common, and they viewed with sorrowful disapproval the cutting down of some of the fine old elms to make room for a part of the work of the subway.

The Old South Church is probably the most revered building in the city of Boston, and no building in the United States has a better claim to the veneration of the American people. It is associated with some of the most interesting and important events in our American history. Washington, John Adams, John Hancock, Paul Revere and many more of the famous men of their day have entered its portals. When Faneuil Hall was found to be altogether too small to contain the great crowd at one of the meetings called to enter a violent protest against the tax on tea, and to forbid the landing of the tea in the ships in Boston Harbor, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Church. Samuel Adams was there, and it was he who followed a brief and fiery speech with a motion that not a single chest of the tea should be landed in the harbor, but that it must be sent back to England. Shouts of wild approval rang throughout the church, and it need hardly be added that the motion was carried. Then a recess was taken that the parties to whom the tea had been consigned might be given a chance to decline to receive it. They flatly refused to do this, and the next day the Old South was again filled with an eager and determined crowd of patriots ready to take extreme measures to resist oppression.

The second meeting was in progress when Governor Hutchinson sent a messenger commanding the people to disperse at once and go to their homes; but the blood of the patriots was hot with resentment, and the governor's message was jeered and hissed, and he came near being mobbed. For several days there were meetings in Faneuil Hall, that temple of free speech from that day to this, and in the meantime two more ships, the "Beaver" and the "Eleanor," came sailing into the harbor with more of the taxed tea on board. This increased the ire of the people, and they were more fiercely determined that the tea should not be landed. Governor Hutchinson was equally determined that it must and should be landed. On the 14th of December, in the year 1773, a third meeting was held in the Old South. Every inch of room was occupied, and those who could not force their way in waited outside for news of what was going on within the church. Two days later there was a fourth meeting, and seven thousand people gathered around the church. When a final message came from Governor Hutchinson that the tea must be landed, Samuel Adams stood up in the pulpit of the Old South, and uttered the words that have become a part of our American history: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Then followed one of the most dramatic and intensely interesting events in the whole history of the Revolution. Up from the wide gallery of the Old South went a cry in perfect imitation of the Indian war-whoop. A similar cry was heard on the narrow and crowded street, the Milk Street of that day and this. Suddenly there appeared from their places of concealment a band of "Mohawks," but there was no Mohawk blood in their veins—they were white men and patriots disguised as Indians. Imitating the half-stooping run of the Indians, they set off down the winding street toward the wharf at which Governor Hutchinson was determined to land the tea. The great crowd followed the "Mohawks," one of whom was Paul Revere. Reaching the wharf, the three ships containing the tea were quickly boarded, and the great "Boston Tea Party" was on. Three hundred and forty-two chests of the tea were soon floating in the briny water. Then the "Mohawks" disappeared, and the question of whether the tea should or should not be landed was settled for good and all.

Around the Fireside

The Old South was built in the year 1729, to take the place of its predecessor, built in the year 1670. During the siege of Boston the British troops used it as a riding-school, and desecrated the sacred edifice in many ways. They used the minister's library and some of the pews for fuel. The floor was covered with dirt and gravel, and one gallery was fitted up as a refreshment-booth. One may still see back of the pulpit of the Old South the window through which Joseph Warren entered to avoid possible interference by the British troops when he came to the church to deliver his "Boston Massacre" anniversary address three months before he lost his life at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The old church has been rightly called the "Sanctuary of Freedom," and we owe a debt of gratitude to the women of Boston and other places who rallied when the church was in danger of being sold and destroyed, and raised funds with which to purchase and forever preserve it. It stands in the very heart of the business district of the city, with a towering modern business block rising high above it. The interior now contains a fine collection of historical relics. Patriotic meetings are still held in the church, but the religious society once owning the church now has a magnificent temple in another part of the city.

The next church of historical interest in Boston is the famous Christ Church, from the tower of which flashed the lantern-lights that sent Paul

Paul Revere were hung, but many who have carefully investigated all the facts are of the opinion that it was from the steeple of Christ Church that the signal-lantern sent forth its warning. It is but a short distance from the church to the house in which Paul Revere was born, and in which he lived when he took his famous ride, the story of which Longfellow has made immortal in his famous poem. The beautiful stories of the Christ

and Old South Churches never lose interest, nor do those old and famous structures fail to attract every one who visits the Hub.

J. L. HARBOUR.

The Dread Cape Hatteras

A Captain Eells, of Boston, is to attempt the building of something permanent in the way of a lighthouse on the dreaded Diamond Shoals, off Cape Hatteras. The Captain is to build the beacon at his own expense, with Uncle Sam's permission, run it at his own expense for a year, and if the structure proves practicable and a success the seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars Congress has appropriated for such lighthouse will be his.

The loss of lives each year off Hatteras is appalling. The shoals make up one of the greatest graveyards of the Atlantic. The dreaded storms are partially responsible for the many shipwrecks off this coast, but more reason is found in the lack of a first-class lighthouse on this dangerous spot. The famous Eddystone Light of England and Minot's Light of Boston Harbor are both considered marvels of engineering, but compared with the difficulties connected with the building of the lighthouse on the Diamond Shoals they are as nothing. In both the former instances the engineers had a rock foundation to start on, while with the Hatteras proposition the structure must not only be put up out in the open sea, but must find its underpinning in sands—and shifting sands, at that. If Captain Eells succeeds in conquering the elements, his work will be one of the wonders of the world.

The World's Dandy is Dead

The Marquis of Angelsey, a prince of dandies, a fop and fool, is dead, his end coming at Monte Carlo recently, whither he had gone with a new pet system up his sleeve for breaking the bank at the famous gambling resort. This Marquis was extravagant beyond words, and this, with his many eccentricities, made him the talk of Europe for some years. Seven years ago he came into his title, since which time he squandered almost three millions. Of his many freaky doings, he is said to have spent a million alone on jewels, and nearly a like amount on private theatricals, in which he always appeared as the star. He had a huge motor-car with boudoir, the interior of which was all hand-painted. His evening clothes were ordinarily of blue or pink, and his dressing-gowns of the heaviest and richest brocades. He would spend a whole day devising a new color-scheme for neckties. He had three valets, and the uniforms they wore each day matched their master's.

Bankruptcy, brought about by his great extravagant pace, confronted him in 1902. The creditors from that time on allowed the Marquis fifty thousand a year, which his lordship considered "a mere pittance." The passing of this strange character, "The Diamond Marquis of Angelsey," as he was commonly called, leaves the society set across the pond without an interesting subject for small talk.

"So-Long"

The commonly used expression "so-long" was brought

to this country by the Norwegians. In that country "saa laeng" is a common form of farewell. It means the same as the "auf wiedersehen" of the German or the "au revoir" of the French. Among the early settlers in America were many Norwegians, and the phrase was picked up from them. They pronounce it with the soft "g," accompanied by a wave of the hand.

The Most Extravagant Ruler

The Sultan of Morocco is said to be perhaps the world's most extravagant ruler. Few of the things he buys give him any pleasure. Photography amused him for a time. A camera of gold at two thousand pounds came from London, and ten thousand francs' worth of photographic paper is said to have arrived in one day from Paris. In the few years since he took up the reins of government he has spent not only the whole revenue of his country, but also the savings of his predecessors.



THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH



THE CHRIST CHURCH

Revere speeding away on his midnight ride to Lexington. Once the aristocratic, or "court," end of Boston, the North End is to-day the slum district of the city, and almost its entire population is foreign. Christ Church is seldom used, but there is always a patriotic service there on Bunker Hill Day, and the chimes are rung. There are eight bells in this chime, and on one of them appears the following inscription: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British empire in North America, A.D. 1744."

The belfry of the old church is just as it was when General Gage stood in it and watched the progress of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown. Not far distant one may still see the house in which lived Robert Newman, who hung the lantern in the tower as a signal to Paul Revere. The clock below the rail in this old church has been telling the time since 1746, for this is the oldest church edifice now standing in Boston. The silver communion-service, the "Vinegar Bible" and the prayer-books were given to the church in 1733 by George II. The great christening-basin is of still more ancient origin, having been in the church since the year 1730. Here one may see the first bust of George Washington. It was made by Houdon, a French sculptor, and it was placed in the church ten years after the death of Washington. It is claimed by many that it was not from the belfry of this church, but from the belfry of the Old North Church, not far distant, that the signal-lanterns of

Manners at Home

It is too often the case that we save our best manners for company. We act as though we felt in regard to them somewhat as did the old minister in the early day who said, "Export religion? No, indeed! We have none to export—we need it all at home." Politeness and religion are both alike in the respect that the more we use, the more we have. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

The small, sweet courtesies must needs be practised at home if we desire to acquire the art of using them away from the family hearth. Not only should they be practised that they may be learned, but that the loved ones of our own families may be made the happier thereby. It is a great mistake to save our sweetest smiles for strangers or mere acquaintances, or even for our dear friends.

Habits of politeness must be striven for if we realize what true politeness means. Too much is often taken for granted in the home. We too often become worn out with the stress and strain of daily toil, then almost unconsciously vent our nervousness and weariness upon those in the beloved home circle. "These things ought not so to be."

I do not believe such cases as the following, that I have just read in the newspaper, occur as often as these "paper men" try to make out, and yet I suppose there is a vein of truth in what is said:

"The old lady with the gray locks bending over the wash-tub by the back kitchen door, doing the Monday washing all day, has a beautiful, accomplished daughter in the parlor playing 'Just One Girl' on the piano, but it makes no difference to the 'old lady.' She knows she has to do the washing and get the dinner in time for 'John.'"

There are no accomplishments that can begin to take the place of those of the home virtues of love, helpfulness, cheerfulness, patience and forbearance, which may all be summed up in the one word "politeness." I believe we have to exert ourselves to a greater degree to be truly courteous at home than when away. We must have a fund of the charity that suffereth if need be, yet is kind; of charity that feels neither envy nor jealousy; of that which is modest and self-forgetful, that which does not 'vaunt' itself; charity that "is not easily provoked"—ah, that is it!—"that thinketh no evil."

We are all very much like the old man who told his wife that everybody was peculiar "except you and me, and you're a little so." We find our own loved ones at times "a little so." Forbearance with these peculiarities will help to prevent friction. We need a great deal of tact at home as well as abroad. If we do not possess it naturally, we can acquire it; we ought to do so, by all means. Wherever we may be, we can form the habit of avoiding that which will hurt the feelings of others—not only personally avoiding it, but getting others to do so by parrying whatever conversation may be tending toward the unpleasant. It will be a splendid use to make of our talents, and beneficial to ourselves as well as to others.

Should a cloud arise, find its silver lining, and so exhibit it that the darker portion be obscured. One can oftentimes drive away the clouds before they "settle," but when they are present dispel them by sunshine, politeness—GOOD MANNERS.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

Chicken Dishes

CHICKEN WITH MACARONI.—Cut a cold boiled chicken into quite small pieces; have ready a pint of cream sauce; put a layer of boiled macaroni broken into short lengths in the bottom of a baking-dish, next a layer of the cream sauce dotted over with little lumps of cheese, then a layer of chicken, and so continue until the dish is full; finish with sauce sprinkled with bread-crumbs.

CHICKEN WITH PEAS.—Cut the chicken up as for frying, and put in a saucepan with about a quart of



INFANTS' CROCHET SACQUE WITHOUT YOKE

shelled peas, a tablespoonful or two of butter, a sliced onion, a sprig or two of parsley, and moisten with rich sweet milk if necessary; set on the fire, dusting with a little flour; cover closely, and stew until done. Add a little salt, pepper and sugar before serving.

GERMAN FRIED CHICKEN.—Quarter a spring chicken, and season the pieces with pepper, salt and mace; flour them, and then dip in the beaten yolk of an egg; fry a golden brown in hot lard; dish them garnished with the liver and gizzard fried separately, and with fried parsley. Serve with a tomato salad.

CHICKEN ON TOAST.—Cut up a chicken, and boil it in as little water as possible; cook slowly in a covered vessel until tender, then add half a pint of rich milk with a few lumps of butter. Add a little chopped parsley when ready to serve. Have the bread, which has been cut thin, toasted a light brown, lightly buttered,



The Housewife

and arranged on a platter, then pour over the prepared chicken, and serve at once.

CHICKEN TURNOVER.—Put a good-sized young chicken in enough water to cover, and boil until tender enough to slip the bones from the meat; season with salt, pepper and a little celery; bake a light short-cake in a circular pan; split the cake, butter the lower half, and arrange the chicken on it; thicken the gravy with a little flour, add a tablespoonful of rich cream and a lump of butter, pour over the chicken on the lower crust, then place the top section of the cake over all.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.—Joint a year-old chicken in as many pieces as possible; slice a large onion finely, and fry in a tablespoonful of drippings; when nicely browned put in the chicken, add salt and pepper, and fry until

nicely browned, then pour on sufficient hot water to cover the chicken, and stew until perfectly tender. Arrange plain boiled rice around the edges of a platter, pour the prepared chicken in the center of the platter, and serve hot.

CHICKEN WITH PORK.—Cut up into pieces a chicken which is too large to fry, and put the pieces in a baking-pan; add a few slices of fresh pork, season with salt and pepper, pour boiling water around them, cover the pan and put in the oven; when the pieces are browned on one side, turn them over; when done, take out the meat, and make a gravy by browning a tablespoonful of flour in the pan, pouring in sweet milk and stirring until it is of the right consistency.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Heat a pint of milk with a slice or two of onion; beat together the yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of flour with milk enough to make a smooth paste; pour the hot milk on this mixture, and strain into the double boiler; cook ten or twelve minutes, add a little mustard and salt, a lump or two of butter and a pint of cold boiled chicken chopped fine; pour out into a pan to get cold, then cut out into small squares, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

MRS. W. L. TABOR.

Folding Scrap-Basket

Select a dainty pattern in furniture-chintz, of which one and one half yards will be required. Cut from medium-weight cardboard an octagon nine and one half inches in diameter, and eight slats four inches wide by thirteen inches long to fit each side of the bottom. Cover both sides of the bottom piece with the chintz, overcasting the edges neatly. Join the shortest ends of a piece of the chintz thirty-two by thirty-six inches. Make a half-inch hem on both the widest ends. Measure off for the eight pieces of cardboard after having folded the chintz the depth for a casing, and stitch the divisions. Place a tape in the lower hem, and draw it together tight, insert the bottom, and the article is complete, and ready for service until soiled, when by removing the slats the case may be laundered, and thus freshened up for a new period of usefulness. By removing the bottom the whole can be folded and carried in a small space when necessary. It will be found very useful to the student when at college, and an acceptable gift to the one who makes his home with the stranger.

H. E.

Infants' Crochet Sacque Without Yoke

Materials.—Two and one half hanks of the finest white Saxony, one half hank of colored Saxony and two and one fourth yards of No. 2 ribbon.

Yoke.—Crochet a chain of seventy-six stitches.

Second row.—Single crochet across the chain, taking up the back of the stitch to make a rib; widen in the twentieth and twenty-fourth stitches from each side of the front for the shoulder; this should leave thirty stitches across the back. Continue thus, widening in widening until seventeen ribs in depth.

Skirt of jacket.—Make a shell of four double crochets in every stitch of the yoke; in each widening make a shell of six stitches; repeat seven rows, then drop eight shells for the sleeve, make a chain to reach across the space left, and join to the back. Continue as before, back and forth with the four double-crochet shells, for ten rows, which makes the required length for the sacque.

Take up the sleeve part, and crochet around and around the arm-hole, not widening for ten rows, the length of the sleeve from the arm-hole. Make four rows of plain single crochet for wristband, and finish with a large scallop of six double-crochet stitches drawn out for a larger shell. Around the neck make a row for the ribbon-casing, and finish with the large shells all around the sacque. Colored or white crochet silk in single crochet around this border gives a pretty finish to the garment. The ribbon should be of the same color as the border.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

The Government of Children

Children in the kindergarten are being taught Froebel's gospel of respect for the rights of others, and this is well, but one is sometimes constrained to think that parents need this training the most, after all. Perhaps this applies especially to mothers, as they have most to do with the training of children in the home. A mother who allows her children to become disobedient and unruly, a terror alike to teachers and friends, has failed to respect the rights of others, because it is unfair to inflict upon others the results of her own neglect of duty and lack of judgment. More than this, she has disregarded her own and her children's rights. A mother has the right to expect love and respect from her children, but not unless she inspires these qualities. There is a well-intentioned but greatly overdone sentiment among many that insists upon a halo about every mother's head because she is a mother, but the halo of love and reverence and respect belongs only to that mother who has earned it.

A mother who tells an untruth to her child in order to induce him to obey her, who makes a practice of promising what she does not intend to fulfil, and who takes no pains to control her own temper, yet demands unvarying self-control of the child, is not going to inspire either love or respect in the heart of that child for long. Habits of truthfulness, justice and self-control must be a part of herself before she can hope to make them a controlling influence in the lives of her children. Her mistakes may be numberless, and her errors in judgment deplorable, but if she is genuine she can always depend upon her children's love and loyalty. It is only insincerity that is inexcusable.

No matter how much we may do for our children, we are treating them most unfairly when we fail to control them and train them in obedience and discipline. This is true not only because spoiled children are a nuisance to every one, instead of a pleasure, as is their right, but because spoiled children make spoiled men and women. The habits of childhood are hard to overcome, and the selfish, inconsiderate children are some day going to make a great deal of unhappiness for others who perhaps have been brought up quite differently.

The best citizens and home-makers are those who have been taught in the home habits of self-government and respect for others' rights. Many a man's failure in life is due to the fact that he never learned these first principles of self-control through discipline, and it is equally true that many a home has been wrecked because of a mutual inconsideration for the rights of one another. MRS. GERTRUDE THURSTON.

Pointers for Fly-Time

It does seem as if there are no places so tormented with flies as the kitchen and dining-room of a farm-house. No one could compute how much the pest adds every year to the work and worry of farmers' wives. And it does seem strange that since one knows that summer is sure to bring this burden and annoyance there should be so little done for prevention. And it is, and probably will continue to be, purely individual effort. The state of New Jersey has taken up in a thorough and scientific manner the annihilation of her famous mosquitoes, but it will likely be a long time before any government aid will come to woman in her fight with the obnoxious fly.

The use of screens for doors and windows is almost universal in the city, but this is not yet the case in the country. Many homes can be found where poison, traps and driving the pests out are the only remedies employed.

It has recently been stated on good authority that ninety-five per cent of all flies are hatched in horse-manure. This fact alone would account for the farmer's wife having hordes to contend with. Preventive measures ought to prevail far more than they do. The stable and its yard are often sadly neglected. The farmer himself should fight the flies instead of laying on his wife's shoulders the burden from his own untidy methods. The disposal of garbage, too, is often poorly attended to, and the back yard is far from being an attractive spot. Destruction of the fly in the egg stage and thorough screening of the house are measures of prevention which could very easily be adopted, and they would carry us through fly-time with a great deal less care and worry than is inevitable at the present time.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

Collar of Bruges Lace

Lace-making is simplified so much by the use of the new braids that anybody with taste can construct dainty neckwear with little work. A thread is woven in the braids by which it is drawn into the shape of the design, instead of the tedious old-time way of overcasting. The thread has the small knots woven on it, which is characteristic of this kind of lace. With a combination of the different braids a very fair imitation of Duchesse lace is produced, and collar-and-cuff sets add materially to the nobbiness of a silk shirt-waist suit when a change is desired.

H. E.

Orange Filling for Cake

Take the juice and grated rind of two oranges, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, two cupfuls of sugar, the white of one and the yolks of two eggs; place the oranges, water and sugar in a saucepan, beat the yolks with the other tablespoonful of water, and stir in the mixture in the saucepan; cook one minute, and stir in the beaten white of one of the eggs. Do not use until it has become cold.



SCRAP-BASKET



The Housewife

The Discontented
Country Girl.

BY HILDA RICHMOND
II.—DANGERS

THE first subject that comes into the minds of the anxious parents is that of the grave danger in allowing the daughter of the family to seek employment in town. There are women who lie awake nights to think of brutal murders and wicked men and evil conversations, and every other sort of crime that fills the papers, simply because their daughters want to work in town. While it is useless to deny that crime is rampant, yet we hear of horrible things happening even in the secluded country homes, and it is unhealthy and morbid to imagine evil continually. A man who constantly grieved because his son was employed in an office in a three-story town building fell out of a wagon in his own barn-yard and broke his neck, while the son is living yet. Try to look on the bright side of things, and give the young people to understand that you have implicit confidence in their judgment and common sense.

Suppose the young girl tries clerking. The parents are sure the employer or her fellow-clerks are not the sort of people their daughter should associate with, and many times that is true. But is there any safer place for a young girl than in a store where there are many clerks? She will speedily learn all about the place, and will not stay if it is uncongenial or if she is treated unkindly. As a rule business men are respected and respectable, and they will not employ any but persons of good character. Sometimes a clerk obtains a place under false pretenses, but he or she is speedily found out and discharged, while if the employer himself is a man of impure life it is easy to find it out before allowing the girl to apply for a position. In a busy store the young girl learns to be accurate, patient, obliging, courteous and quick—qualities she will need for any vocation in life—and she must be neat and tidy in appearance. If you can choose the occupation for your daughter, or influence her in the least, by all means put her in a store at first, for she will acquire a great deal of needed wisdom there in a short time.

But some one says the danger to young girls lies in being out on the street at night, exposed to sights and sounds which do no one good. Very true; but the young girl who hopes to succeed will not venture on the street alone at night. Girl clerks manage to find some one going their way on nights when they must stay late at the stores, and it is safe in most towns for a group of girls to go home even at ten o'clock on busy nights, for if the stores are open until that hour there will be many people on the streets. The young country girl will find out in a few weeks that going to concerts or evening entertainments alone is entirely out of the question if she does not know it before beginning her work in town. To any young girl who is thinking of coming to town for a "good time" let me say that you will soon find yourself out of a position if you go out alone late at night. People are quick to note these things, and your employer will find it out in an incredibly short time. "She is one of the kind of girls who go out alone at night" is all many business men want to know. To be seen alone at night after dark on the streets, or even in company with other girls going to all sorts of entertainments, argues ill for the young girl, and it is her own fault if she falls into danger of this sort. Many landladies will not board girls of that sort.

Rest assured, my dear country girls, that your career will come to a sudden close unless you put work first always. If you are discontented with your few social pleasures now, you will not be able to better your condition in town, for you simply cannot combine business and pleasure in equal quantities. Your indulgent mother may allow you to sleep late after a party, but in town you will have to be on time or take the consequences. Most stores require at least

two evenings of work of their helpers, and that leaves only four, counting Sunday out. You must have time to bathe, to mend your clothes, to write your letters, and to do countless other things, and usually you will be tired enough when night comes to stay at home and rest.

One thing may be said about the work of young girls in offices where they are thrown almost entirely in the company of one man—their employer—and that is that it is their own fault if they are not treated respectfully. The average lawyer, doctor, or any other person who employs a girl to do his work, is a busy man of the business world, and expects his helper to be a mere machine during office-hours. That does not mean she is ill-treated or in any danger, but it does imply that she should try none of the dangerous wiles young girls think it necessary to practise when a man is about. He is secure in his place in the world, and it will not hurt him in the least to pay a little attention to a girl who plainly shows that she expects attention, but the world will not deal as kindly with her. A foolish girl will soon come to grief in any position, while a sensible one will never be in the slightest danger.

After all, the dangers in the business world are no greater than elsewhere, and the girl who leads a pure life at home is no better than the one who works for her daily bread and keeps herself unspotted from the world while doing so. "Quality is in one's self after all is said," and that is true the world over. Not that there are no dangers, for there are, but that the young people have been taught to conquer them all in the battle of life should be the aim of all parents. Send your girls out into the busy world well equipped in heart and brain and body, and they will never disgrace your name or bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Baby's Rattle

For the amusement of the small monarch of the household what can be more attractive than a bright, noisy rattle? Who would imagine a plain little embroidery-hoop could be put to such a use? All that is required for the transformation is five yards of colored ribbon—blue, pink or red or a combination of colors—wrapped closely over the hoop, and crossed six times over the diameter in fan-shape.

On the broad part of the fan, on the wooden ring, sew six small bells that will jingle. Finish the other end with a pretty bow of the ribbon, and it is ready to be presented to his lordship.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Morning-Glory Leaf Doily in Battenberg

The doily illustrated is a new design. To form a centerpiece to go with a set of these doilies, cut a circle of linen, on it arrange six doilies so that the third (or less if preferred) of each doily is on a line with the edge of the linen, then baste them firmly in position, and buttonhole around the inner edge. Carefully trim away the fabric from beneath the doilies, and neatly turn a narrow hem, or overcast with the finest of stitches.

MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

This and That

Don't use hard water for bathing. Soften it with borax or oatmeal.

Use boiling water when it first boils, or the gases will escape and the water become flat.

Before broiling, sprinkle salt on the fire. This will give the blue flame so much desired.

Ham and bacon will have a better flavor if cooked in the oven than if fried in the usual way.

The flavor of a cup of cocoa is improved by sprinkling powdered cinnamon over the top before serving.

Stewed prunes will taste better if a little corn-starch is dissolved in cold water and stirred into the fruit a few minutes before removing from the fire.

MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.



MORNING-GLORY LEAF
DOILY



BABY'S RATTLE



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A BLUE FLAG IDYL

BY ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Loamwold is the farm of the wealthy Farvester family. Morris Harmer, a young neighbor educated to scientific farming, has been asked by Mr. Farvester to give his farm-help a lesson in spraying apple-trees. Harmer was in the act of spraying a tree directly in front of the room of Josephine Farvester, when the girl's sudden appearance between the draperies at the window startles Harmer, and he loses his footing and falls to the ground. A sprained ankle and a severe shock keep him in the Farvester home for three days. Morris' mother, ambitious for her son, who lacks sufficient funds for the carrying out of his scientific ideas, hopes for a match with Josephine, but Morris is averse because of the wide difference in their circumstances. The two families exchange calls, and Morris and Josephine arrange to attend a grange picnic. At the picnic the two families are on very friendly terms, and toward evening Morris takes Josephine for a boat-ride on the river. When they return they find that Mrs. Harmer has gone home with the Farvesters, leaving Josephine to accompany Morris.

CHAPTER V.

FROSTS came in September, and Morris went through his corn-field, marking the stalks which bore the shock of winter's harbinger best. The most perfect ears growing on these stalks he would save for his seed-corn next year. He meant to do this year after year, hoping in time to develop a very hardy variety that might bring him fame and fortune. But the crop which promised to bring him in the most for immediate use was his onions, of which he would have over one thousand bushels. His potatoes, though fewer in acreage, had done nearly as well. Altogether it was going to be a very successful year, and he was buoyant with the brightest hopes.

Nothing had arisen to mar the growing friendship between Morris and the daughter of the rich Farvester, though his very wealth at times sat on the young man's dreams like some hobgoblin that would frighten him away. Morris was modest, and it seemed the greatest presumption on his part to aspire to the hand of this favored girl. Moreover, he took particular pride in his own achievements, and had no wish to gain wealth by marrying into a rich family. He did not push his suit, therefore, as he might have done had Josephine been the daughter of a poor man.

It was not necessary for him to seek her out directly to enjoy her society. Her brother Grant and he were members of their party's district committee, and during the political campaign of that autumn many conferences were held at Loamwold. These were frequently short, and then the men would adjourn to the parlor, where the ladies received them. Josephine had considerable talent as a pianist, and Morris and Grant possessed very fine voices—with such accomplishments there was never a dull moment.

After the November election Morris thought he would have no excuse for visiting Loamwold, and if he continued to go there every one must see that it was only to enjoy Josephine's society. But the grange of which they were members unwittingly gave him his opportunity by making the two a committee to study the needs and report a plan for beautifying the country roads in their vicinity. This was even better than the campaign committee, and would serve all winter; for the report was not to be made until March, when it would be decided what work should be done that spring and summer.

Those were happy evenings for all. Morris always brought his mother with him, and she and Mrs. Farvester had their visit while the "committee" read books and pamphlets, studied the relative value of trees for decorative purposes, and dipped into treatises on good roads. The dullest subject became enveloped in a rosy light when their eyes met, and many a half-hour they wandered to things purely personal.

Meanwhile, however, Morris held himself in admirable restraint when one considers the passion that had come to fill his heart. Great as was his pleasure in these frequent meetings, it was not unalloyed. The restraint cost him considerable, as he chafed not a little under it. Heretofore he had been content to wait for wealth; now he was growing impatient. Yet he was not a poor man—his father had left several thousands. But wealth to him meant at least one hundred thousand—an ability to give Josephine a home at once as good as her father's.

The second year the crops were poor, and Morris was quite discouraged. His search for promising new varieties among the neighboring farmers had profited him nothing. Even the grape which Farvester had

grown in his greenhouse, and which Morris and Josephine had watched with much interest, turned out to have such large seeds as to make it undesirable. It was too early to expect anything from his corn.

"Yet I must wait for that," he thought, gloomily. "But I shall be an old man then," he reflected, in despair. "What reason have I to think she will wait—or accept me now if I should ask her? And if she did accept me, it would be galling to think what a sacrifice she had made."

In his perplexity he grew restless and uneasy. There was only one thing comforting about the whole matter—his attentions had never been so marked as to link his name significantly with Josephine's in the country gossip. No one could know of his disappointment but his mother, and it saddened him when he thought of her urging him on in a course which in the light of Farvester's thousands seemed almost mercenary. People would judge him so, at least, and he was very sensitive to public opinion.

He had reached this position in that second autumn, when the failure of the crops bore the heaviest upon him. The action of the frost on his corn had been marked again, and again the most promising ears had been saved to husk by hand later on for use as seed the next year. He was engaged on this work one early November day, in his barn in company with his helper, when he chanced upon a red ear. Josephine was in his thoughts at the time, despite the garrulousness of his companion, who required no encouragement to talk on forever. With the blood warming about his heart, Morris recalled the significance that attached to the red ear in the days of Evangeline, and sighed to think the world had ever departed from those Arcadian times.

"Now, there's Farvester's gal," his fellow was say-

at once and forever. Heretofore he had sought excuses to visit at Loamwold; now he must stay away, and give any reason but the true one for doing so.

He was thankful now that by no word had he ever shown his heart to Josephine—his behavior had never been more than that of an ardent admirer. He could be as proud as they at Loamwold. A fortune-hunter! How the thought made his cheeks burn! Yes, a fortune-hunter, he admitted; but the fortune should come from his own achievements on the little farm that was his. He would build in the years to come a character that should stand as far above money as the heavens above the earth.

The next evening, when his mother suggested that they run up to Loamwold for a short call, he begged her to excuse him, and pleaded fatigue from a hard day's work. She accepted his explanation then, but when he offered the same reason for not going at her third invitation, she knew there was something back of it, for the thing was so different from his habit. Mrs. Harmer turned from the glass where she had stopped to give a touch to her hair. She was a handsome woman, not yet fifty, whose appearance justified every care she gave her toilet. "What is the trouble, Morris? Has Josephine refused you?" she asked, coming toward him, and looking down upon his dejected head, as he sat in his chair by the evening lamp. Her voice had sympathy for him, but anger for the girl.

"No, mother; I have never spoken a word of love to her," he replied, looking up, and meeting her eyes frankly. "But it seems to me best that I should not go there as I have been. I don't wish them to think there is any meaning in the change. You must visit there afternoons, the same as before. I shall go there sometimes. I wish to be friends with them all. You understand me, I hope, mother? It is simply that that old dream is to remain a dream forever, and one best forgotten. Please don't question me. Trust me, or you will add to my unhappiness. It will not last long—the old ambitions are already returning." His face revealed such strength of character that she knew it must be as he said.

"You must let me say this, Morris," she insisted, unwilling to put the matter aside without the last word. "I do think your action is extreme. If I did not know you so well I should think you were faint-hearted. But I believe Josephine loves you, and would—"

"No, mother; it's only her friendly way," he interrupted. "Because you love me you think all the world must see the same virtues in me. Anyway, I couldn't marry her against the wishes of her family, could I?"

They argued this question for a time, but it ended in his winning all that he contended for—a promise that she would aid him in every way possible to regain the peace of mind that had been his up to the time that Josephine Farvester came into their lives.

Morris now plunged into work and study as never before. Winter came on, with heavy snows, and the farm-houses along the block-

aded roads seemed more isolated than ever. In nearly every one, however, was a telephone, and the women often found time to call one another up and exchange friendly greetings and make neighborly inquiries, thus robbing their lives of much of its old-time monotony. Josephine one day talked with Mrs. Harmer over the wire.

"Are you people sick?" she asked.

"No."

"We haven't seen anything of you in a long time," continued the high key.

"Morris is pretty busy, and we don't get much time to go out."

"Busy in the winter? We've always called this our dull time," returned the girl over the line.

"Oh, it's one of his articles for a farm-journal that's taking his time now," explained the mother.

"I wonder if he knows we're on the committee for decorating the church for Christmas, he and I."

"I guess not," replied Mrs. Harmer.

"Well, we are," returned Josephine. "I'm chairman, and I shall expect a lot of work out of him. You tell him so. I don't suppose he's there so I can talk with him now."

"No."

"He never is," she declared, with pretty impatience. "Well, when are you coming up to see mother?"

"Why, this afternoon if I can. Morris is going to town, and will drive me up and call for me later."



Josephine threw a shawl over her head, and came down the path to his sleigh

ing, as he stooped over a bushel of corn he was about to carry away to its bin. "She's the biggest ketch in all this 'ere country. But I tell you the feller's got to be rich what gits her. My sister 'at works there heard 'em talkin' 'bout it. They're mighty 'fraid some fortune-hunter'll git her. She heard 'em talkin' 'bout some feller in partic'lar, but Sally she didn't ketch his name. I tell her 'at they're savin' Jo fur that rich feller what comes up from Detroit to see Grant. To see Grant—shucks!"

"Have you got that bin full?" Morris called sharply to him.

"Aw—well—not quite," returned the other, and started off with the corn.

It angered Morris to have rough, uncouth fellows speak familiarly of Josephine, as this one had. But there was something else that hurt him more just then. "Didn't ketch his name," he repeated, his face burning and a strange pain flooding his chest. His extreme sensitiveness forced a conviction on him. He had no doubt he could supply that name, and when his helper returned he rose and left him to be alone with his emotions.

His mother noticed how preoccupied he was at dinner, but refrained from questioning him. That night he slept little, for a great problem still confronted him. As time passed the feeling grew stronger that he must shape his life to a new idea or wreck it clinging to a vain hope. He must give Josephine up

"Good! We shall keep you to tea. You tell Morris so, so he can make his plans. He must stay, too."

"Thank you, but that would be quite impossible. You see, he has all the chores to do now."

"Oh, but you must. I won't hear a word of refusal. Then we shall see you soon. Good-by." And she rang off.

Mrs. Harmer reported the conversation to Morris. "You must take me there this afternoon without fail. I know you said you would, but you mustn't let anything prevent you this time. It's a month since I've been at Loamwold. Josephine and her mother have been here three times. I think you could stay to tea, too, if they wish it—"

"No, mother; now, don't begin to talk that way."

"You haven't seen Josephine in weeks. You didn't wish your action to appear marked. It will if you insist on refusing all their invitations. What are you going to do about trimming the church?"

Morris looked troubled. It was only that he ought not to see Josephine; aside from that he felt it was his duty to aid in every possible way.

"I don't know," he replied, and turned to his books.

At dusk he drove to Loamwold for his mother, but despite renewed urging, declared it impossible to come into the house. Josephine threw a shawl over her head, and came down the path to his sleigh. She looked very sweet in her trim winter gown, and the biting winds gave rich color to her face. Morris saw it all, and his heart felt a probing at its old wounds.

"I think you're real mean, Mr. Harmer," she said, with a childish pout, but the flush in her face was very womanly. She was quite in the habit of calling him Morris now, and this mocking formality was calculated to mark her displeasure. "You know you could come in if you would. And your mother wishes very much to stay. Besides, I wanted to talk with you about trimming the church."

"I'm sorry to displease you," he began, when she interrupted.

"Oh, I don't believe you care a bit!"

He tried to look injured at having his word called in question, but as he looked into her great blue eyes it only added to the unrest within. "You ought not stand out here in the cold," he declared.

"But if the committee won't come to the chairman, the chairman must go to the committee, or the work will suffer."

His mother was coming down the path to them now.

"Call me up on the phone," he said, relenting a little, "and I'll do anything I can."

"Will you come to the church and help with the others?"

"Yes."

And then he drove away, but he carried with him a picture of her with the wind rudely tugging at her skirts, seeking out the short locks of hair about her brow and whisking them before those eyes that could not be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

Ropes were to be wound with evergreen branches, and hung in festoons about the audience-room of the church, and there was to be a large Christmas tree for the Sunday-school children. Over the phone Morris agreed to get the greens, and carried to the church several loads, which he cut from a low piece of land two miles away. On the day the decorating was to be done Morris came as he had promised, but resolved to see as little of Josephine as possible, and determined to come away at the first opportunity. He found a dozen people there, most of them girls between twelve and twenty, but three or four boys were making so much disturbance that Josephine found it almost impossible to direct the work. A stern command from Morris, who dropped on the unruly element like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, restored quiet in a twinkling.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said Josephine, putting out her hand for him.

"Why, your fingers are like icicles," he declared, and the next instant he was rubbing her hand in both his own. He made it appear like play, but their eyes met, and something that was not play passed between them.

"I know they are," she returned, "and my feet, too." And she rose, and began swinging herself about up and down on her toes to warm them. "None of the boys seems to know how to make the furnace work. It has smoked dreadfully, and we've had to have the doors and windows open."

"I'll see to that," said Morris, with determination, and left at once for the basement.

Five minutes later, as he worked in the dim light of the furnace-room, he heard the dainty steps of some one picking her way through the rubbish that littered the place. He had corrected the dampers, and opened the draft, so the flames were now roaring up the great chimney.

"Do you know, I've never been down here," called Josephine, "and I had such curiosity to see the place. My! I think the men might clean it up."

"Don't come any further. You'll ruin your shoes," warned Morris.

"Oh, here's a board I can walk on." And gathering her skirts in one hand, she gave a little spring that landed her by his side. She stood panting with excitement and exertion, turning her eyes about the barren place, her face beaming like a child's. "Isn't it an ugly spot? Morris, where does that great pipe go to? Do you know, I'm as ignorant as a fish of a furnace!"

He explained the working of the various flues, how the room was warmed above, and the philosophy of air-currents. He threw open the furnace-door to add more fuel, and the flames leaped out into the cellar, lighting up the dark corners with its red tongues. The girl leaned forward, and passed her cold hands swiftly through the dancing heat. Morris cried, "You will burn yourself!" and seizing her arms, drew them away. But she freed herself, and like a wilful child, returned to the flames. Again he drew her hands away, and held them this time. "Do you wish to burn yourself?" he demanded, sternly, and then with a quick movement of his foot kicked the door shut. In an instant

the place was as dark as night. She laughed merrily, for the whole thing was sport to her.

She stepped back now as if to return to the room above. "You don't have to stay here to watch it, do you?" she asked, her tone a wish for him to follow.

"No," he answered, and stepped before her to lead the way.

"My! I didn't know it was so dark down here. Or is it the red flames that have blinded my eyes? Do you know, this reminds me of our first adventure—in the greenhouse. Do you remember?"

"Do you think I can ever forget it?" he questioned in return.

"Have you ever told any one of it?" she asked, with warm enjoyment of this secret of theirs, recalled at intervals.

"Not a soul."

"Neither have I," she joined. And then they mounted the stairs to the audience-room.

Morris went and stood over the register in the floor to see if the warm air came through, and then to the cold-air register near the door to see that it was properly adjusted.

"Oh, Mr. Harmer," Josephine called across the room. "Bob says he must go now. Won't you help me—break up the branches, you know, while I wind them in place?"

Bob had been one of the unruly boys.

Morris could not refuse to help her, though it placed them quite alone at one side of the room.

"How do you like my scheme of decoration?" she asked, as they worked together.

"It will look very pretty, I am sure."

"Have you no suggestions to offer?"

"None."

"I'm afraid you're not interested," and her eyes lingered on his with something of that personal note.

"I am," he protested.

They worked in silence for a time.

"What have I done, Morris, to offend you?" she asked presently, in a lower tone, and did not lift her eyes from the rope she was winding.

"Nothing," he declared, as if the thing was preposterous. But as he would add no word further, or rather knew not what more to add, it left her wholly unsatisfied.

"You know you have avoided Loamwold. You do not come to the house as you used," she persisted.

"But there were meetings then," he offered; "the committees we were on—at first your brother and I, and then you and I."

"And was that all you came for?" Her voice still reproached him.

What could he say? He was resolved not to declare himself, though it was the hardest piece of work he ever did. Her manner gave him a cue to thoughts almost intoxicating. His mother had said Josephine loved him, but he could not believe it; or believing it, he could not ask her to wed him in opposition to her people. All this was torture he should have avoided.

"No, it was not all," he admitted, and having said this, he said more. "Perhaps it was not the reason at all. I cannot do just as I would like. If my wealth were as great as my pride—and I have hoped some day it might be greater—I should, without doubt, do very different."

"Wealth and pride," she repeated, meeting his eyes for a moment. "I don't see what that has to do with your coming to Loamwold."

He was sure now that she did not love him, for had she loved him would she not have understood? He had agreed with himself that his case was hopeless in any event, but that did not prevent him from feeling keen disappointment now.

"Your father is very rich, and I am quite a poor man," he began, not knowing just what he was to say.

"But I don't see what that has to do with it," she repeated, interrupting him. "We have other neighbors poorer than you— But I don't think you are poor—I don't see what that has to do with it, anyway! They come to Loamwold."

Mr. Ashman, the Sunday-school superintendent, had entered, and was coming toward them now.

Morris' hurt feelings made him impatient. "Well, if you don't see," he said, knowing there would be no chance for more, as Mr. Ashman would reach them in a moment, "I fear I can't explain it so you would see." He meant his pride would not let him explain; but she flushed almost as if he had struck her with his hand, for to her mind he might just as well have called her stupid.

He asked Mr. Ashman to take his place in helping Josephine, and went to care for the furnace. When he returned he attached himself to a group of girls, and assisted them for an hour. It was then time for him to go home. He thought once of going to Josephine and asking if there was anything more he could do to help her, but her back was toward him, and she seemed very busy; besides, several men had come in, and there appeared no lack of helpers. So he took himself away without further word.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Meeting His Appointment

BY FRANK H. SWEET

BARSTOW sent the tip of his whip curling out over the horses' backs, not touching them, for he was very careful of the beautiful span, but allowing its sharp cutting through the air to act as an incentive. However, although their necks straightened a little, the speed did not increase. It could not on this road, with an ordinary driving-rig—they were already going at a three-minute pace.

He gave a quick glance over his shoulder. An automobile was just turning a curve of the road three fourths of a mile behind. His eyes studied its occupants keenly. "Yes, that's the sheriff, all right," he thought, grimly. "No one could mistake those shoulders and that cow-boy hat; and he's a head above his companion. I wonder who his companion is. Some fellow he's sworn in as deputy, likely. And the automobile is Carson's. No other could slip over the ground the way that does. I suppose Cunningham has deputized it, also. Well," turning back, and hissing

the tip of his whip once more across the horses' backs, "it's going to be a race. But I'm glad Carson himself isn't back there. Reckless as the sheriff is after game, I don't believe he'll take over three miles out of a strange machine, and it's only twenty to Leighton, with a straight road and a good start and my span fresh. Yes, it'll be a race."

But ten minutes later he could see that the automobile was slowly but surely gaining on him, and at the end of half an hour, with eight of the twenty miles passed, the automobile had covered one third of the distance between them. The horses were now breathing heavily, and their speed decreasing; the machine was coming on more rapidly. Barstow glanced over his shoulder, studying the ground critically, then allowed his gaze to fall back to his pursuer. The sheriff was motioning frantically for him to stop. Barstow grinned satirically.

"Not just yet, Cunningham," he thought. "The race is getting too interesting. Besides, there's too much involved. Any other time I'd be glad to accommodate you. Just now I'm going to Leighton, and with good luck I shall have barely twenty minutes to gather up a minister and have him at the station when her train comes in. Once across the line, and I'll whistle at Cunningham— No, I won't; I'll ask him to be best man if he follows me that far. Thank the stars, there'll be no need for a license, and confound the postman for not delivering my letter yesterday, when it came."

There was a long stretch of clear road ahead, with the horses going steadily. He made a turn with the reins about his wrist, and drew a letter from his pocket. It had been given him by the mail-carrier only forty minutes before, just as he was starting out with his span, and he had read it at a glance and then dashed away on this wild race to Leighton. He now swept the lines with another glance, his face glowing.

"Dear Harold," the letter read, "we shall be there one day earlier than arranged. The senator will not speak at Hammel, and that saves us stopping over, but he has arranged to speak to the business men at Ronceford, one hundred miles further on, so the time with you will be the same, only a day earlier. From the train-schedule I think it will be about fifteen minutes. Have the minister and everything ready. It seems a reckless, hit-or-miss kind of marriage, don't it, Harold? But then, uncle is so anxious to see it, and he's got to be at Ronceford, and must take the steamer for Europe only a few hours later, to be gone a year. But never mind, Harold, we'll make it up on our wedding-trip, and miss every train if we like. Or why not make the trip with your span, and stop everywhere and nowhere in particular? I think that would be fine.

CLAIRE."

Barstow slipped the letter back into his pocket, curling the whip out once more in search of impossible speed. Ten minutes passed, and with them three of the remaining twelve miles. Leighton was now but nine miles ahead, and the state line, beyond which Cunningham's authority as sheriff would for a time be null, was five. Once across the line, and he could snap his fingers at the pursuers. He glanced back. The automobile had covered one half of the remaining distance, and was coming on swiftly and smoothly. The horses were breathing hard. Another three miles, with no change, and the race would be ended—lost.

Involuntarily Barstow leaned forward, as he often did in moments of suspense on the race-track when a hand's turn meant win or lose. Then his face blanched. A cow was walking deliberately from the roadside growth, and along here the road was narrow. Barstow rose to his feet, and reached forward as far as he could, his whip in the air. A spill and smash was better than missing a chance. As they swept upon the cow, and the whip came down viciously, the animal threw up her head, thereby saving it from the rushing wheels, which just grazed the skin. But as though ashamed of this slight concession, the cow snorted, and walked quickly to the middle of the road, and then stopped. Barstow heard a yell behind him. The cow had lowered her head to the automobile in a manner that threatened dire consequences to both. Cunningham yelled once more, savagely, but the cow remained obdurate. Then Cunningham stopped. When the animal was hustled unceremoniously aside, and the machine again started, it had lost the three fourths of a mile previously gained.

Twenty minutes afterward Barstow swept triumphantly across the line, and turned his horses to one side. Sixty seconds behind him thundered the automobile. As the machine stopped beside him Barstow took off his hat. "Fine spurt, that last of yours, Cunningham," he congratulated. "But not quite enough. However, the odds were against you. I've a good mind to go back and buy that cow, and pension her with a clover-field for life. But say, can't I get you for best man a half-hour or so from now? We'll fix this other thing up afterward. What's it for, anyhow—my fast driving yesterday?"

"Fast simpleton!" sputtered the sheriff, disgustedly. "A special came in two minutes after you left, and brought this young man. He's Claire Edmont's brother, and came on ahead to help you get things ready. They thought it would be more convenient to stop at Brant than Leighton, as the train will be held there twenty minutes for the down express to pass. It will be there in just forty-eight minutes now."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Barstow, aghast. "And my horses are winded. I can't do it."

"Of course you can't with them," hurriedly. "Here, jump into this automobile, and speed her till the wheels leave the ground. Never mind cows and things—run them down. A minister will be on the post-office steps when you get there, waiting for his mail. Pick him up as the cow-boys do their hats, at full speed. Scorch, now! I'll bring home the horses."

Forty-eight minutes later, when the north express pulled into Brant, an automobile was just whirling up to the platform. In it was Barstow, a little flushed, but smiling, a young man who seemed highly amused, and a clergyman somewhat the worse for wear.

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How to Dress



WAIST WITH BOX-PLAIT AND SKIRT WITH TUCKED FLOUNCE

Waist with Box-Plait and Skirt with Tucked Flounce

THE way the trimming is arranged on the above frock makes it especially desirable for the young woman whose figure is just a trifle stouter than she would wish. The long lines make her look taller than she really is. The upper part of the front of the waist is laid in fine tucks. There is a

tucked near the elbow and finished with a gauntlet cuff and a lace frill. The upper part of the skirt is cut in six flaring gores, finished at the bottom with a wide tucked flounce, the upper part of the tucks stitched down. Each seam of the skirt is covered with a lace band pointed at the bottom. The skirt is cut with a habit back, but the plain effect is relieved by the lace bands. Egyptian tissue may be used effectively for this dress, or batiste or silk mousseline. The pattern for the Waist with Box-Plait, No. 518, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Skirt with Tucked Flounce, No. 519, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.

Box-Plaited Shirt-Waist and Box-Plaited Skirt

Shirt-waist suits will be more the fashion than ever this summer, and this rather plain model is especially good style. Both the shirt-waist

and the skirt are box-plaited, and are made with narrow side plaits between the box-plaits. The waist is finished in front with a hem, and fastens with big buttons. The plain center back has a stitched-down box-plait on either side. The conventional shirt-waist sleeve is used, with a band cuff. The skirt is the same back and front.

The bottom of the skirt is finished with a deep hem. At the back there are two inverted plaits. The skirt is cut in the round walking-length. Linen costume cloth is a satisfactory material for this shirt-waist suit, though soft-finished piqué, mercerized cotton chevot or Scotch madras may be used. The pattern for the Box-Plaited Shirt-Waist, No. 524, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Box-Plaited Skirt, No. 525, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.

Ruffled Waist and Ruffled Skirt

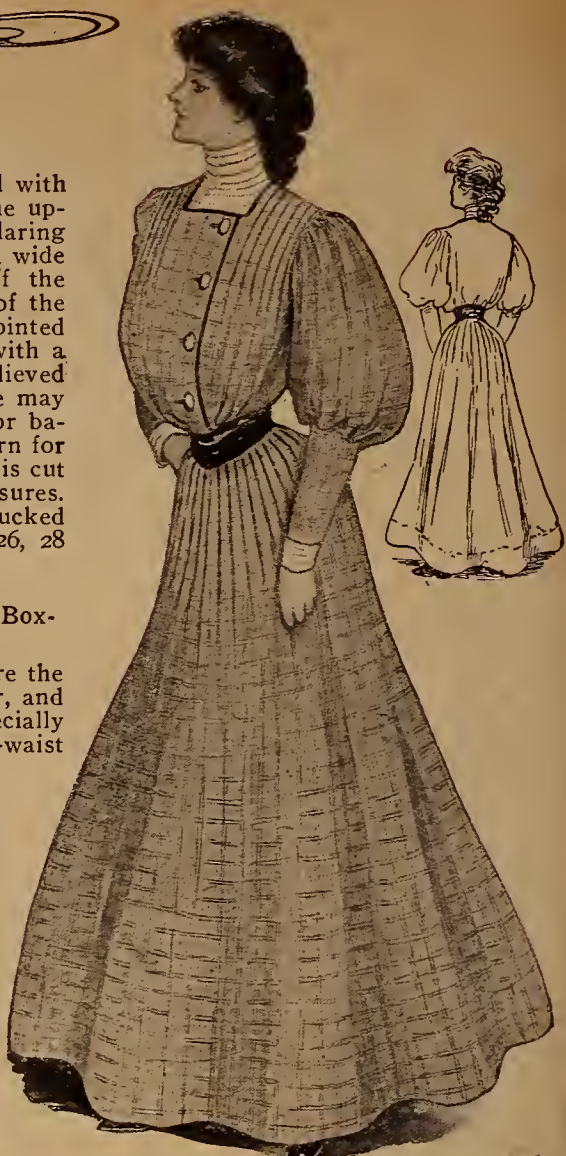
It is just such a gown as this that the summer girl pictures for herself when she looks over the soft-finished, flower-scattered organdies and the new sheer Irish dimities with their lovely floral patterns. Dainty ruffles of the same material as the dress are used for the trimming of this charming little summer frock.

The waist is cut with a deep yoke back and front, which is made of lace, and outlined with two ruffles. A soft crushed girdle matching in color the flower design of the fabric finishes the lower part of the waist. The front of the model is slightly bloused, the back drawn down. A short elbow-puff forms the sleeve, which is made with a finish of two ruffles. The full fluffy skirt is

cut in five gores. With the exception of the front gore, the upper part is tucked all the way around. Graduated ruffles trim the lower part of the skirt. The pattern for the Ruffled Waist, No. 516, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. The pattern for the Ruffled Skirt, No. 517, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 waist measures.

Double-Breasted Shirt-Waist and Tucked Circular Skirt

A blue-and-green-plaid gingham would look effective made up in this shirt-waist suit. The double-breasted shirt-waist is cut square at the neck in front, to be worn with a chemisette, and there are tucks at the shoulders, with their fullness let out at the bust-line. The shirt-waist is slightly bloused all around. The sleeve is made with an elbow-puff and a deep tight-fitting cuff. The same material that forms the chemisette is used to make dainty little cuffs for the sleeves. Tucked lawn or fine linen is very pretty for this purpose.



DOUBLE-BREADED SHIRT-WAIST AND TUCKED CIRCULAR SKIRT

The upper part of the circular skirt is laid in fine tucks. The lower portion is flaring. There are two inverted plaits at the back, and the skirt, which is cut in the round length, is finished at the bottom with a deep hem. The pattern for the Double-Breasted Shirt-Waist, No. 528, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Tucked Circular Skirt, No. 529, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.

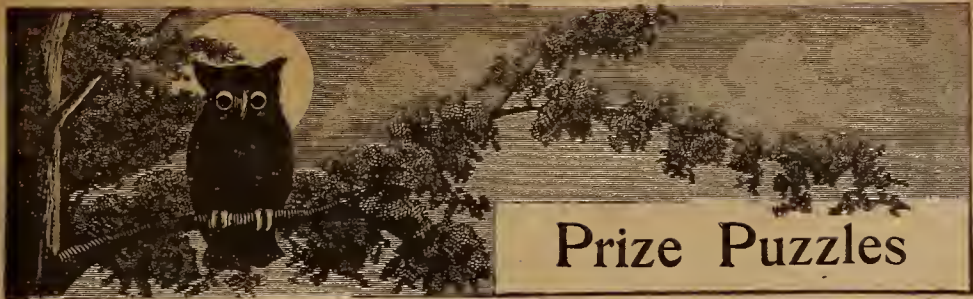


BOX-PLAITED SHIRT-WAIST AND BOX-PLAITED SKIRT

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired.

Our new spring and summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.



Prize Puzzles

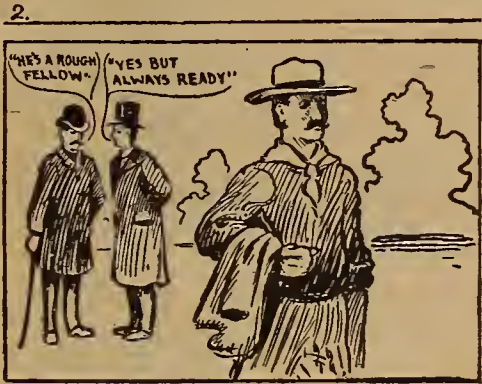
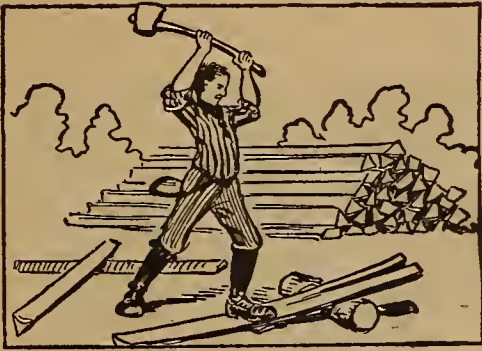
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ALSO A PRIZE FOR EACH STATE AND TERRITORY

As further rewards for our great family of readers, a book, "Dick Onslow," will be given the person in each state and territory, the District of Columbia and each province of Canada who sends us the correct list and story as above conditioned. The best story and correct list, therefore, from each state and territory wins a prize, giving an equal opportunity

to all our readers, wherever they may be located. In the states or territories where the four cash prizes are awarded the smaller prizes will be given to the person who sends the second-best story and correct list, so that in no case will any one person receive two prizes. Answers must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor," FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.



ANSWERS TO TRUST PUZZLE IN THE APRIL 1st ISSUE

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1—Leather. | 2—Beef. |
| 3—Steel. | 4—Copper. |
| 5—Ruhher. | 6—Sugar. |

Prize Awards

Four first prizes of two dollars each were awarded to the following:

Martha Wright, Nebraska.
Theodore Bunting, Virginia.
Walter Phillips, Illinois.
Katherine D. Salisbury, Rhode Island.

In accordance with our offer, a book, "One Thousand Ways to Make Money," was awarded to each of the following:

California—Edgar Edwin Hanke.
Connecticut—Inez G. Carpenter.
Illinois—Mrs. J. M. Cheshue.
Iowa—Mrs. E. A. Morris.
Kansas—Alice M. Frazier.
Kentucky—Joel H. Pile.
Louisiana—John B. Smullin.
Massachusetts—Neuman B. Davis.
Michigan—Lawrence Dennis.
Minnesota—Ernest G. Morse.
Missouri—Laura Johnson.
New Mexico—Magdalen Beadles.
New York—Miss J. J. Barner.
North Carolina—Mrs. J. P. Morgan.
Ohio—Myra J. Calvin.
Oklahoma—Joseph Jefferson.
Pennsylvania—Edith L. Cole.
South Carolina—Mrs. J. N. Wight.
Texas—R. M. Clark.
Utah—David Kinnear.
Virginia—C. F. Danforth.
Washington—Ernest Davidson.
West Virginia—Sterling Green.
Wisconsin—Mrs. George Foxwell.

JOHN PAUL JONES' BODY

After a number of years of unceasing search for the remains of John Paul Jones, the efforts of Ambassador Porter have been rewarded, as called on April 14th last from Paris.

The circumstances leading to the final discovery of the body are particularly interesting. General Porter has conducted the search for the last five years, and when Congress recently took no action upon the President's recommendation for the expenses incident to the search, the Ambassador continued the extensive labors at his own expense. A large force of workmen was engaged night and day tunneling and cross-tunneling the old St. Louis cemetery in Paris. This constituted a huge operation, embracing nearly a block covered with buildings, and requiring a system of subterranean mining.

The body was contained in a leaden coffin. No plate was found on the casket, and it is supposed it was removed when another coffin was superimposed on it. The highest French medical experts are said to have fully identified the body.

John Paul, the Scotchman who afterward assumed the name of Jones, was the founder of the American navy. After difficulties in British merchant service, he came to America, and was the first naval volunteer in behalf of the rebellious colonies in 1775. He served first as a naval advisor, and then as a commander, his exploits culminating in the famous fight between his "Bon Homme Richard" and the British "Serapis." That, however, was but one of his services to the American cause.

Jones never received full compensation for his services either to the United States or to France. Feeling this to be the case, President Jefferson appointed him Commissioner and Consul to Algiers. The commission, however, arrived too late, for on July 13, 1792, he was found dead in his apartments.

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Colonel Valor and His Lancers

JUST as soon as the sun was high enough to dry the dew and dispel the night chill the various leaders of the yellow-jacket stronghold issued forth with their followers for the day's duties. The labor-chief assigned his forces to their distant fields with the accuracy and dispatch of experience, some to making clover and mignonette honey for the queen, others to the indiscriminate gathering of cheap food for the common laborers, while a corps of the more daring sought a nerve- tonic honey for the soldiers and scouts, gathered exclusively from thistles and nettles and thorns.

Colonel Valor of the Golden Lancers was scout-chief as well as war-commander, and in time of peace he and his lancers kept the stronghold and the outside workers free from molestation. When a war was on, his services were more valuable elsewhere, and tried subordinates were given charge of the scouts and home defenses.

This morning he stood at the entrance of the intrenchments, and watched the labor-chief with more than one nod of approval. This man knew his business, and the Colonel made a mental note for his advancement at the earliest possible moment. As the last of the workers swept through the air toward their field of labor, and the chief followed with a click of his heels and military salute, Colonel Valor turned to his lieutenants.

"Stabhard," he ordered, addressing a much-scarred veteran who had lost one eye in service, "you will take fifty lancers, and guard that side of the field next to the main road. Do not allow any suspicious persons to enter. In case those boys who threatened to burn us out should attempt to even climb the fence, lance them unmercifully until they retreat. Fifty of you ought to be able to turn back a few headstrong boys. I can depend on you."

Stabhard buzzed grimly. "No boy or suspicious person shall penetrate ten steps into the field, Colonel," he said, "unless he has a hide of leather, and if you will permit us to sally into the road I will engage that no such person shall even cross the fence."

The Colonel's grim face relaxed a little. "I'm afraid you wouldn't think much about permission when there was a chance to rout an enemy, either on his own territory or yours, Lieutenant," he returned. "It wouldn't be like you. However, I give you permission to fight in your own way; only use discretion."

Stabhard bowed, saluted, and a moment later rose into the air with his men.

Colonel Valor turned to his next officer. "Lieutenant Dash," he said, "you will take the south side of the field, and Prod and Zzip here will look after the east and west. Take twenty-five men each, and do not allow anything dangerous to cross your scout-lines. Even a burrowing woodchuck or mole, if coming in the direction of our stronghold, must be turned back. I shall take the center of the field myself, with the remaining lancers, for I have reliable information that a herd of cattle are to be turned into our territory to-day. It will require the utmost vigilance to keep their destroying hoofs from our stronghold. Most of the lancers I shall post directly outside the intrenchments, with orders to show no quarter in case of a close lance-and-horn encounter."

"But what will you do, Colonel?" ventured Lieutenant Zzip, anxiously. "You ought not to expose yourself in the most dangerous places, after your usual reckless manner. You know what a commander's life means to even well-disciplined forces."

"Oh, bosh!" said the Colonel, testily. "Every man in my force is brave enough for a commander, and would need only a little experience in military oversight. However, there will be no special danger to-day. I shall merely fly about the field with a half-dozen or so of my lancers to see that everything goes on right."

Colonel Valor was a good commander, who never allowed anything to escape his vigilance, and who never lost his head, no matter how large or how scattered his forces. But at such times his position was overhead, more or less out of danger, where he could watch and direct the various legions of his army and keep them moving harmoniously as one huge machine. Such work appealed to him as a commander, but not as a man. What he really loved was to be off by himself with a few picked lancers, as to-day, where he could plunge into every danger that could possibly be scented out, with the men sticking grimly by him shoulder to shoulder.

It was a busy day, but for the most part with too little real danger to suit the warlike lancers. The herd of cattle was unruly, and prone to make wild dashes across the field. Many times they approached the yellow-jackets' stronghold, only to be swerved madly in some other course by a well-directed thrust.

But such work was easy—too easy. What is formidable to one species of soldier may be the merest pastime to another. Colonel Valor by himself took charge of the worst brute that had ever been turned into the field, a vicious bull whose voice kept the air filled with rumblings, and whose hoofs tore up the sod in wild bursts of rage; but it required only an occasional lance-thrust in the nose to keep the brute

The Young People

from doing harm. Indeed, the work was scarcely sufficient for amusement, and more than once when the tail of the maddened animal was pointing toward the stronghold Colonel Valor made a swift sally against some menace which had come down from above or had been dug up from below, or perhaps had penetrated the cordon of scouts.

Along in the afternoon, however, when the shadows had lengthened so far to the eastward as to cause the more distant laborers to start toward home, there swooped down upon them a danger that was swift and real and terrible. It was only a little bee-martin, but to the yellow-jackets it was an enemy a thousand times their own size, fierce, ravenous, more terrible than wild bulls or pillaging boys, for it could fly as swiftly as they, and the quick opening of its bill as it rushed upon them meant death in the most horrible form. A soldier who could smile in the face of all other dangers of the woods and fields might well quail before a bee-martin.

Discretion in this case would have seemed the better part of valor even with the Colonel save for one thing—the bird was flying straight toward the stronghold. Should it discover that, with its strong force of well-fed defenders, the savage gluttony of the bird would cause it to return again and again—every time it became hungry—until in the end the whole

each other in swift and relentless succession he suddenly lost heart, and whirled hysterically toward the western frontier, crying and moaning with the intense pain. At the west line Lieutenant Zzip was ready with his lancers, and sped him on with a few more sharp reminders of being on forbidden territory. As the bird disappeared into the woods beyond all felt there would be no further danger of his ever attempting to enter their field.

As Colonel Valor flew calmly back to his self-appointed task of looking out for the bull a dozen or more of his officers rushed up, but he motioned them aside. "Oh, tush! tush!" he hummed, irritably; "it was only what any of you would have done. Go back to your posts. I must attend to that bull. He's coming this way again, and must be given a more severe lesson."

FRANK H. SWEET.

When the Cows Came Home

Going after the cows was an errand regularly assigned Dolly and Dick during the summer months. At first they were impatient for the hour to come when the big red ball of the sun would drop behind the tops of the orchard trees, that they might start for the pasture where Buttercup and her pretty fawn-colored calf, Dairy Maid, cropped the juicy clover all day long.

What great fun it was to chase each other down the lane through the deep clover to the bars where Buttercup waited, placidly chewing her cud! How ready she was to rub her cool, black nose into their outstretched hands, as if to say, "Good-evening, Dolly and Dick, have you a nice titbit of salt with you? I'm ready to be taken home to the milking-stable."

After Dick lowered the pasture bars Dairy Maid would always politely stand aside to allow Buttercup to pass out first. Then as soon as Dick had put up the bars he would give a low whistle, at which Dairy Maid would prick up her pretty ears and start on a run down the lane, with Dick following close beside her. Most times Dairy Maid would win in the race to see who could get to the road first. Then she would turn around and come back to meet Dolly, holding out her head to be stroked.

One hot July afternoon the play-time hour seemed shorter than ever. The cool shade at the brook and under the old quince-tree was so pleasant and hard to leave that Dolly and Dick did not set out until the red light was dying out of the sky. Away they ran at full speed, with hardly time to go and come while it was light.

But some perverse thought came to both to try a short cut through Neighbor Shank's fresh-mown meadow, that they might have a slide down the newly made haycocks, though something whispered to them that this was directly against their father's commands.

Soon Buttercup and the on-coming dark were entirely forgotten in the good times they were having trying to see who could climb up first after a quick slide down the haycock and a tumble into the masses of fragrant hay beneath. But one time when Dolly failed to climb back up after Dick, she noticed it was so dark that she could hardly see her brother on top of the hay—and over where the pasture bars should be it was all dark night.

Thoroughly frightened, she ran with all her might in the direction of the pasture, with Dick following her at full speed, while away off somewhere they heard Buttercup moaning dolefully. The stubble cut Dolly's bare feet, and she thought with a lump in her throat what would mother say when they got home. And maybe they might not get back home. Then her throat hurt dreadfully—far worse than her feet—and she could not keep the tears back.

All of a sudden Dick gave a howl of pain and danced around frantically. Dolly ran back to find out what was the matter, and she, too, began to scream with pain. They had stumbled upon a nest of bumble-bees. After that all else was forgotten but to escape their tormentors. Away they ran with all their might, with the bees buzzing angrily about their

ears, and did not stop until the last bee had given up the chase. They sank down beside a haycock so exhausted that they hardly realized where they were.

It had grown very dark, and a chilling mist was settling down. Dolly felt around to where Dick was, and crept closer to him. Oh, how their feet hurt! And Dick's head felt as big as a bushel right over the temple, where a bee had stung him.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "if we had only gone as we were told, we'd been home by this time eating custard for supper, and now we'll never"—and she could not finish for the choking sobs, in which Dick joined.

Poor, tired, naughty children! Some way, they never remembered how, they fell fast asleep, and the first thing Dolly knew was a bright light flashing into her eyes and blinding her. Papa was bending over them with a lantern in his hand, and calling to somebody, "Here they are!"

It was a week before Dolly could put on her shoes so that she could go out and play, and Dick wore a bandage over his eye even longer. The first time they went again to bring Buttercup from the pasture she would not lick Dolly's pink palm when she held out her hand. I wonder why.—Maud Sanders.



"THE BESTEST YET"

garrison would be destroyed. The only escape would be to divert the bee-martin from his course before he discovered the stronghold. But such an undertaking seemed certain death, and Colonel Valor never even thought of assigning any of his men to it when he was on the spot himself. As he shot forward, straight toward the on-coming enemy, he noticed through the tail of his eye that his men were following closely.

The bee-martin saw him ten feet away, and with a savage cry of exultation flashed upon him. But even in the bill of death, as it were, Colonel Valor did not lose his vigilance and presence of mind. As the bill opened for him he swerved sharply, and then closed in with a swift, unexpected turn, and thrust his lance deep into the enemy's head. It was a terrible wound, directly behind the ear, and the martin staggered, and fell trembling toward the earth. Half-way there he recovered himself, and began dizzily to rise again, but by that time the other lancers were upon him with ready weapons.

The martin was not lacking in bravery, but the punishment was terrible and unexpected, and with the second and third and fourth lance-thrusts following

Daniel Boone's Greatest Hunt

IN THE little cemetery near Frankfort, Ky., on a hill overlooking the river, are two green mounds marked by a slab informing the stranger that the remains of two honored pioneers, Daniel Boone and his wife, rest beneath. The stories of their glorious achievements over the untamed wilderness of the West are well known to every boy and girl, and they never lose any of their interest with the retelling.

The father of Daniel Boone had his residence on the borders of the Yadkin in North Carolina. Near the farm here opened was another owned by a Mr. Bryan, who had a daughter named Rebecca. Flint's "Life of Boone" gives the interesting account of Daniel Boone's first meeting with his future wife:

Young Boone was one night engaged in a fire-hunt with a young friend. Their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom which skirted the stream that wound round Bryan's pleasant plantation. That the reader may have some idea what sort of pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in during an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire-hunt. Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes bears on his shoulder what is called a fire-pan, full of blazing pine-knots, which cast a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows at some distance with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer, reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it, as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to his doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunters' phrase "shining the eyes."

The two young men reached the corner of the farmer's field at an early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customary signal to his mounted companion preceding him to stop, an indication that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Boone dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes to rest the right distance for a shot. The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eyes when thus shined. The mild brilliance of the two orbs was distinctly visible. Whether warned by a presentiment, or arrested by a palpitation and strange feeling within at noting a new expression in the blue and dewy lights that gleamed to his heart, we say not; but the unerring rifle fell, and a rustling told him the game had fled. Something whispered him it was not a deer, and yet the fleet step as the game bounded away might very easily be mistaken for that of the light-footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game, and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might.

The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the localities of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field-exercises, and scarcely less fleet-footed than a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little distance parallel with the field-fence, and then, as if endowed with the utmost accomplishment of gymnastics, cleared the fence at a leap. The hunter, embarrassed with his rifle and accoutrements, was driven to the slow and humiliating expedient of climbing it. But an outline of the form of the fugitive fleeing through the shades in the direction of the house assured him that he had mistaken the species of the game. His heart throbbed from a hundred sensations, and among them an apprehension of the consequences of what would have resulted from discharging his rifle when he had first shined those liquid-blue eyes. Seeing that the fleet game made straight in the direction of the house, he said to himself, "I will see the pet deer in its lair," and he directed his steps to the same place.

Half a score of dogs opened their barking upon him as he approached the house, and advised the master that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs, and learned the name of his visitant, he introduced him to his family as the son of their neighbor Boone. Scarce had the first words of introduction been uttered before the opposite door opened, and a boy apparently of seven and a girl of sixteen rushed in, panting for breath, seeming in affright.

"Sister went down to the river, and a painter chased her, and she is almost scared to death," exclaimed the boy.

The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer leaning upon his rifle and surveying her with the most eager admiration.

"Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor," was the laconic introduction.

Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. The circumstances of the introduction were favorable to the result, and the young hunter felt that the eyes had shined his bosom as fatally as his rifle-shot had ever the innocent deer of the thickets. She, too, when she saw the light, open, bold forehead, the clear, keen, yet gentle and affectionate eye, the firm front, and the visible impress of decision and fearlessness of the hunter; when she interpreted a look which said as distinctly as looks could say it, "How terrible it would have been to have fired!" can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference. Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her beau ideal of excellence and beauty.

The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden illusions, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was remarkable for the backwoods attribute of never being beaten out of his track, and he ceased not to woo until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married.

Make-Believe Land

BY ROSE SEELYE-MILLER

A wonderful place is Make-Believe Land; It lieth so near to Reality's strand. We may wander at will on its golden shore, And take rich gifts from its treasure-store.

* * * * * If a boy strides a stick it becomes a gay steed; He can make silken canopies out of a weed. He may think he's a soldier, with sword and with spear, And lo! there's the drum, and the bugle-note clear.

(In Reality's Land 'twould be trumpet of tin, And the drum but a pan with a horrible din.)

In that true, truest land of pure Make-Believe Things happen in ways quite apt to deceive.

If a girl she but wanders in Make-Believe Land, Her dreams all come true on that wonderful strand.

She would be a queen, and at once she is queen,

With a shimmer of satin all jeweled between;

There's a shining tiara upon her fair brow,

Not richer, more golden, than her hair is, I trow.

And then all at once she becomes a wee fairy,

Moving about with a wand both magic and airy;

Soon she's a troll living under the ground,

With a world full of treasures all scattered around.

By and by she's a prisoner held by some cruel thrall,

The boy is a knight, and hears her low call.

He's off to the rescue with sword and with spear;

Then comes a voice with note vibrant and clear—

'Tis the home-call for dinner, and Make-Believe Land

Disappears in the Real. The two, hand in hand,

Trudge home to their mother, and in glad, gleeful way,

Tell her what a good time they have had in their play.

She kisses them both, and holds a soft hand,

For she knows how near the Real lies the Make-Believe Land.

Your Last Chance To Get Two Beautiful PICTURES FREE

Hundreds of thousands of people have been pleased and delighted with the two beautiful and exquisite pictures which made up the art supplement sent out with the March 15th Farm and Fireside.

Because these pictures were so popular, and pleased so many thousands of people, we have printed another extra supply of them, and will send them absolutely free to subscribers as follows:

To all who subscribe to Farm and Fireside or renew their subscriptions at once or before May 30th

we will send, postage paid, the beautiful art supplement containing two charming pictures. There is only one condition—when you send in your subscription to Farm and Fireside you must ask for the "Farm and Fireside Picture Supplement No. 5." Understand that on account of the great demand and cost of this art supplement it will be sent only when it is requested and accompanied by a subscription or renewal to Farm and Fireside, subscription price 25 cents a year—twenty-four numbers.

Five Grand Picture Supplements have been sent out with Farm and Fireside since last November.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES WHICH YOU GET FREE

"GOD SPEED"

By E. Blair Leighton, R.A.

The original of this magnificent picture is from the brush of the celebrated English painter, E. Blair Leighton, member of the Royal Academy of London, England. The work created an artistic sensation when first exhibited in London, and has placed the painter in the front rank of living artists.

The picture is entitled "God Speed," and depicts a scene not uncommon in the days of medieval chivalry, when "knighthood was in flower." Out from the castle gate marches a body of armed men, bent on some warlike errand. Behind them their leader halts for an instant at the steps of the postern gate. Mounted on his charger, he makes a brave picture, his burnished helmet with raised vizor shining in the sun, and his rich cloak half concealing the suit of chain armor he wears. His reason for pausing is obvious. On the steps of the postern stands a beautiful maiden, who whispers the knight "God Speed," and binds on his arm a silken scarf. This he will treasure and wear in combat or in tourney, in battle or in joust, both as a defense against the perils of the fray and as evidence of his allegiance to the fair giver, whose beauty and name he will be ever ready to uphold.

In beauty of design and accuracy of detail the picture excels, and this accounts for the phenomenal success achieved by it.

"AT BREAKFAST"

This picture is beyond doubt one of the most unique and charming art creations ever shown, and must necessarily interest, delight and amuse each and every member of the family. It is a very unusual picture, reproduced in rich colors, and about the size of a regular page of Farm and Fireside. We feel positive that it will more than satisfy your highest expectations.

FARM AND FIRESIDE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

A Famous Cypress

THE noted Bartram Gardens, one of the earliest botanic gardens in America, has displayed few growths during the past century and a half more famous than the wonderful cypress-tree standing nearly in the center of the grounds. The fact that this magnificent old monarch has been gradually dying for many years past, and that during the past year it has failed to produce the least sign of life, is a matter of universal regret among the eminent botanists and horticulturists scattered all over the country who for many years have been acquainted with this famous old tree and have paid many visits to it.

More than a century and a half might seem a good old age for such trees in this country were it not for the fact that the cypress-trees of California and Oregon frequently live to be much older than this, and that not only the life of the cypress-trees of other countries, but also the durability of their wood, will occasionally reach almost fabulous dates. It is claimed that the doors of St. Peter's Church at Rome, which had been formed of this wood in the time of Constantine, showed no signs of decay when, after the lapse of eleven hundred years, Pope Eugenius IV. took them down to replace them by gates of brass. We are also told that in order to preserve the remains of their heroes the Athenians buried them in coffins of cypress; and the chests or coffins in which the Egyptian mummies are found are usually of the same material.

Like many of the famous trees and shrubbery planted in these gardens by John Bartram the botanist, who traveled all over the country to secure rare and native growths for development in his botanic gardens, the exact date of its planting is not known, although at the time of the special visit of the horticultural society in 1830 it was known to be over ninety years old, and we can now add seventy-four years more to this age.

The names of John and William Bartram have been so closely associated with these early botanic gardens, and the names occurred so frequently in the Bartram family, that it is well to keep in mind the dates of the John Bartram who originated the gardens, and the William who succeeded him, if we would avoid conflicting dates in the ages of famous growths existing in the garden on the Schuylkill. The original John Bartram in this country—grandfather of the botanist—came over from England with the original settlers of Pennsylvania about 1682-83. The family was of French origin, but was settled in Derbyshire, England. William Bartram, the son of the original John, and father of John the botanist, was married after he came to this country to Elizabeth Hunt, at Darby Meeting, in March, 1696, and John Bartram the botanist was born March 23, 1699.

It was in September, 1728, that he bought a piece of ground on the west side of the Schuylkill River, near Philadelphia—the ground comprising six or seven acres, and containing a variety of soils and difference of exposure—and began collecting and classifying the trees and flowering plants and shrubbery that soon began to attract the attention of early horticulturists. His son, William Bartram, inherited all the tastes of his father; he accompanied him on many of his journeys, and eventually succeeded him at the garden and farm upon the Schuylkill. William Bartram delved even deeper into botanical research than his father, and in 1773, at the request of Doctor Fothergill, of London, he went to Charleston, through the Carolinas, Florida and Georgia, gathering plants and noting the habits of beasts, birds and insects, and acquiring a vast amount of information which was published in a book of travels in 1791. He was elected professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania in 1782; four years later he became a member of the American Philosophical Society, and subsequently he became a member of several other learned bodies.

After his death, in 1823, the botanic gardens were under the care of Robert

Carr, who had married a daughter of William Bartram's nephew. It was at this time, we are told, that "the committee of the horticultural society which visited Bartram's garden in 1830, when it was under the direction of Robert Carr, found the estate to be in most excellent order. They said that 'the indigenous plants of North America existed there in greater profusion than they could perhaps be found elsewhere.' Colonel Carr

spruce of eighty feet, near which was a magnolia of the same height. The stock of rare exotics and plants, flowers and fruits was very large, and the establishment was in fine order."

Since its death the old cypress-tree of huge dimensions continues to stand in the midst of the garden, and although it is protected by a high paling fence, relic-hunters have contrived to tear pieces of the bark from its mammoth trunk. A broad walk encircles the tree, and its great branches reaching symmetrically upward for over a hundred feet, overtopping the tallest of the surrounding trees, give it an appearance of magnificence even in its decay.

PHEBE W. HUMPHREYS.

With the Summer Plants and Flowers

DAHLIAS.—How many have tried raising dahlias, and failed so far as satisfactory blossoming was concerned? A few small, insignificant blossoms are not the best a dahlia can do, by any means, and I firmly believe the lack in their culture is more of water than anything else. The summer of 1903, which was an exceptionally wet season, was one of the best for these handsome flowers that I ever knew, and last year, taking the lesson to heart, I planted my bulbs in wide beds just before a veranda in front of the kitchen, where the eaves discharge, and where it is extremely convenient to throw wash-water, etc. By the middle of June they were nicely budded, and blossomed until frost, the fading blooms being picked off. They make a great display when grown like that. I have a wire netting over the veranda, and morning-glories running over it, and the dahlias show to great advantage against this background. Rich soil is also an essential to their successful culture, but water is the really needful element.

GERANIUMS.—I know my subject is old, but it is durable, like the plants. Though most of us like some other varieties for a change, and perhaps in some cases for a main stock, yet there are few collections that do not contain more or less geraniums. Some of the new sorts are lovely, and seem to blossom even more freely than did the old ones, and that is saying a great deal. I have succeeded best with them when summered on a stand exposed to the full glare of the sun, and watered only enough to keep them from

wilting. They will make a slow growth, and if all buds are kept picked off until about the first of September, and then they are put into a cool room whose windows can be kept open until they are accustomed to the change, and are well watered and tended, they will soon start to grow vigorously, and the buds will start almost as soon as the new growth. Don't move a geranium every time it gets so the pot looks too small for it; that is just the time one can expect it to do its best. Of course, they must be moved sometimes, but don't do it until the roots show a decided inclination to investigate the saucer. During the winter, while blooming, it is well to apply fertilizer freely, to keep up fertility and enable the plant to thrive. Encourage growth all you possibly can, and don't be deceived by the people who advocate slips started in the spring or in June for winter stock. Take some old plant in spring, cut back almost to a stump, change the soil all you can for new and fresh earth, treat as previously described, and see if any half-dozen slips will produce as many blossoms the next winter. It is not reasonable, for the old plant will have more blooming-points than will the half-dozen slips.

BULBS

We need to remember that if we would enjoy the exquisite beauty and fragrance of the earliest opening blossoms we should get in our orders as soon as possible, for the longer they have to root before severe freezing comes, either in the house or out in the beds, the better the prospect of success. Many people determine every spring, when they see some neighbor's bulbs in bloom, to have some of their own before another year rolls by; but after the blossoms fade, and no longer remind them of it, they are forgotten until the snowdrops and crocuses bring them to a sense of their remissness. They are so little trouble, too. They need only be planted, and can then be left alone until they need dividing and resetting, which will not be oftener than once in three years. I know the catalogues say to dig them up when they are through blooming, and heel them in out of the way to ripen, but if one will have some plants with a shallow root-system to set out among them, such as pansies, daisies, or even pips of lilies-of-the-valley, they will mostly cover the yellowing leaves of the bulbs as they ripen, and if a person weeds them somewhat carefully neither the bulbs nor the plants will be disturbed.

Of all the large family of bulbs, none are sweeter—and I was going to say handsomer until I remembered how hotly that claim might be contested—than the hyacinth. None of common culture are more costly, and yet they are cheap enough when one remembers how entirely satisfactory they are in beauty, smell and lasting-qualities. The named sorts are more expensive, and in one way are more satisfactory, because they can be bought in just such colors as are wanted to work out the design one has in mind; but if one is not particular about that, the mixed ones are just as good, and a good deal cheaper. Even the little grape hyacinth is pretty, and spreads fast, forming large clusters of roots that cover themselves early in the spring with blue or white spikes.

Tulips have little or no sweetness, but they make up for that by the gorgeousness of their colors and the long season of their blooming. One can plant bulbs of early and late flowering kinds, and extend the season over a month or six weeks, and this at a time of year when almost no garden flowers are in bloom.

FLORENCE HOLMES.



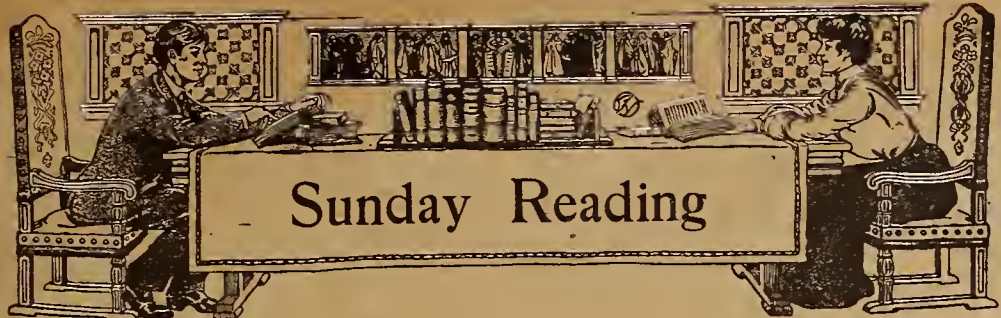
FAMOUS CYPRESS-TREE OF BARTRAM'S GARDEN

conducted the establishment as a nursery and seed-garden, and is represented to have done a large business in raising and disposing of plants and seeds, having a considerable export to South America. There was a cypress upon the estate one hundred and twelve feet high, twenty-five feet in circumference and ninety-one years old. It was standing near a Norway

stock, yet there are few collections that do not contain more or less geraniums. Some of the new sorts are lovely, and seem to blossom even more freely than did the old ones, and that is saying a great deal. I have succeeded best with them when summered on a stand exposed to the full glare of the sun, and watered only enough to keep them from



BOTANICAL STUDENTS GATHERED ABOUT THE OLD BALD CYPRESS



Sunday Reading

Tap on the Window, Mother
BY ELIAS HOLLINGER

Tap on the window, mother,
Your boy is going astray.
See! he is wandering even now
Afar from the narrow way.
Oh, beckon the poor boy homeward!
Why should he longer roam?
Perhaps a tap on the window-pane
Will bring the wanderer home.

Tap on the window, mother,
He's going down the street;
Perhaps your precious boy may now
Some dire temptation meet;
For the world is full of evil,
And the future, who can tell?
Ah! the path to heaven lies very close
To the pathway down to hell.

Then tap on the window, mother,
Your boy may hear the sound;
He may see your fingers beckoning him
From sin's enchanted ground.
When he pays no heed to your weeping,
Though tears may fall like rain;
When his ears are dead to the voice of
prayer,
Then tap on the window-pane.

Oh, tap on the window, mother!
How can you give him up?
How can you yield your darling boy
To the snares of the drunkard's cup?
Perhaps he may heed your signal
When tears are all in vain;
Then add to the voice of your earnest
prayer
A tap on the window-pane.

Is Keeping House All?

NO, KEEPING house is not all. A great many very important interests have been given into our charge. We must take care of our health, be careful of our reputation, be frugal in regard to our expenditure of the money which God has loaned us; we need care for our intellectual powers, we must see to it that our talent is not buried. All these things we must look after, but the most important charge is our HEART. The blessed Father has bestowed upon us many gifts, but this one exceeds all in value, therefore should be cared for the most assiduously.

Those in our own homes can easily tell whether our heart is as it should be. The issues of life are from this fountain-head, and our children can very easily detect whether this fountain be right or not. We need this pure heart in order that our vision be clear; it requires a distinct sight to know how to deal wisely with these little ones.

With a pure heart, we will be certain of creating a pure atmosphere in which to dwell. Our children will inhale the sweetness, the freshness, and will grow into beautiful, healthy plants. We want them to be plants growing in God's vineyard, and must give them pure, healthy soil in which to develop.

A pure heart is the only safe heart. If the spring from which we draw water becomes impure we will become sick. We must keep our houses clean, or disease will invade the home. How much more important to keep the heart clean, that spiritual disease and death do not overtake us!

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

A Nickel for the Lord

Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket, and sundry change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and finding this poor little nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel!

On Saturday afternoon he had had a gin rickey at the Queen's, and his friend had had a fancy drink, while the cash-register stamped thirty-five cents on the slip the boy presented him. Peeling off a bill, he handed it to the lad, and gave him a nickel tip when he brought back the change.

A nickel for the Lord, and a nickel for the waiter!

And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon, and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave, and paid fifteen cents with equal

alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord!

Who is this Lord?
Who is he? Why, the man worships him as Creator of the universe, the one who puts the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the church militant!

And what is the church militant?
The church militant is the church which represents upon the earth the church triumphant of the great God the man gave the nickel to!

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this, he put his hand in his pocket, and picked out the nickel, and gave it to the Lord!

And the Lord, being gracious and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man wasn't. The nickel hid beneath a quarter which was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.—Charles F. Raymond, in Toronto Star.

A Disappointed World

When Emperor William ascended the German throne the world held its breath to hear the clash of saber and the roar of musketry. It has been happily disappointed, and now regards the German ruler one of the wisest and most diplomatic men of the present generation. At a banquet recently he said that while a youth he had sworn an oath of fidelity to the flag, and that when he became the head of the government he would "do everything possible to let bayonets and cannon rest, but to keep the bayonets sharp and the cannon ready, so that envy and greed from without would not disturb us in tending our garden or in building our beautiful house. I vowed," the Emperor continued, "never to strike for world-mastery. The world-empire that I then dreamed of was to create for the German empire on all sides the most absolute confidence as a quiet, honest and peaceable neighborhood. I have vowed that if ever the time comes when history shall speak of a German world-power or a Hohenzollern world-power this should not be based upon conquest, but come about through a mutual striving of nations after common purposes." The time was when many American people were afraid of President Roosevelt, although much of the fear was inspired by the unscrupulous methods of men who could not boss him. Like Emperor William, he has pleasantly disappointed those filled with military dread who expected the whole world to be reduced to San Juan Hills.—Religious Telescope.

General Booth on Calvary

The venerable general-in-chief of the Salvation Army, General Booth, who through years of valiant fighting and against great odds has done his share for the uplifting of humanity, prayed on Calvary recently for more of the spirit of Christ. The General, if any one, has shown this spirit perfectly. A humble man himself, and a friend of the lowly, he went among the humble and the poor, and comforted them. When they were sick he visited them and raised them up. And he did not raise them through mere charlatanism, as too many "false prophets" claim to do. He has not aggrandized himself as Alexander Dowie has—if it be permissible to mention the names of Booth and the self-styled Elijah in the same sentence. He has taken his ridicule, and has survived it. To-day no one would think of cartooning or lampooning the Salvation Army. The institution is above such criticism, and it has been the personality of its leaders that has made it so. What could be more appropriate than the General, in his old age, almost at the end of his life-mission, falling to the ground under the "tree of agony," and weeping, offering a prayer? It must have been an inspiring sight—the waving flag of the Salvation Army, borne aloft by the enthusiastic "soldiers," while the party fervently sang the hymn "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."—Western Christian Advocate.

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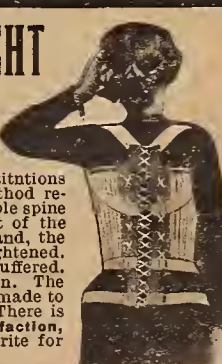
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Two Days' Road Work

B. M., Ohio, asks: "Can a man owning no land be compelled to pay his poll-tax for road work in money, providing he has not been warned out to work by the supervisor?"

He must be warned out before he can be sued for his two days' labor. It makes no difference whether he has land or not.

Advised to Make a Will

G. G. G. asks: "A man has married his second wife, and they have no children. Can he will her his real estate, which is absolutely safe, he having children by his first wife, who have received shares from home before the death of his first wife? To whom would the personal property and the bank-account fall in case of death of either husband or wife? How could it be saved for either party?"

The proper way is to consult a good lawyer and make a will. In case either husband or wife should die, one half of the property would go to the survivor, and the rest to the children.

Abandonment of Wife by Husband

P. F. S., Ohio, inquires: "What share of his wife's property can a man hold if he leaves home of his own accord, and leaves minor children, and does not help to support them? Can the wife will the property to the children? What can be done to a man that goes with other women without a divorce?"

If the wife should die, the husband would have a life estate in one third of her realty. The thing for the wife to do is to get a divorce. She has good grounds, and that would settle all claims he might have. Until the marriage relation is legally dissolved, on her death his dower right would be valid, notwithstanding he did so act as to give a good ground for divorce.

Patent—Public Use

A. Z. asks: "A person has invented a small useful article, one that he himself can manufacture and put on the market, but is too poor to have a patent filed on it. May he manufacture and put on the market the invented article for some short time and later on file the patent? Would it be granted? If so, how long may he manufacture and sell the article and still have the right to file a patent on it?"

In the American and English Encyclopedia of Law it is said: "Where an invention has been in public use or on sale in the United States for more than two years prior to the application for a patent, the patent granted is void. . . . The test whether a transaction is or is not a public sale is whether the use or sale has been in the ordinary transactions of life in the ordinary course of business."

Sale of Mortgaged Chattel—Width of Tire on Road—Liability of Minor

A. B. C., Ohio, inquires: "A., being a minor, buys a horse from B. on time without his father's consent. After a while he gets his brother to give a chattel mortgage for the same. C. sells his horse, and goes away. Can B. foreclose the mortgage on whoever bought C.'s chattel, and can A. be held for his purchase or not?—Is there any law whereby a farmer can be compelled to use three-inch tires on his wagon in order to haul his product to market over the good roads?"

If the mortgage given by C. to B. was properly filed, B. could recover wherever he could find the property, and C. might also be criminally liable, but I doubt very much if B. could recover anything from A. Especially is this doubtful if B. took C.'s note.—The statutes of Ohio provide that it is unlawful to transfer a wagon over graded roads with a tire less than three inches in width.

Setting Aside Division of Lands

A. S., Ohio, says: "A person died, and left no will. The property was divided between a surviving husband and three children, one a minor. Commissioners (appraisers) were employed, who gave the family choice in deciding on their shares. The husband and the minor child conceded much to the other two, and a settlement was reached. Now one of the other two claims that the surveyor made a mistake of about fourteen acres in the two older children's shares, and that the husband and the minor are liable for their equal portion of the fourteen acres. Taxes have been paid by each for two years. Is the husband or the minor liable at any time for the others' loss?"

I doubt very much that the husband and minor are liable. A deficiency of the number of acres that you mention would hardly be sufficient to constitute a fraud.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Recording of Lease

T. G. V., Ohio, asks: "A man rents a farm, cash rent, for a term of years, and enters into a contract. The first of March he gives notes due at different intervals for the year's rent. Is it necessary to have the contract recorded to make it binding?"

Yes, if it runs for more than three years, it must be recorded.

Statute of Limitations as to Mortgage

A. N. S., New York, asks: "If a mortgage has run thirty years, and the interest paid every year, has the holder a right to foreclose? How long is a mortgage valid?"

I presume in your state a mortgage would be a valid lien for twenty years from its date. The note would be good as long as the interest is paid, and for twenty years after the last payment was made, if it was under seal.

Inheritance

D. G., Tennessee, inquires: "If a woman dies who has never had any children, and who has real estate deeded in her name, will her husband or her brothers and sisters inherit it?"

The most that the husband would get would be a life estate in his wife's real estate. It may be, if the common law is in force in Tennessee, that he does not get that. At common law, unless there was a child born alive, the husband's courtesy did not exist. Anyway, the brothers and sisters will some day get the property.

Right of Heir to Will Land Inherited Before Division

A. B. C. asks: "In case of death of a man who was father of several children, no will having been made, the personal estate was divided by executors, leaving a valuable piece of real estate (house and grounds) unsold, in which the mother has her dower rights. Now one of the heirs dies, leaving a wife and child. Can he by will leave his interest in above property to his wife?"

When a man dies, his real estate rests immediately in his heirs, and his personal property passes to his administrator. In your case, if there was no will there could not have been an executor; it must have been an administrator who settled up the estate. The administrator, unless it is necessary to sell real estate to pay debts, has no right to divide it or sell it. It goes direct to the heirs, subject to the widow's rights, and of course the heir could will or sell his interest to whomsoever he might choose.

Money Held in Trust, etc.

A. H. M. asks: "My father died, and left a will, giving his sons farms which were to be free from debt and his widow and daughters an equal sum of money. After the expenses were paid the surplus money was divided among the widow and daughters. One daughter was left a sum of money in trust as long as she lived, and at her death it was to go to her heirs. The papers were divided, and the daughter that had the money held in trust took a paper that was worthless at the time that the estate was settled, though no one knew it. She admitted before the rest of the heirs that she was satisfied to take the paper. Had she a right to choose the money that was held in trust, or was that the trustee's business? My father put in some of the children for trustees. If that paper was worthless at the time she took it, can she make the trustees pay her interest each year as long as she lives, and at her death can the heirs collect the principal? Would her loss have to come from the surplus or out of the estate?"

A trust is always controlled by the writing creating it. Originally it seems to me it would have been the duty of the trustees to have seen to the division of the estate, and I am not sure but that they might sue the mother and daughters to make up for this worthless claim. If the daughter made the selection I think she would be bound by it, and she could not come onto the trustees, but I am not sure but that the trustees will be liable to the person who gets the property when the daughter dies. The matter is considerably complicated, depending upon the court proceedings had, the nature of the trust and the action of the parties. You had better consult a local attorney.

Child Collecting Wages for Work Done for Parents

A. H. inquires: "Can a child collect wages out of the parents' estate after the parents' death, the parents having agreed to pay the child wages after twenty-one years old as long as the child worked for them?"

Yes, if he can prove the agreement.

Compulsory Attendance at School

M. H. R., New York, asks: "Can the law of this state compel a girl fifteen years old to attend school when her mother needs her at home to help with the housework during the sickness of her sister?"

I think not. Better ask the school authorities.

Should Make a Will

B. L. R., Pennsylvania, asks: "If a man dies, leaving no children, should he will everything to his wife, making her his executrix, or would it be better for her to administer? Would all the property revert to her if there was no will?"

Consult a competent lawyer at home, and make a will.

Sale of Property by Husband When Wife is Insane

A. B. C. states: "A. bought a lot of B. for the sum of one hundred dollars, paying part cash, the balance to be paid within a year, the contract being verbal. The following April they had a notary public write an article of agreement whereby A. was to pay the balance due on the lot on or before December 15th, with interest at six per cent. During this time A. went to B. and offered to pay the balance on the lot, but B. told him he could not give a clear deed, as his wife was in the insane asylum, but if A. would pay him all but ten dollars he would stop the interest. This A. did, and received a receipt for the same. How will A. go about it to get a deed? He is ready and willing to pay the ten dollars at any time."

The above querist does not mention in which state he lives, and if he did, and it were any place outside of Ohio, I might not be able to tell him. Most states provide that a proceeding may be had in court, and a trustee appointed for the insane wife, and her interest sold in that way. Anyhow it will be necessary to put the matter in the hands of a local attorney before it can be settled, and you should consult one.

Landlord and Tenant

T. D., Illinois, has a number of queries: "(1) A man rents a farm in Illinois. The owner lives retired on the farm, and keeps a number of chickens, which have free range. When any crop is planted near the house, the chickens eat and destroy a good share of the crop. Can anything be collected? (2) The fences are all out of repair on the aforesaid farm. The lease says the landlord is to furnish the material and the tenant the labor. The landlord refuses to furnish the material. What can be done? (3) The pump has been fixed three or four times by the tenant. Can anything be collected? (4) The buildings on the above farm are in need of repair. The lease says the landlord is to keep the buildings in repair, which he has not done, although he was notified in the summer. It was not done by the tenant until the weather got too cold for the cattle, nor was it his intention to do it just to get in a bill. Can he collect? (5) The landlord has been borrowing the tenant's horses from time to time for his own use, such as sawing wood, hauling coal, etc. Can he charge him for the use of them?"

(1) I doubt if anything can be done about the chickens. The tenant knew when the farm was rented that the landlord would stay there and keep chickens, and he also knew that the chickens were liable to do considerable foraging. (2) If it is absolutely essential to build or have fences in order to properly enjoy the lease, and the landlord will not furnish the material, the tenant might furnish it and charge it to the landlord. (3) This might depend upon whose fault it was that the pump needed fixing. Usually, if nothing is said about it, the tenant must keep the pump in order. It might, however, be included in the clause relating to buildings. (4) Yes, I think the tenant could collect the bill. (5) Yes, he could collect reasonable pay.

Action for Damages

F. H. M. asks: "Can I recover damages for an injury I received on a Texas railroad while at work years ago? Tell me how to go about it."

Consult a lawyer at your home. There are usually plenty of them who are anxious to take accident cases.

Patent—Patent Applied For

Q. Q. asks: "May an inventor in the United States manufacture and put on the market his own invention without having it patented?—May one put 'patent applied for' on his invention as soon as a sketch or model is mailed at the home post-office to some patent attorneys?—Name some patent attorneys."

Yes.—Yes.—H. L. Toulmin and Staley & Bowman, Springfield, Ohio, are good patent attorneys.

Forfeiture of Estate

A. S., Indiana, inquires: "A tract of ground was deeded to a town in Ohio to be used as a cemetery, with a proviso that the land should revert to the original owners or their heirs whenever it ceased to be used as a cemetery. A few years ago the city removed all the dead but one, and then used the ground as a city park. Would not this change make the original owners or their heirs now the legal owners?"

I think it would.

Inheritance

J. P. G., Illinois, wants to know: "A man and wife had two children. The wife had eighty acres of land deeded to her by her father. She has since died. What will be the disposition of this land? Can the husband sell this land and reinvest? What will be the children's share by the law of Illinois?"

The husband would get it for life only. He could not sell and reinvest. At his death it will go to the children. If the children are all of age, all could join in the deed and sell.

Right to Estate

J. N., Wisconsin, wants to know: "My father and mother owned a large farm thirteen years ago. Mother died, leaving five children. Two of us are married. Two sisters are staying with us, and the youngest boy, thirteen years old, is staying with them. Three years ago father married a widow with four grown-up children. When this widow's husband died, everything was willed to her and her children. She had father sign everything in her name. Has she a right to the whole, or can we claim part of it?"

This query was received on January 11th, and yet the inquirer wants it answered by January 15th, which would be impossible. It takes some time to arrange and set up a paper like FARM AND FIRESIDE. Besides, we get a great many queries, and to be perfectly fair with all they are answered in the order received. It is usually two months before they will appear in the paper. If an immediate reply is desired, follow the instructions at the head of this department. In answer to your inquiry I will say that unless the property was in your mother's name you cannot get any part of it.

Mother's Property Traded, and Property Received Put in Father's Name

F. M. B., Indiana, inquires: "My father and mother were both married before marrying each other. My father had no property, but had three children. My mother had no children, but owned an eighty-acre farm free of indebtedness. After their marriage my father traded and changed until there is only forty acres left, and the deed was made in his name alone without my mother's knowledge. My father has been dead for nineteen years, and the property still stands as he left it. Mother having paid the taxes ever since. There are five children by the last marriage. Can the land be sold now, and my mother keep her third and her five children get the rest, or will his children by the first marriage share equally with the last? By leaving the deed stand until father has been dead twenty years, will that give it over to mother again?"

It was formerly a very common thing, when a woman was under the common-law disability, to put all the property in the husband's name; in fact, upon their marriage all of her personal property became his. My opinion is that the property will be divided between all the father's children, subject to the mother's right. In Indiana the common law has been changed by statute, and the mother would get one third of the property absolutely. The Indiana statutes are somewhat difficult for an outsider to understand, and if you desire further information you had better consult a local attorney.

By a Sufferer

The marble-browed masters of science
Who potter with cultures and germs,
And seem to place so much reliance
On most unpronounceable terms,
Who chase to its lair the bacillus
And microbes with feelers and horns,
They won't touch the things that half
kill us.
Why don't they do something for corns?

The germs that make people hysteric,
The germs that cause rabies and gout,
The serums for symptoms diphtheric,
They always are fussing about.
But these in the flesh, to my notion,
Are merely occasional thorns.
If only they'd get up a lotion
Or virus to knock out our corns!

That corns are humanity's curse all
Who've given them thought must
agree;
What's more, they are quite universal.
Great Scott! how they're bothering
me!
They might neglect ptomaines and
phthisis,
Whose research their science adorns,
But matters are reaching a crisis.
Why don't they do something for corns?
—Chicago News.

President Castro of Venezuela

AFTER suffering a blockade three years ago, Venezuela, humbled by the loss of her little navy, empowered our minister at Caracas to offer terms of settlement to her creditors and refer other matters to The Hague Tribunal. But to any one acquainted with Venezuelan affairs it did not require great foresight to see the inevitable consequences of the settlement—namely, that Venezuela would fail to fulfil her obligations, and that the allies would then look to the United States to deal with the delinquent.

The Hague Tribunal, in February of last year, granted preference to the blockading powers in the collection of their debts. Venezuela felt that she had been unnecessarily humbled, she forgot her most wretched plight at the time the protocols were signed, she was annoyed to think that the awards were final, and being in an unreasonable mood, she laid the blame of the whole misfortune upon the United States, and in particular upon Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the American minister at Caracas, who acted as Venezuelan plenipotentiary throughout the period immediately following the blockade.

President Castro is the most absolute dictator that the Venezuelan government has yet known. Courageous, ignorant, shrewd in small matters, but lacking the rudiments of statesmanship, this man has already done more injury to his country than a quarter of a century can repair.

Like the late Paul Kruger, he believes in discouraging foreigners from entering or remaining in the country. Castro advocated this anti-foreign policy when he began the revolution which brought him into power, and he has held to it with a consistency in contrast to his attitude toward monopoly, excessive taxation, and other abuses which he promised to sweep away. And he has thereby won a certain amount of popularity among the peon class, many of whom, especially in the remote provinces, look upon their president as a second Napoleon—a comparison he himself has sanctioned—who can circumvent the designs of his enemies by diplomacy or by force of arms, with equal success.—G. M. L. Brown, in World's Work.

Healthful Education

THE matter of education in its relation to health is one of great importance to us as a nation. A method of educating the young without proper restraint of the ambitious and the weaklings will result disastrously so far as health and morals are concerned, as we can well see if we but take the trouble to observe. There is too much schooling simply for the sake of studying rather than to undergo training for usefulness.

As Americans we have come to regard education of such great importance that we sacrifice not only comfort, but also health, and in some instances even life, to acquire it. It must not be forgotten that some of the minds that seem dull are not so, but are really the opposite; they are simply slow to grasp because of the mental qualities of exactness and thoroughness. These should not be driven too rapidly, or they may become mentally exhausted, and perhaps blighted, for the world needs such to be developed in order to counteract the superficial work done by many so-called bright minds. The precocious need to be checked and guided, or else they will outdo their strength, and also become mental, and perhaps moral and physical, wrecks. Bright children too often are misdirected by their teachers and par-

Do We Eat Too Much?

There seems to be a common agreement nowadays among scientific investigators that the human family eats too much. This of course does not apply to every individual, for there is no dispute about the fact that thousands of people are poorly fed and improperly nourished; and singularly enough, these do not belong always among the poorer classes. As a matter of fact, the middle classes are the well-to-do classes when it comes to the question of the adequate nourishment of the human body to fit it for the daily and mental demands that are made upon it. People who are well off in the world's goods are not always the ones who adopt the most liberal and most rational policy in the matter of selecting a diet that will contribute to their highest physical welfare and their greatest personal enjoyment. The table of the poor is not only the table of intelligence and the table of plenty, but is quite often the table of hygienic and dietetic selection; for it is deprived of many of the vile culinary concoctions which are dangerous and deleterious and which only the well-filled purse supplies. Moreover, the employments of the poor are better calculated to bring about perfect alimentation and assimilation; and the penuriousness of the rich quite often makes them scanty providers, depriving themselves of the more nourishing edibles that are to be found in the markets. But taking the general average of the human family, it may be stated as a well-proven proposition that the diet of civilized people is too ample, too hearty. In other words, we all eat too much.

Americans are undoubtedly the great meat-eaters of the world, notwithstanding the fact that we have the most bountiful supply of all the most nourishing foods that are the products of a widely diversified climate and many varieties of soil. The British soldiers in Africa, instead of being fed on rare roast beef, as we might naturally suppose from our notions of British diet, were given a moderate allotment of vegetable and cereal foods, with an occasional touch of jam to sweeten their rations and cheer their flagging spirits after the long march. The Japanese soldiers who are fighting in the Far East live chiefly on rice and dried fish, while the Russian infantry and cavalry have a somewhat harder diet, because of the rigors of the climate in which they have to conduct their campaign. It will be remembered that many hundred tons of candy were shipped to our own soldiers in the Philippines during the campaign of occupation which followed the raising of our flag in the archipelago.—What-to-Eat.

A Ten-Million-Dollar Romance

Miss Elizabeth Howe, a young Pittsburg heiress, has distinguished herself in a sensible sort of way. Among her suitors was a titled Italian nobleman, Count Charles DeCini, of Rome, a nephew of the late Pope Leo, and he found favor in her eyes. When it came to drawing up the marriage agreement, however, the Count, it is said, demanded fifty thousand dollars cash down, that all his debts be paid, and that an income of ten thousand dollars a year be settled

Miscellany

upon him for life. This businesslike view of their romance was not to Miss Howe's liking. It took all the poetry out of it, and like a sensible American girl she turned to her childhood sweetheart, Frank E. Sproul, of Pittsburg, a lawyer of modest means, and married him just the day before the Count landed on the American shore in the effort to prevail upon Miss Howe to renew her engagement to him. His first news of the marriage came through a glimpse of the morning papers when he got off the boat. Mrs. Sproul has about ten million dollars.—World's Events.

Her Value

J. Stanley Todd, the portrait-painter, was talking about feminine beauty.

"All blind men," he said, "are keen students of feminine beauty. Let them be as blind as possible in other things, in this matter of women's looks every woman is mentally judged and her value reckoned by them, the same as wines are judged and valued by the wine-expert."

"But men set a value on each woman in their own minds only. They don't blurt out these values as a certain Persian once did at a reception in New York."

"The Persian was of royal blood, and his hostess was rather amused than horrified when as various women were presented to him he would say, 'This lady is easily worth ten thousand dollars. That dark woman would fetch about one thousand one hundred dollars in the open market. I would give eight hundred dollars for the blond girl in white, cheerfully. The one beside her should sell for five hundred dollars anywhere.'"

"The hostess was so amused that she said to the Persian, with a coquettish laugh, 'And what value, sir, would you set on me?'"

"The Persian sneered a little. 'I am not acquainted with the small coin of your country,' he said."—Salt Lake City Tribune.

A Modern Puritan Soldier

In a regiment on duty in the Philippines the officers found a good deal of sport in teasing a young subaltern. He had come from his studies in a Western college, and his commission had not changed his scholarly and pious habits of mind. He was promptly nicknamed "Birdie."

He could not endure swearing, and when one of the officers lost his temper and uttered an oath, Birdie would walk away. His opposition to gambling and drinking did not add to his popularity. It was related at mess that Birdie had slapped the fingers of his men for "shooting craps," and that he had talked with an easy-going sergeant about card-playing.

The regiment had been in action several times, and there was no question about Birdie's bravery, but the officers believed in a vague way that his "smoky" and "Sunday-school" views of life would prevent his showing at a critical moment the aggression and dash which make a good soldier.

In the latter part of 1900 three companies of the regiment were in the mountains, moving up a dangerous cañon.

Birdie's company, under a gruff old Indian-fighter, was in advance, and Birdie was in charge of the vanguard. Suddenly two of the men in the point seemed to drop into the earth. Their screams told at once that they had fallen into a pitfall and were impaled on spears.

Simultaneously there swept down on the Americans a volley of shots from a trench just beyond the pitfall. As the supporting lines rushed forward, Birdie loomed up suddenly and took his stand on the edge of the pitfall. From here he covered the trench in front of him with his revolver.

He was a good shot, and two Filipinos fell. Meanwhile he was directing the other two men in the point how to get the two impaled men off, but he never took his eyes away from the trench. He stood there and kept those twelve Filipinos down until the support rushed past him. Half the Filipinos were put out of action; the rest surrendered.

After that the officers did not poke fun at "Birdie's Pious Puritanism."—Youth's Companion.

A Saving in Soap

Save the small pieces of soap that you have been in the habit of throwing away. When you have a cupful or more, put them in a tin dish with as much or more water, and set on the stove to melt. When no hard bits remain, add powdered pumice-stone or fine sand until quite thick, and pour into gem-pans or round patty-pans. A teaspoonful of either borax or ammonia or both can be added. In a short time the cakes can be turned out, and set in a warm, dry place to harden, and will be found very useful for removing stains from the hands.

A Revengeful Tree

There has recently been discovered in the Far East a species of the acacia-tree which is a wonder of plant-life. It grows to a height of about eight feet, and when full grown closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset, and curls its twigs to the shape of pig-tails. If the tree is touched after it has settled itself thus for a night's sleep it will flutter as if agitated. The oftener molested, the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, until at length the tree emits an odor which when inhaled causes sick-headache.—Everywhere.

Mother

When I bin swimmin' all day long,
An' had a fight or two,
An' come home in the evenin' time
A-feelin' mad-an' blue,
There's just one thing that always seems
My angry thoughts to smother,
An' I fergit 'em when I see
The smilin' face of mother.

An' father sez, when he comes home
From troubles on the street,
He sez that gentle smile it makes
The whole blame world look sweet;
An' Carlo's dog-talk sez so, too,
An' so does sis an' brother;
I tell you they ain't nothin' like
The smilin' face of mother.

It kinder brightens every place,
An' I know what I know,
That when I die an' go away—
Coz we all have to go—
I'll need one proof to show me where
I'm at, don't need no other,
I'll know it's heaven when I see
The smilin' face of mother.

—Harry T. Fee, in Sunset.

The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M. D.

ents, and given no opportunity to see the value of the application of knowledge. This is why we never hear of some of the bright students when they leave the college-halls, and why some of those who were apparently less progressive, but always took time and made practical use of their acquired knowledge, surpass them in the actual struggles of life. There must be time given to think, to digest, not only for the sake of knowledge, but for the sake of mental strength and health.

What certain pupils are able to accomplish with comparative ease others of the same age and of the same social stratum may find very difficult. How much of harm the attempt to cast all the pupils of each class in one mold has done only those can realize who have seen delicate children run down every year under the too severe strain of their school-work.

The superintendent of the schools of Batavia, N. Y., found this problem of the weaker and slower pupils being com-

pelled to compete with the physically stronger and intelligently more rapid workers crowding on him for solution. As described in a recent number of the New York "Independent," there came to him an inspiration. "Let us," said he to the governing board, "put an end to this killing of children." His method was simple and rational enough. He suggested an extra teacher for every room, whose duty would be not to hear lessons, but to help those pupils who were falling behind in the class. Needless to say, this sort of help requires special tact and broad sympathy with children's minds, as well as a clear idea of the way in which pupils view things, so as to recognize the source of their difficulties. The experiment was tried first in a single room, but the result was so strikingly beneficial, both as regards the pupils themselves and the feelings of satisfaction on the part of the teachers, that what has since come to be called the "Batavian experiment" is now finding its way into many of the higher schools.

The most interesting feature of this experiment is its effect on the health of the children. While there was no doubt from the very beginning that it would be of service for the general scholarship of the schools, the hygienic feature was not expected to be quite so prominent. One mother, rejoicing over her boy restored to health and intellectual vigor after she had seen him depressed and discouraged during the preceding year, declared the new experiment to be "a new phase of Christianity." It is especially satisfying to find that the success of the experiment has been pleasing to the powers that be in the school. The president of the school-board says: "The method of meeting our problem is not only a revelation, it is a revolution."

The fact that as many as six times the number of pupils remain to graduate at the high school in Batavia is apt to prove a better argument, however, for educators than any physical improvement may with the new system. Let us hope that it will receive the recognition that it apparently deserves. In any case it must be remembered that a child's health is much more important for its success in after-life than any amount of education, however apparently successful our wonderful method of educational development may be presented to be.—The Medical Council.

A Wonderful Garden

THE suburban homes of the wealthy in our country are now made wonderfully beautiful by their flower-gardens and their shrubbery. All that human ingenuity can suggest or money pay for may be seen in some of these gardens, and none exceed in beauty and interest those seen in Massachusetts, that home of the first beautiful gardens in our country, those "fair green gardens" of which one may read in the early history of New England. More often we hear them referred to as "grandmother's gardens," and we see these old gardens imitated in our day; and, after all, none of our new "strains" of flowers of any kind can surpass in beauty of tint and color and form the flowers that were such a pleasure to our grandmothers and to their grandmothers. The roses of their day were just as sweet in perfume and just as exquisite in color, if not so huge in size, as the roses of our day.



Shrubbery and Flowers for Lawn and Garden



phlox, but I would like to call the attention of your readers to some of the flowers that seem to give the greatest reward in return for the slight labor expended in their cultivation by blooming almost continually from early summer until late in the fall, supplying bouquets for the house through the long, dry months of August and September, and finally blooming bright as ever side by side with the late aster and the golden-rod.

Of course, we could hardly do without the early bulbs, the sweet rockets, the graceful bleeding-hearts, Iceland poppies, bluebells and double daisies, that

the clear golden yellow to the deepest crimson, and which bloom from early summer to hard frost. All these I have mentioned are steady bloomers, also the Iceland poppy, which, though early, like the ever-blooming forget-me-not, blossoms the whole season. Then there are the marguerite carnations, that bloom from seed the first year, and ever after bloom from early to late, and may be potted for winter blooming. The pansy will bloom from earliest spring until almost Christmas in mild winters, and if cultivated and watered and the old blossoms and long, straggling runners picked off will bloom fresh and beautiful the whole season and year after year. I have raised many pansies from slips, and find them extremely easy to grow. They should not be planted deeply, but a long, many-jointed stalk may be laid down horizontally, with just the blossom end peeping out, and lightly covered with earth. The joints will all send out roots, and in two months you will have a good healthy clump of pansies all in bloom. The daphne, or garland-flower, a pretty spreading shrub, producing beautiful bright pink, sweet-scented flowers in early May, and the myrtles, especially the variegated myrtle, are nice to cover bare places under shrubs, while the variegated myrtle is most graceful in urns and hanging baskets, and lovely in the house for winter foliage. The tritonia, or torch-lily, and the stately yucca, though not of long blooming-season, should be in every flower-garden. Even when not in bloom the tropical-looking plants of the yucca are an ornament to any lawn. The pardanthus, or blackberry-lily, looks well in the border.

Some of the coarser perennials that bloom all summer and yet are too rank and spreading for the more formal flower-garden, may be used in the "wild garden" or beside an old wall backed by ivy, or in any old corner that would otherwise be left to weeds. There are the old-fashioned hollyhocks, the many varieties of hibiscus, sweet-williams, bergamot and mint, the hardy double and single sunflowers, the early double yellow buttercup and the trailing ground-ivy, all these may be planted together to cover up what would be without them merely a patch of weeds or a barren and unsightly waste.

Mrs. St. V. Le Sieur.

Hints for the Garden

It is impossible to have the best flowers and the best bush at the same time. If roses are grown for a big floral display, the bushes or vines are almost sure to be unsightly when out of bloom. Therefore the rosarium, or formal rose-garden, which is designed for a big display of double flowers, should be



THE HUNNEWELL GARDENS AT WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

Then, as now, the rose was to many the regent of all the flowers of field or greenhouse or garden.

Less attention was paid to shrubbery by those early gardeners than we now give to it. Beautiful shrubbery is now as highly prized as the most beautiful flowers, and unless one has visited such a place of surpassing beauty as the Arnold Arboretum, in the suburbs of Boston, or the private estates of the wealthy, who have hundreds of acres in rare shrubbery, one cannot know how bountiful Nature has been to us in the way of beautiful plants.

The Hunnewell Gardens, at Wellesley, twenty miles from Boston, have long been famous not only for their rare and exquisite flowers, but also for their Italian gardens, in which one may see some of the most unusual and curious results in training shrubbery into odd forms. The vast Hunnewell estate slopes down to a placid lake, and many acres of the estate are devoted solely to the cultivation of plants and flowers. It is private property, but visitors are admitted excepting on Sundays, and one may see many of the Wellesley girls from the great college near by strolling through the gardens. There are terraces and green inclined slopes and little lakes, while the narrow and historic Charles River flows through a part of the estate.

Nowhere will one find more curious effects in gardening than here. The trees have been trained into all sorts of fantastic shapes, some of them even bordering on the grotesque, and they justify the remark of an old lady of my acquaintance who said when she saw them for the first time that they looked "perfectly ridiculous," and she ventured the further remark that they must feel "kind of ashamed of themselves to be turned into such freaks." Truth to tell, some of them are more curious than beautiful, but there is no lack of real beauty in these wonderful gardens, and the trees at least illustrate the skill and the ingenuity of the clever gardener. A large number of workmen are employed for the sole purpose of beautifying the estate, which is so near Wellesley that it adds much to the attractions of that college. The four girls in the boat in one of our illustrations are Wellesley students who have rowed down from the college to visit the gardens. I heard one of those selfsame girls say in the extravagant language of the college girl that the thousands of azaleas in bloom on this particular day near the shrubbery were "just a perfect symphony in color," and while I am ignorant as to what a "symphony in color" may be, I am sure the azaleas in this wonderful garden could not be surpassed in shade and tint and masses of solid color.

H.

Hardy Perennials

Since reading an article in your paper on hardy perennials I have felt inspired to mention a few more that bloom continuously from early summer or mid-summer to frost, making the garden one of beauty. Like your correspondent, I am an admirer of the hardy



VIEW OF HUNNEWELL GARDENS FROM THE LAKE

bloom about the time of the columbine and Decoration Day, but the most useful perennials are those that bloom about the first of June, just after the earliest flowers have faded, and continue all summer.

Some of our native wild flowers have been cultivated and improved of late years, so that a list of hardy perennials is hardly complete without a few of them. The hardy single aster, the geranium, or crane's-bill, blooming all summer, and the wonderful Shasta daisy, created by Luther Burbank from our common field-daisy, and improved into a masterpiece of floriculture. Among the never-failing bloomers are the bright gaillardias, the coreopsis, the hardy golden marguerite, the showy bell-flowers (campanulas), some of which bloom all summer long. Then we have the tall delphiniums, the beautiful white achillea, the blue spiraea, the crimson spiraea, some of the lychnis, the yellow hypericum, the chelone, or shell-flower, hardy white marguerites, eupatorium, a pretty hardy plant with light blue flowers, the dwarf spreading plumbago,

in an inclosed, out-of-the-way place, where it will not interfere with landscape effects.

Save all your grape-basket tops. Split into strips they make excellent markers for potted bulbs for flower and vegetable seeds started in the house. They are just the right length, and the smooth surface can be used to write names and dates of planting.

Poppies should be transplanted when the ground and the plant are soaked with rain. The poppies can be previously thinned to single specimens by cutting off the weaker surrounding plants. Use a spade, taking up enough earth so the poppy-roots are not exposed.

To get early sweet-peas from outside sowing plant in the fall four inches deep. The soil should be rich and heavy, and a well-drained spot should be chosen. For succession sow after spring comes, in trenches six inches deep. Cover seeds with two inches of soil, and earth up as they grow. Thin to eight inches apart, and provide a trellis. Keep the flowers picked clean, to prolong the season.—Country Life in America.

Wit and Humor



Charge of the Bargain Brigade

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
Quick to the bargain-sale
Rushed the Six Hundred.
"Forward, female brigade!
Charge the dress-goods," she said.
To the department store
Surged the Six Hundred.

"Forward, female brigade!"
Was there a soul dismayed?
Hopeful, but yet afraid
Counters were plundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to dress and fly;
Theirs only but to try
To get there first or die!
Quick to that bargain-sale
Tore the Six Hundred!

Silks to the right of them,
Ginghams to left of them,
Linen before them,
Floor-walkers wondered!
Quizzing the tired clerks
(You know just how it works),
Pawing with frantic jerks,
Remnants all sundered.
Bravely they rushed, and well,
Hither and yon, pell-mell,
Without a breathing-spell,
Crazy Six Hundred!

What a clean-up they made
At that wild bargain raid!
"Will the goods wash or fade?"
Each woman wondered.
Honor the nerve displayed
Over each nine-cent trade,
Whether 'twas charged or paid,
Tired Six Hundred!
—E. A. Brininstool, in Leslie's Weekly.



THE BRITISH NAVY IN DIFFICULTIES

Sailor—"Ahoy, there! Get out your collision-mats! Can't you see he's going to ram?"

Subtraction

A teacher in a Western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction.

"Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

Reported on the Cow

When an animal is killed on the rail-ways it becomes the duty of the nearest station-master to immediately make a report of the accident to headquarters, so that the company may be prepared with a statement of the facts, in case of action. This report is made on forms furnished by the company.

On one occasion a newly installed station-master found himself confronted with the necessity of making out his first report. Although it was a new experience, he described the cow and the circumstances accurately, and all went well down to the last line, when he discovered that he had neglected to question the owner of the deceased cow concerning one important point. It seemed safe, however, for him to rely on his own judgment, and so he did it. The line was headed: "Disposition of remains." Underneath he wrote with all earnestness: "Kind and gentle."—Kansas City Journal.

Bill Nye's Famous Cow

Bill Nye, the humorist, once advertised the sale of a cow about as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay-chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one fourth Shorthorn and three fourths Hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shot-gun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

The Reason

"You say the magazine editor wouldn't accept your poem?"

"No; I think it was too good."

"Too good?"

"Yes; I think he was afraid it would distract attention from the advertising pages."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Brave Stoessel

The charge of cowardice against General Stoessel is disproved by the fact that he has returned to Russia.—Washington Post.

Everything from Nothing

During Governor Rollins' administration a representative to the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the state was presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with "State House etiquette," he addressed His Excellency as "Most High."

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High," "He who had made everything from nothing."

"Well, Governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."—Boston Herald.

R. S. V. P.

A custom of high society was recently humorously touched up by a Western lecturer, who said:

"Too often society is struck a telling blow by such an answer as a country squire once made to an inquisitive young man."

Here the lecturer turned to the blackboard behind him, and scrawled upon it four immense letters—R. S. V. P.

"A young man," he resumed, "asked the country squire what those letters meant at the foot of an invitation. The squire, with a little chuckle, answered, 'They mean, 'Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up and Put.'"

An Infallible Test

"I tell ye what," asserted Old Man Spiggets, "that there painter feller is a fine artist."

"What impressed you about his work?"

"Well, there was a pictur he called 'The Rainstorm,' an' I swan, it was that nat'ral that I hadn't looked at it three minutes afore my corns begin hurtin' me."—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Law-Breaker

Mistress—"Don't deny it, Bridget; I saw you permit that policeman to kiss you last evening."

Bridget—"Well, ma'am, ye wouldn't have me be locked up for resistin' an officer, would ye?"—Chicago News.

Bull to the Rescue

A short time ago some men were engaged in putting up telegraph-poles on some land belonging to an old farmer who disliked seeing his wheat trampled down, according to the veracious "Register," of Great Bend, Kan. The men produced a paper by which they said they had leave to put the poles where they pleased. The old farmer went back and turned a large bull in the field. The savage beast made after the men, and the old farmer, seeing them running from the field, shouted at the top of his voice, "Show him the paper!"



—Wilder, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

CRUELITIES OF THE WAR

How would you like to be General Linevitch?

Essays of Little Robbie

GERMANY

Germany is a funnie country whare thare is funnie dogs with long bodys and weener wursts and Beer espeshally lots of Beer. Thare is a Kiser thare who is the Boss and he has some Ares who will inherit the throan some day if thay doant die.

Germany is bownded on the Noarth by some country i forget the naim and on the south by another place whare I never been and on the East and West by land and Water. The people of Germany love thare Kiser and thare Beer and it is a nice place to live if you ain't living in America, and thats all I know about Germany.—Argonaut.

Hard on His Wife

A certain Cincinnati gentleman in the manufacturing business found it necessary some time ago to lay aside his good clothes and put on a dirty, ragged suit and help clean up the machinery in his factory. Then he went home, and as he entered the front gate he met a tramp coming out. The tramp mistook him for one of his kind, and said, "No use to go in there, pard; that's the meanest white woman living."—Brown Book.



—Boston Herald.

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TO-NIGHT

Good Potatoes Bring Fancy Prices

To grow a large crop of good potatoes, the soil must contain plenty of Potash.

Tomatoes, melons, cabbage, turnips, lettuce—in fact, all vegetables, remove large quantities of Potash from the soil. Supply

Potash

liberally by the use of fertilizers containing not less than 10 per cent. actual Potash. Better and more profitable yields are sure to follow.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but contain valuable information to farmers. Sent free for the asking.

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FARMERS' and Farmers' Boys.

Four harness specialties every farmer will buy—Quick Change Coupler, Automatic Check Hook, Automatic Hold-back Attachment and Tug Holder. Devices for convenience and safety. Just by showing, you or your boy can sell hundreds and make a good thing. It does not take a good talker to sell these—showing is enough. People don't hesitate on account of price, and you get a good profit on every one. We manufacture other specialties and offer special inducements to agents. Write us quick. Harness wanted. Address

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LADIES
SIZE



This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$35 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address

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MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. MARY D. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago



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LADIES: For any remedy needed address DR. FRANK MAY - Bloomington, Ill. Box free. Women who have used our remedies found them satisfactory in every case.

PATENTS 48-page book FREE; highest references. FITZGERALD & CO., Dept. N, Washington, D. C.

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You need to know how to manage your lamps to have comfort with them at small cost. Better read my Index; I send it free.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.



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Sold in Boxes only. Avoid imitations. John S. Remond

AGENTS WANTED Sell our \$1 bottle Sarsaparilla for 35c.; best seller; 350 per cent profit; write to-day for terms and territory. F. R. Greene, 115 Lake St., Chicago.

With the Poets

The Spring

I'm saddest always in the spring,
When first we leave the fire, and stay
By the west window till the night
Shuts up the tender eyes of day.

The grass that buds its early green
So close along the sheltering wall,
The piping birds and little leaves,
Have melancholy meanings all.

And when the roses first come out
My foolish tears I scarce repress;
It seems to me that Nature's heart
Is bleeding through her gala dress.

The very rain is friendly now,
But when it soaks the earth in showers,
And drags the daisies up, they look
Like corpses of the last year's flowers.

Ah, could I make you know what light
Has melted back into the sky,
Through the green eyelids of the spring,
You, too, would be as sad as I.

—Alice Cary.

Buds and Blossoms

The brightening skies of springtime
Drop down their azure smiles,
And the sun-god with glowing kisses
All Nature now beguiles.

The beautiful buds and blossoms
That long in dumb silence have lain,
In response to his loving caresses
Are blushing to life again.

They perfume the air about us
With incense that comes from above,
And whisper with myriad voices
Of the wonderful power of love.

They symbol the soul-life of many,
Oft chilled by coldness and gloom,
That under love's sunshine would brighten
Into glorious beauty and bloom.

Heed the lesson, ye cold and harsh ones,
And shower daily with love's sweet dew
The immortal buds and blossoms
The dear God has entrusted to you.

—Jennie.

Life's Early Day

Oh, who has not welcomed in life's early day
The first gleam of springtime, the morning of May,
When life was all sunshine and gladness
and glee,
And storms were but zephyrs just winged
from the sea,
Which, stealing along over perfumed
parterres,
Awoke every feeling save sadness and
tears.

Then the freshness of life was all warm
on the cheek,
No object seemed cold, and no prospect
looked bleak,
No fear of the future to sadden the heart,
Or sorrow, unkindness or grief to im-
part,
While the newness of life to each mo-
ment gave zest—
Oh, 'tis pity we cannot be always so
blest.

But youth, like the dream that our fancy
beguiles,
Ne'er heeds the illusion lain hid in its
wiles
Till time comes to tell us its beauty is
flown,
Its tinting, its perfume, its brilliancy
gone;
And the glow of the past but adds gloom
to the scene,
Rendered dark by the memory of what
it has been.

—C. D. Stuart.

He is Nothing to Me

I have watched through the half-closed
shutter
When I knew he was not watching me;
I have felt my heart strangely flutter,
But oh, he is nothing to me.

He is handsome, high born and well bred,
And I worship afar at his shrine;
But I shrink from his touch, which I dread
When his fingers clasp lightly with mine.

He is nothing to me, as I know,
And my life must be ever a blank,
For I move just one circle below—
He is peer in the uppermost rank.

I know in the circle he moves
I can never aspire to be,
And I know that if ever he loves,
He still will be nothing to me.

—Sally A. Humes.

The First Violets

Soft eyes in the dainty grasses
On the south hill sloping down
To the river of gliding silver,
With its fringe of willows brown.
Soft eyes in the dainty grasses,
While the maples overhead
Have kissed the vernal goddess
And blushed till their tips are red.

Soft eyes in the dainty grasses,
With a tender touch of blue,
I see in your depths the summer
Like a picture shining through.
I see in your matchless beauty
Love's promise of what shall be
When the growing year revealeth
My sweetheart's eyes to me.

Soft eyes in the dainty grasses,
The first that open to see
The brown world change to beauty
From mountain down to the sea;
That wake when the first soft zephyr
Steals out of the sweet southwest,
Your smile is the first pulsation
Of the dead earth's frozen breast.

Soft eyes in the dainty grasses,
Oh, tender prophets of love,
You tell of the linnet's music,
The coo of the turtle-dove.
You tell of my sweetheart coming
In the steps of the full-blown spring
To join in the vernal chorus
Till the happy copes ring.

—W. A. Taylor.

A Dream of Summer

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play,
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook;
The bluebird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee."

So in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear,
Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer's flowers.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall,
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Highland Mary

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfault her robes
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the
clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

—Robert Burns.

REPEATING AIR RIFLE

WITHOUT COST

BOYS THIS IS YOUR CHANCE

SHOOTS 300 TIMES WITH ONE LOADING

A TRUE SHOOTER THE IDEAL GUN FOR BOYS

Boys have use for it every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers, and hundreds of uses that only boys know about.

Harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately, and cultivates trueeness of sight and evenness of nerve. It is extremely simple in construction. Any child can operate it and become an expert marksman with little practice.

It gives the boy healthful pleasure, and lots of it for the money.

This rifle uses no powder—just air. There is no smoke, no noise.

Air is plentiful, and shot costs but 10 cents for 1,000, while darts can be shot over and over again.

Harmless, and lasting for years—no wonder every boy should want an air-rifle.

Expert workmanship and accurate machinery enable the manufacturers to produce an air-rifle of which all parts are interchangeable.

These air-rifles are provided with pistol-grip, true sights, and so strongly made that it is almost impossible for them to get out of order.

FREE

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Garments to be Cut and Made at Home

Similar patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores at 20 cents each, but in order to introduce FARM AND FIRESIDE into thousands of new homes, and to make it more valuable than ever to our regular patrons, we offer our line of stylish patterns to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only 10 Cents Each.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece

of the dress. All orders filled promptly. For ladies' waists, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT patterns, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape-measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Patterns 10 cents each, or three for 25 cents.

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.

Send for our Pattern Catalogue. We design and cut our own patterns.

FREE We will give any THREE of these patterns for sending TWO yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at the regular price of 25 cents each.

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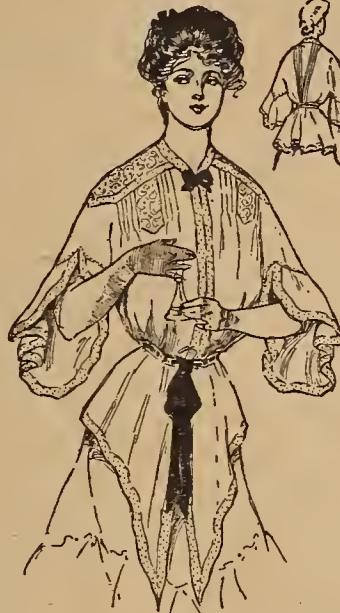
No. 514.—DRAPED BODICE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.
No. 515.—FULL SKIRT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.



No. 466.—WAIST WITH FANCY VEST. 10 cents.
Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



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Sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 448.—BOUDOIR-JACKET. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 500.—PLAITED SURPLICE WAIST. 10 cents.
Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.
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No. 455.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN. 10 cents.
Sizes, 6 months and 1 year.



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Sizes, small, medium and large.



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Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.
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Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.



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Sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
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Ask for Our New Spring and Summer Pattern Catalogue. We Send It FREE.
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Farm Selections

Agricultural News-Notes

AT THE St. Louis Exposition the apple exhibit was excellent, but the apple that claimed the most attention was the Grimes' Golden. This superior variety originated near Wellsburg, W. Va.

The president of the British Board of Agriculture is a cabinet-officer. Under his administration dairying and mutton-production are receiving special attention, and important results have been attained in curing and preventing diseases of sheep and lambs.

Dr. W. D. Hunter, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has been investigating the cotton-boll weevil, has reached the conclusion that there is not even a remote probability that this weevil will ever be exterminated. The thing to do is to prevent, if possible, its spread toward the Atlantic seaboard.

A marked feature of the cold-storage egg trade is the steady advance in early spring prices. Six years ago the current price paid by the cold-storage men approximated eight and one half cents a dozen. Since that time the price has advanced about two cents a dozen annually. In 1903 the price was exceptionally high, being about sixteen cents. The estimated price for this season is expected to be about fifteen cents.

The Poor People of Newfoundland

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

by excessive tea-drinking, and the latter by the heavy, tough bread they eat.

About the only means of recreation these people have is a choice between getting drunk and going to church, and although they are not very smart, most of them know enough to choose the latter. In the more remote regions a magic-lantern show is nothing short of a sensation. A shrewd candidate recently carried a phonograph with him while making his canvass, and the people were so delighted with the politician's music-box that it created a "landslide" in his favor.

That it is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good is proved by the fact that the settlers frequently add to their scanty stock of provisions by the wreckage from Atlantic liners which frequently go ashore on their coast. An old priest was asked by his bishop how the people expected to get along during the winter that was approaching. "Very well, sir, with the help of God and a few wrecks," was the reply. Shortly before my arrival in St. Johns a steamship bound for Europe went on the rocks at Cape Race, the southernmost point of Newfoundland. The cargo consisted of twenty-one thousand barrels of apples. Soon after the accident the sea for miles was literally covered with the fruit, and the shore was soon banked high with it. The inhabitants of every hamlet in that region gorged themselves with apples. An old veteran who stood surveying an immense pile which he had gathered remarked, "It's a shame we can't use 'em for bait."

The Beneficent Woodpecker

The French Minister of Agriculture has just issued to French agriculturists the information that large districts of France are threatened with the destruction of the forests by the ravages of insects. Oaks especially are suffering. The advice of the minister is that nothing more efficacious could be done for exterminating the pest than the encouragement and protection of woodpeckers, just as larks, which have been destroyed in tens of thousands for table use, are the best preservers of the grain crops against insect enemies.

Catalogues Received

G. Camerer, Madison, Ind. Price-list of vineless sweet-potato plants.

S. M. Isbell & Co., Jackson, Mich. Catalogue of Northern-grown seeds.

Prussian Remedy Company, St. Paul, Minn. "Farmer's and Stockman's Handbook."

Peter Henderson & Co., New York City. Illustrated catalogue, "Everything for the Lawn."

American Steam Pump Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Catalogue of Marsh creamery-pumps.

Otis, Stephenson & Co., New York City. Illustrated catalogue of hats and suits from factory to wearer.

Consumer's Carriage and Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill. Illustrated catalogue of vehicles and harness direct from factory to user.

OIL-GAS The WONDERFUL NEW FUEL

Ohioan's Remarkable Invention—Claimed to Be the Cheapest, Safest and Best Yet Found. Invents a New Oil-Gas Stove That Burns About 90% Air, 10% Oil-Gas. A Miniature Gas Works in the Home.

A God-Send to Women Folks—Every Family Can Now Have Gas for Cooking Made from Kerosene Oil at a Cost of Only About 1/2 Cent per Hour.

How Delighted the Ladies Will Be to Save 1/3 to 1/2 on Fuel Bills—All the Drudgery of Carrying Coal, Wood, Ashes, Dirt, Etc., and Be Able to Enjoy Cool Kitchens This Summer.

Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented—Nothing Else Like It—Entirely Different from the Kind Seen in Stores.

HOW OUR READERS CAN MAKE MONEY THIS SUMMER.

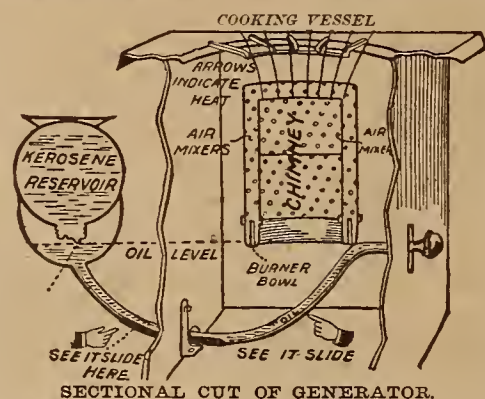
A genius of Cincinnati has invented a new, scientific oil-gas generator that is proving a blessing to women folks, enabling them to cook with gas—relieving them of drudgery. Makes cooking and housework a delight, and at the same time often saves one third to one half in cost of fuel.

How often have many of our lady readers remarked that they would give anything to get rid of the drudgery of using the dirty coal and wood stoves—also the smoky oil wick stoves and their gasoline stoves, which are so dangerous and liable to cause explosions or fire at any time.

Well, that day has arrived, and a fine substitute has been discovered, and every family can now have gas fuel for cooking, baking and heating, and not have their kitchens a hot, fiery furnace in summer, and be carrying coal and ashes—ruining their looks and health.

Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all



over the United States—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders, and evidently the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this OIL-GAS GENERATOR is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—may be easily and safely operated and is built on the latest scientific principles, having no valves, which is a marked improvement, as all valves are liable to leak, carbonize, clog up or overflow.

By simply moving a knob the oil is automatically fed to a small, steel burner bowl or retort, where it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red-hot perforated steel chimneys, thoroughly mixed with air and consumed, giving a bright blue flame—hottest gas fire, similar in color and heating power to natural gas.

This invention has been fully protected in the United States Patent Office, and is known as the HARRISON VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS GENERATOR—the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of Kerosene Oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it one of the most economical fuels on earth, and the reason for the great success of this Generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with oxygen or common air.

Oil-Gas is proving so cheap that 15 cents to 30 cents a week should furnish fuel gas for cooking for a small family.

Kerosene Oil from which oil-gas is made may be purchased in every grocery—is cheap, and a gallon of it will furnish a hot, blue flame gas fire in the burner for about eighteen hours, and as a stove is only used three or four hours a day in most families for cooking, the expense of operating would be but little.

In addition to its cheapness is added the comfort, cleanliness—absence of soot, coal, dirt, ashes, etc. What pleasure to just turn on the oil—light the gas—a hot fire ready to cook. When through, turn it off. Just think; a little kerosene oil—one match—light—a beautiful blue gas flame—hottest fire—always ready—quick meals—a gas stove in your home.

It generates the gas only as needed. Is not complicated, but simple—easily operated, and another feature is its PERFECT SAFETY.

Saw Mills

From 4 h.p. size to largest made. Favorites in every lumber district, because highest grade. Edgers, Trimmers, Planers, Wood Saws, Shingle and Lath Mills, etc. Catalog free. American Saw Mill Machinery Co., 602 Engineering Bldg., New York.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION

ACRES, GOVERNMENT LAND open to settlement. "Johnson's Guide to the Public Lands" tells location, quality and how to obtain. No other book like it; a boon to homeseekers. Describes the free land by counties; covers every feature—homesteads, mineral, timber, irrigation. Illustrated from photographs. \$1.00 postpaid. Prospectus free. W. M. H. JOHNSON, Springfield, Mo.

NOT DANGEROUS LIKE GASOLINE and liable to explode and cause fire at any moment. This stove is so safe that you could drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.

This Oil-Gas Stove does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for the kitchen, laundry—summer cottage—washing—ironing—camping, etc. Splendid for canning fruit—with a portable oven placed over the burner splendid baking can be done.

Another Important Feature

is the invention of a small Radiator Attachment which placed over the burner makes a desirable heating stove during the fall and winter, so that the old cook stove may be done away with entirely.

While at the factory in Cincinnati the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting to our readers we reproduce them:

L. S. Norris, of Vermont, writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50 per cent to 75 per cent over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of New York, writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple any one can safely use it. It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly, a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Nebraska, writes: "That he saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. That his gas range cost him \$5.50 per month and the Harrison only \$1.25 per month."

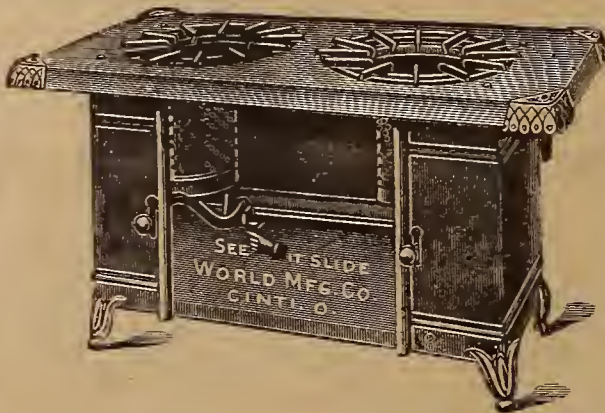
J. A. Shafer, of Pennsylvania, writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is a beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."

Mrs. J. L. Hamilton writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Eble, J. P., of Wisconsin, writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasoline. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasoline."

Chas. L. Bendeke, of New York, writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal yard, plumbing—ashes or dust. One match lights the stove and in ten minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke



—no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."

Agents are doing fine—Making big money

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER

Geo. Robertson, of Maine, writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took twelve orders in three days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency. In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Missouri, writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory. Sold five stoves first day I had mine."

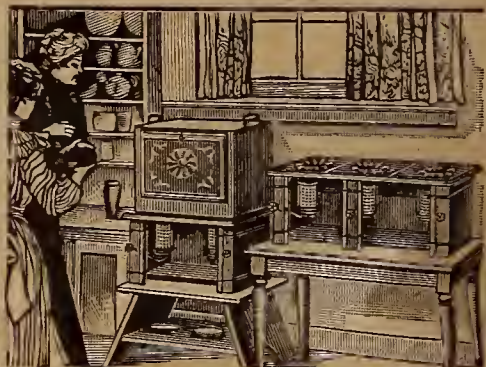
J. H. Halman, of Tennessee, writes: "Already have seventy orders."

This is certainly a good chance for our readers to make money this summer.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw these Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes, one, two or three generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout—thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee them.



HOW TO GET ONE

All our lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasures of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save one third to one half on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense, should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 5827 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only \$3.00 up. And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

for full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital \$100,000.00, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

\$40.00 Weekly and Expenses

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents, and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position paying big wages by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of our readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before eight or ten people and you excite their curiosity, and should be able to sell five or eight and make \$10.00 to \$15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

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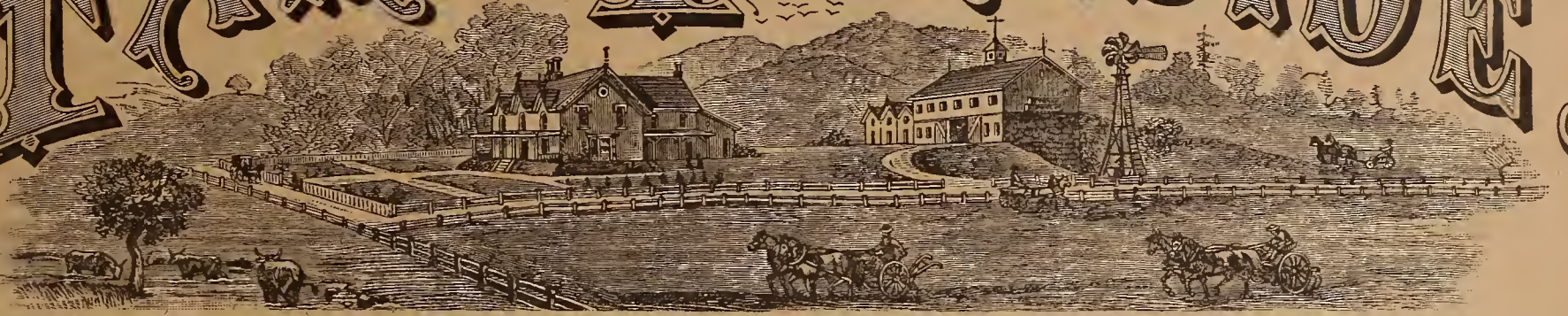
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FARM & FIRESIDE



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EASTERN EDITION

MAY 15, 1905

TERMS { 25 CENTS A YEAR
24 NUMBERS

Some Scenes in the Redwood Forests of California

By BYRON DEMING

SEND you three photographs of logging scenes in Humboldt County. In the early 50's, when lumbering first began in this county, we used trucks and oxen. We then went through the forest, and cut the small trees—those from four to six feet in diameter. When the smaller trees were cut we commenced to cut larger ones, and "snaked" them to the landing on skid-roads with large teams of oxen. When the medium-sized trees were cut it became necessary to find some means of handling the larger ones. Then came the logging-railroads into the woods, and the steam-donkeys for snaking the logs to the landing for the cars.

We use wire cables, and reach all logs within a radius of one mile. It is very little work to brush out roads, as the logs make their own roads. It makes but little difference whether the logs are on a ridge or in a gulch—we reach them anywhere, and they have to come, large and small. They can be hauled at any angle to the main snaking-road by using snatch-blocks as guys to the



STEAM-DONKEYS AT WORK

cable. When a sufficient number—say from twenty to thirty—has been brought up to the main snaking-road the logs are fastened together with "dogs" and taken to the railroad-landing, and thence to the mills.

A train similar to the one shown in the illustration passes in sight of my house at short intervals day and night.

The redwood forests are very extensive. We have been cutting them for fifty or more years, and have but just begun to exhaust them. It will be many years before they are all cut down.

The men standing in the illustration give some idea of the size of the logs. Many of the trees are over three hundred feet high and from four to eighteen feet in diameter.

It Can Be Doubled

You and your friends, good reader, can double the subscription list of FARM AND FIRESIDE if each will send but one new subscription. Please favor FARM AND FIRESIDE one of these fine days with the new subscription of your neighbor.



A LOGGING-TRAIN ON THE WAY FROM THE FOREST TO THE MILLS

FARM AND FIRESIDE

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Silver, when sent through the mail, should be carefully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to wear a hole through the envelope and get lost.

Postage-stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar if for every 25 cents in stamps you add a one-cent stamp extra, as we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid. Thus: Jun 1905 means that the subscription is paid up to June, 1905; Jul 1905, to July, 1905, and so on.

When money is received, the date will be changed within four weeks, so that the label will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on the label, to your letter of renewal.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing their paper discontinued should write us to that effect and pay up all arrearages. If this is not done, it is assumed that the subscriber wishes the paper continued and intends to pay when convenient.

Always give your post-office at the beginning of your letter.

Harvest-Time

During the winter months FARM AND FIRESIDE reaps its harvest of yearly subscriptions. This is largely so because people are more likely to remain indoors and read, and then, also, in the long winter evenings, when the family gathers around the reading-table to enjoy the newspapers, farm papers, books, etc., they are all anxious for something new and good to read, and as a result they then subscribe more readily to FARM AND FIRESIDE.

During the summer months subscriptions naturally come in more slowly, and this is the time when FARM AND FIRESIDE requests the help of its good friends. The past few months show the greatest gain in subscriptions in the history of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and we are going to "keep up the good work," and earnestly ask all our readers to help just a little. How? In this way: Show your copy of FARM AND FIRESIDE to neighbor friends, and nine out of every ten will more than likely be willing to let you send in their subscriptions. If FARM AND FIRESIDE could receive during these summer months only one new subscription from each of its subscribers the list would be doubled. Thousands of our good friends have already done this favor for FARM AND FIRESIDE, but there are thousands yet to come. Will you lend your aid to FARM AND FIRESIDE by sending only one new subscription? It is such a small matter to you, and such a great one to FARM AND FIRESIDE. Let us hear from you, please, real soon. You have our best wishes for a good season and a rich harvest.

THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

THE ELEPHANT'S EAR, introduced by Burpee, seems to be a giant species of mustard, probably good for salads and greens.

MUSHROOMS.—A Kansas market-gardener inquires about mushroom-growing. I have tried to grow mushrooms more or less for many years on a small scale, and with such varying results that I believe I know but little more about it now than I did when I first began. It is the one vegetable that seems to play hide-and-seek with me. I am not sure of my crop. I may get a few mushrooms, and I may not. If you have a cave where the temperature remains steadily at between fifty and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, free from draft, and just about moist enough, then I would advise you to engage in growing mushrooms, at least for a local trade. The crop has recently been put on the market at prices which leave nothing for the grower who does not possess superior advantages.

CELERY FOR SEED.—A reader asks how it is grown. In the first place we must grow the plants. This may be done rather late, so that they have a chance to make their full growth without being blanched. In the fall they are stored in trenches on a dry spot, almost as if for market. The trench may be covered with boards nailed together in the shape of an inverted "V" and covered with coarse manure. The plants are to be taken up in early spring, and those that are sound bedded together in a cold-frame, and later on planted out in open ground, say early in May, after being well hardened off. The soil should be good.

Make the rows four feet apart, and set the plants eighteen inches apart in the rows, pressing the soil well around the roots, but leaving the hearts exposed. When the bulk of the seed on a plant is ripe, cut the stalk, and place it on a sheet to be at once threshed lightly to get the dead-ripe seed; then leave exposed to the sun or air for a few days, and thresh out the remaining seeds. Clean by means of sieves. I usually leave this job to the regular seedsmen, especially as I use almost exclusively the Golden Self-Blanching celery, and prefer seed grown in France. Most seedsmen import it. It is less likely to make hollow, or pipy, stalks than is home-grown seed.

CONCRETE WORK.—Concrete comes handy in a good many ways even on the farm. Sidewalks are made almost exclusively from concrete in this vicinity, and they are getting to be popular everywhere. They cost a little more in the beginning than plank sidewalks, but if well made they cost nothing for repairs for many years. I made a tank of concrete in the greenhouse, and am going to have a concrete watering-trough for farm stock and concrete drinking-fountains for poultry. If I wanted to build a cistern, it would be made of the same material, and probably I shall have a concrete root-cellar. There is no mystery about making a good concrete that will last. In the first place we have to have the best kind of cement. Then we want clean, coarse, sharp sand, and finally either small crushed stone or gravel. Stone is excellent, but gravel can be had in many places for the hauling, and will do very well if washed and screened. The sand and gravel must be free from soil, sticks and rubbish of any kind. The proportions that are found to be best for economy and safety are one part of cement to three parts of sand and five parts of crushed stone or gravel. Have the gravel on a platform already washed and screened, then make a thin mortar of the sand and cement, and spread this on the gravel, adding more water if necessary, and with shovels and hoes work the whole mass over and over until it is thoroughly mixed, when it can at once be put into the forms. Give it plenty of time to harden before the forms are removed—at least a number of days, perhaps even nearly a week.

HATCHING EGGS.—Recently I had the chance to inspect the mammoth incubator in the cellar of the Curtice Brothers, in my own county. It has a capacity of seven thousand eggs, and was full of duck eggs at the time of my visit, in the latter part of March. The little flocks of ducklings of from a few days to four or more weeks old, each flock numbering about one hundred and twenty-five birds in a pen in the great duckling-house, and counting up altogether many thousands, gave living testimony of the success of the earlier hatches. Besides this one big hatcher, the Curtices have a large number of smaller ones of the regular makes, each of them of a capacity of from three hundred eggs upward. The problem of incubation seems to have been satisfactorily solved here. There may be troubles connected with this artificial-hatching business of which the Curtice Brothers could tell more than I am able to, but probably they do not have the tenth part of our difficulties in hatching eggs in the natural way. I was told by somebody that this poultry firm sometimes takes eggs from neighbors or others to hatch for a consideration, and perhaps for an accommodation. If they could be induced to do that for me I would be only too glad to pay a fair sum for such service, and if I lived nearer to them so I could reach them in an hour's drive I would surely speak to them about it. My heavy hens often break some of the eggs in the nest, and by breaking a few frequently spoil the rest in the same nest for hatching. I believe some one sooner or later will take up this hatching job in each vicinity as a regular business, hatching chickens and ducklings for his neighbors for pay. What a relief it would be for most of us who have only a few hundred chicks to hatch every year!

GERMINATION TESTS.—"Beware of poor seed-corn" is advice so good and timely that it will bear repeating. In buying some Country Gentleman sweet corn the other day my seedsman was honest enough to call my attention to the low vitality, or low germinative power, of this particular sample, saying that the late varieties of sweet corn are as a rule very poor this year. This, of course, we must expect. Country Gentleman is still later than Stowell's Evergreen, and the latter here is as late a variety as we can expect to get ripe enough for seed even in an average favorable season. Last year I did not have an ear that was sufficiently matured to be fit for seed, therefore all these later sweet-corn varieties will need close looking after before we risk planting them. Bulletin No. 96 of the Illinois station gives the following as one of the best and simplest ways of sprouting seed: "Take a common dinner-plate, and fill it nearly full of sand. This should be as clean and white as possible, as being less likely to mold than that which has much organic matter in it. Moisten the sand, which can best be done with a small sprinkler. If a sprinkler is not at hand, pour the water carefully out of any small vessel, or sprinkle it over the sand with your hand. By mixing the sand with the fingers make it uniformly moist, but avoid making the sand too wet. If the sand is saturated, the corn will fail to germinate for lack of air. The kernels to be tested should be pressed into the sand, small end down, in order as they are taken from the ear, at least if we desire to test a lot of ears of corn so as to be sure to use only the ears that are good for seed. In that case the space in the plate of sand must be partitioned off with little strips of cardboard numbered at each end. A careful record is then kept of the eight or ten kernels taken off each ear as put into their place in the plate, and the ears put into a rack numbered correspondingly, so that those ears the kernels of which come off well in the test may be used for seed, and the others that do not rejected. After the kernels to be tested are all placed in the sand, the first plate is covered by turning another plate over it to prevent too rapid evaporation of the moisture in the sand. The whole device may then be placed in a warm room or near the kitchen stove.

Inspect the sand every few days. If too dry, moisten again by adding a little water. A furnace-heated cellar is a good place for making the test." The best temperature for germinating corn is about seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit. In planting corn in a year like this we should not leave too much to luck and chance. We should be sure, anyway, that the corn we do plant will have a chance to grow.

SILAGE AND SILAGE.—A reader tells me that he has six head of stock, and wonders whether it would pay him to put up a silo. He asks of what size a silo should be for that number of animals, and whether one could be constructed of concrete. Our friend did not say whether his animals are horses or cattle, but it may be presumed that he has four cows and two horses or three cows and three horses. Some people think timothy hay the only rough food fit for horses. I have wintered my horses for a number of years on corn-stalks cut in the cutting-box, moistened and mixed with bran and other meals in just the same way and with the same good results as my cows were fed, and I can see no reason why horses cannot be wintered on silage, with some hay and grain additions to the ration. If you can raise three acres of corn for silage purposes, and have six or more cows and horses to feed, I think it will pay you very well to put up a silo. There is no better, safer and cheaper way of feeding farm stock. In fact, silage seems to be good for almost all animals on the farm. As a free addition to other foods it is good for sheep, for hogs, for colts, and to some extent even for poultry. In regard to the size required for six head of stock, I believe a silo ten feet square and twenty feet high would be just about right. Prof. A. J. Cook, in "Silo and Silage," says that a silo of the dimensions given will hold about forty tons of silage. As at least fifteen tons can be grown on an acre of good land, it will take less than three acres to fill the silo mentioned. "If we count sixty pounds a daily ration for a horse or cow," says Professor Cook, "which, with the addition of some bran, oatmeal or oil-meal, will keep a cow or horse in thriving condition, then this size of silo would feed eight cattle for nearly six months." It surely would be sufficient to winter six head in best condition. The question is whether it would pay to construct the silo with concrete. That concrete is good material for the purpose hardly admits of doubt, but the first cost may be considerably larger than many would care to allow for it. Some of our readers may be able to tell us something about this. I could easily figure out the cost if I knew the exact thickness of the walls required for a silo of this size. Where coarse gravel and sand can be had for the hauling, as in a great many places, the only cash outlay required for building a silo from concrete, of course, would be for the cement, and this must be the best (Portland) cement. Here I would have to buy sand and small crushed stone at considerable expense. Much depends on these local conditions. If four inches' thickness of wall would be considered sufficient for the silo mentioned, it would probably take about fifty dollars' worth of cement to construct it.

SURFACE-IRRIGATION.—I have had several more letters referring to the Skinner system of irrigation. A Florida reader writes that "we have nothing but sand here, and cannot use open ditches. I should think the Skinner system would be just the thing for us." Mr. Skinner is reported to be in this man's state, and probably trying to interest Florida gardeners in his plans. I am not informed as to his exact whereabouts. A reader in his old neighborhood in Ohio writes: "In describing the Skinner system of irrigation you state that the pipe-lines should be eight or ten feet apart. On Mr. Skinner's grounds they were sixty feet apart, and by turning them back and forth the water was made to fall thirty feet on each side of the pipe." The claims for this system as set forth by Mr. Skinner are as follows: "With a pipe eight hundred feet long we can water one acre of ground. In forty-eight hours of continuous pumping at fifty pounds' pressure we can equal twelve inches of rain. The whole garden can be sprayed with insecticides or fungicides in a few moments, and the work will be done much more thoroughly than by any other method. Fertilizers in a liquid form can be applied at any time and in any quantity desired, much more cheaply and with far better results than in any other way. But its greatest value outside of irrigation is in protecting the garden from frosts, as we have repeatedly protected beans and tomatoes from four to six degrees of frosts." These claims, as usual in such cases, are very broad. Inventors always try to cover and claim everything in sight. It is not very likely that we shall ever try to apply Paris green or other poisons, or fungicides like Bordeaux mixture, by this wasteful broadcast method. It is not quite so easy, either, unless we have a high tank that gives the supply of the mixtures under pressure. Neither would I care to apply fertilizers in this way. The old dry broadcast application is good enough. As a protection against frosts this system would have some value, but its chief service is that of distributing the water in an even and natural way. With good pressure the pipe-lines can probably be laid a considerable distance apart. Thus an eight-hundred-foot line placed along the middle of a strip fifty-four feet wide would irrigate an acre, the pipe being turned during the operation so that the little nozzles which are inserted in the pipe, one every four feet, are gradually turned from straight up first to one side and then to the other, so that the entire distance, reaching twenty-seven feet away from the pipe on each side, is covered with the spray. In a line six hundred feet long he has found it best to use the one-and-one-half-inch size of ordinary water-pipe for one third of the length of the line, beginning at the feed-pipe end, one third in one-and-one-fourth-inch pipe, one hundred feet in one-inch pipe, sixty feet in three-fourths-of-an-inch and forty feet in half-inch pipe. This will give a uniform spray the entire length of the line. Wherever the conditions are such that a tract of land near a good market is available for the introduction of some such plan of irrigation they present opportunities that should not be neglected. I shall have something of this kind before long.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

CORN.—Some of the letters sent me by men who are struggling with a big mortgage, widows suddenly called upon to assume charge of the farm, and young men, or rather boys, who are trying to make the old farm yield a living for the family dependent upon it, are pathetic in the extreme. Living so far away from most of them, and not fully understanding the conditions—the disadvantages under which they labor—I can offer only general suggestions. Whether it would be best for them to grow this or that crop in this or that manner I cannot positively say, because I know very little about their markets, soil or climate.

Where it is a reasonably safe crop, there is no cereal equal to corn for good financial returns. I am satisfied that corn will help a person out of financial trouble quicker than any other crop that can be grown. There is no other crop that can be grown and harvested so easily, and none that responds so liberally to manure and thorough tillage. I once met a man—a slim, little fellow—who had a leg so crippled at the knee that he was compelled to walk on the toes of his foot, and when he stood straight up on his sound leg the other foot hung fully ten inches from the floor. That poor fellow bought a forty-acre farm, going in debt eighteen hundred dollars on it, and emphatically declared his intention of clearing off the indebtedness within seven years. His neighbors gave him six years to become bankrupt. At the end of six years he owned the farm and owed no man a cent. Aside from his garden, and the soiling crops grown for a cow and pigs, he grew only corn, nearly all of which was fed to hogs. He said to me that he felt satisfied that he could buy any farm in the locality, paying one third of the purchase price down, and in six years clear off the balance by simply growing corn and feeding it to hogs.

What one man can do with the soil another can, provided the climatic conditions are the same. There are sections of the country where large, or even fair, crops of corn cannot be grown, and in such sections the man who is in debt should devote his time to growing the crop that pays best. A great deal is said about diversified farming—that farmers should not devote their whole farm to one crop. The advice to grow two or three cereal crops is all right for large farmers who are amply able to own two or three complete sets of implements, but the best advice that can be given to the small farmer is to specialize. He should get a complete set of the best implements he can afford for growing the crop that can most profitably be grown in his section, and then strive to grow the maximum yield of such crop. While growing such crop he should try to learn whether it will pay him best to market it at once, hold it for a time or feed it to stock. If the crop is corn, he will find that nine years in ten he can make from five to twenty cents a bushel by feeding it to hogs or cattle, besides the valuable manure he will have to return to the land.

To the young farmers who have asked me so many questions about farming most profitably I will say this: As all of you live in sections where corn is a staple crop, it will be best for you to make that crop a specialty. All other crops that may be grown in a small way should be such as are needed to supplement corn as a food for the stock. These may be cow-peas, soy-beans, clover and oats. All the corn grown should be fed to stock, and probably hogs will pay best of all. In no case would I advise any young farmer to scatter his energies on several different crops. It is that sort of farming that makes dissatisfied farmers, picayune farmers and political farmers. If one is located where truck-farming pays, then diversified farming can be made profitable; but where there is no demand for truck crops it is best to stick to staple crops, and where corn does well it is the safest and most profitable of all. I have seen men get rich growing and feeding corn where the mixed farmer sank into debt and sold out. I have seen young farmers grow as high as eighty-five bushels of good corn on every acre they tilled. I have seen farmers grow an average of one hundred bushels an acre on plots of eight, ten and fifteen acres. I saw a man grow one hundred and twenty-six bushels of good corn on one acre. I have seen a farmer try hard for years to grow one hundred bushels an acre on ten acres and never quite make it. He reached as high as ninety-four, but could not get the full hundred. While making the effort he never got below seventy-one bushels. Seventy-one bushels is a crop to be proud of, and one that will put several good dollars into a man's pocket. The farmer mentioned said he set his mark high, and then tried to reach it, and though he never quite succeeded, he made "large money" trying. After one has grown a big crop by making a special effort he never afterward will be content to merely grow a fair crop. Said one farmer: "I am trying to raise one hundred bushels of corn an acre on a twenty-acre field I have, but so far have not had just the right season. But I'll make it yet if I live. In the meantime I'm getting some whaling crops off the patch."

Corn is a rough-and-ready feeder, and needs a rich soil and thorough tillage. If one has twenty acres of land, and manure enough for only ten, he had better plant only the ten and put all his time on it, and sow the other ten to cow-peas or soy-beans, than to plant the entire twenty acres and waste half his time. Some of the best corn-growers I know declare that they would feed the entire crop to stock to get the manure for the land if they did not make a cent over the market price by so doing. One farmer of my acquaintance feeds all of his crop to hogs, buying several tons of

All Over the Farm

straw each season for the hogs to convert into manure for his corn-land. His land is very deficient in humus, and he needs the straw to supply this. He would use clover if he could spare the land to grow it, but he is in debt and working for quickest results, and he is getting them by employing the hogs that eat the crop to convert straw into humus for the soil. He has followed his present practice four years on the farm he purchased in a badly run-down condition, and the yield of corn has steadily risen from an average of twenty-eight to an average of forty-one bushels an acre. When he gets his debt safely under his thumb he will seed part of the land to clover and fill the soil with humus with much less labor than his present practice requires.

When one has land that is quite deficient in humus



FELLING A GIANT REDWOOD

he should apply all the coarse manure he can get hold of, and plow it down as deep as he conveniently can. It is very likely that the land of my Pennsylvania correspondent needs humus much more than fertilizer. Commercial fertilizers are useful, but need humus to make them fully effective. If I had his farm I would begin building up the soil on the best ten acres. After I got that so it would produce a full crop, I would take the next best ten acres. I would aim to get the soil in such condition that it would grow a heavy crop of clover, then the rest would be easy. In seeding to clover I would make the soil like a garden, and sow the clover by itself when the ground got warm, sowing about three times as much seed as is usual. Clover needs no nurse-crop to shelter it when the soil is properly prepared.

Swedish Turnips a Good Crop

The Swedish turnip, or rutabaga, is a crop which if properly fertilized and cultivated will give enormous returns, yields of ten and fifteen tons to the acre



A WELL-EARNED REST

being not at all uncommon. It is greatly relished by all kinds of stock, and is about equal in value to corn-silage, although in some cases it costs somewhat more to grow. Frequently the seed is drilled in the field, and afterward thinned to six or eight inches apart in the row, but we always prefer to sow the seed in a bed, and transplant. According to our own experience, this gives stronger plants and takes less time.

About the middle of June the seed was broadcasted in the bed, and in July fine young plants were ready for transplanting in the field. The soil of this field was sandy, and very light and poor. We first grew a good crop of peas by means of the mineral fertilizers. After these were removed, the vines, which were about two and one half feet in height, were turned under to furnish humus, and allowed to remain undisturbed in the moist earth for two weeks to decay; then the field was prepared for the turnip-plants, which were set in rows thirty inches apart, for horse-cultivation, and about ten inches apart in the rows.

All members of the turnip family are voracious feeders upon potash, and equally fond of phosphoric acid, while a liberal amount of nitrogen must be given. Barn manures, particularly that of cows or sheep, will furnish this satisfactorily, but horse-manure is not considered good for this crop. The organic nitrogen usually contained in the ready-mixed fertilizers answers the purpose equally well. Having on hand such a fertilizer especially prepared for root-crops, we made a liberal application to the soil about the young plants, afterward working it in. About four weeks later the application was repeated. These young plants thrived from the start. Rains were less frequent than earlier in the season, but the moisture contained in the soil, dissolving the plant-foods, rendered them directly available, and there was no check in growth until the crop had matured, excepting upon low-lying plots where there was not sufficient drainage to completely carry off the surplus rainfall. The turnips upon such ground were much inferior in size to those grown upon the well-drained portions of the field, which were of great size and of the finest quality for table use.

The estimated product of the crop was at the rate of twelve tons to the acre. A portion was disposed of for table use, bringing from fifty to sixty cents a bushel; the rest were placed in the vegetable-cellar, and twice each day since they were gathered have been a highly relished and beneficial food for the stock on the farm. They have contributed greatly to the milk-supply, and no taint is apparent in either milk or butter. The turnips are sliced and fed to the milk-cows directly after the milking is done. Horses are as fond of these roots as the cows or sheep, and their hair becomes glossy, and remains in fine condition through such feeding.

We must again call attention to the fact that good fertilization must be given. That growth from the start may be continuous, a high-grade potato-fertilizer may be used with good results. A fair dressing upon soils which are not poor is a fertilizer containing twenty pounds of nitrogen, forty pounds of phosphoric acid and forty pounds of potash. The application should be increased if the soil is poor.

E. A. SEASON.

Beginning the Hay Harvest

We should begin the hay harvest at an early date. The trouble with many is that they do not begin soon enough. I am living in a fine country for clover, timothy and stock-raising, but the conditions are about the same in all parts of the country.

There are several reasons for beginning early. The first is that we get a much better quality of hay. I like to cut while in the bloom, as soon after this the stem commences to get hard and woody, which it continues to do until ripe. The early cut hay is far more digestible. I have fed some ripe-cut hay, and found it so woody that it was of little value. One man told me that he had almost starved his stock one winter by feeding over-ripe hay. Hay which is cut ripe will weigh more, but it lacks in feeding value. I see that some men who used to let the hay get ripe before cutting have of late years been putting it up earlier, and the consequence is they don't want any more ripe grass for hay. I don't want it, either. I consider oat straw better, if it is any good at all.

We should have the best hay for all our stock. When we put up our own hay we can nearly always have a good quality. Especially do I want the work-horses to have the best quality of hay while at work, for the best is none too good at that time. I always hate to see a man putting a poor quality of hay in his horse-barn. No threshed timothy will go to my horses, at any rate, for it is worth very little for any kind of stock. If we are after the seed, then for best results it must stand until ripe, and it becomes so woody that the stock can digest but very little of it.

The earlier the first crop is cut, the better will be the chance for the next crop, which is the clover-seed crop. If you want a good seed-crop you must cut early, and this is an advantage in two ways, as mentioned above. I always sow timothy and clover mixed, as I can get more hay and of a better quality for all stock. If this timothy and clover is cut in time for the finest hay, then, if the season is fairly favorable, the clover will grow up and give a good seed-crop.

If you have taken the proper care of your mowing-machine it will be in running order. If it is not, see that it is all right before you begin. If anything is broken, get it repaired at once, so that you will not waste time during the busy season. When first beginning, if the weather is hot, go slow, and do not overheat yourself. Do not

try to see how many hours you can work, but put in a good day's work every day. And do not try to make the hired man do two days' work in one. Should you attempt to take an unfair advantage of him in this manner, you cannot blame him if he should resent it by leaving you.

E. J. WATERSTRIFE.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due

It has just come to our knowledge that the very handsome picture which we published in our supplement with the March 15th issue, with the title "At Breakfast," was originally published in the Christmas Annual of 1895 issued by the Pears' Co., makers of the famous Pears' Soap. We innocently reproduced the picture without first gaining the consent of the Pears' Co. Regretting the occurrence, we are pleased to give proper credit to the owners and publishers of the picture.

PUBLISHERS OF FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Gardening

By T. GREINER

ONIONS PLANTED LAST FALL for bunching this spring have stood the winter well, but there is considerable difference in the hardness of different varieties. White Queen and Barletta, hardy as I thought they were, succumbed; Prizetaker did better.

KEROSENE EMULSION, when wanted as a remedy for green lice, etc., can be easily made as follows: Dissolve half a pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water, add two gallons of kerosene, and churn thoroughly for about ten minutes. Great pains should be taken to make the emulsion complete. This is the stock mixture, and for spraying on plants in foliage for green fly is to be diluted by adding from fifteen to twenty parts of water. The easiest way to make a complete emulsion of the kerosene is by passing it through a force-pump until a whitish, or milk-like, emulsion is formed, which mixes readily with water.

THE SIMPLEST REMEDY FOR THE CABBAGE-WORM when we have but a comparatively small number of plants to treat, as in the home garden, is hot water, or hot soap-suds, as available on the family washdays. When most subject to injury by worms the cabbages are already in head, and the heart is well protected against any evil influence of the hot water or suds. If a few of the outer leaves are slightly scalded no particular harm will result. You can make the application with a common garden-sprinkler having a somewhat coarse rose, or perhaps even with better effect in a dash of the hot liquid from a dipper over the center of each plant. The water may be quite hot—say from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

FOREST-LEAVES FOR MANURE.—One of our friends finds manure scarce for his truck-patch, but has plenty of leaves. Probably he means dry forest-leaves, or leaves gathered along roadsides coming from the shade-trees, or possibly from fruit-trees. The only trouble with them is that they are light and bulky. We don't get a large amount of plant-food out of them unless we use great quantities. If I had them, I would surely use them largely for bedding, thus enriching them from the animal liquids absorbed by them and the admixtures of solid droppings. All such materials, of course, help to put plant-foods into the soil and to produce and increase the crops. I use everything of this kind I can get. Almost every fall I put a lot of dry leaves into the hen-house, the pig-pen, etc., where they serve as litter, and finally get in good condition for use as manure.

FOR SWEET-POTATOES no particularly rich piece of ground is needed. It should be warm, but I would rather have the ground below medium in richness than above. We want the root-growth all in the hills, not all over the ground. In a general way I have always recommended to apply manures and fertilizers broadcast, but I make an exception for sweet-potatoes. I want all plant-foods for them right in the hill. Make deep furrows, then throw a forkful of old-compost or well-rotted manure into the furrow for each hill, and mound the soil up right over this manure, or if you use chemical fertilizers mix them right with the soil in the hill, then set the plant so that it will stand directly over the manure, or right in the soil enriched with the fertilizer. If the rest of the soil is rather poor the vines will not be likely to root all over the ground, as is their tendency in very rich ground. Lift the vines from the ground occasionally, to break the roots where they have taken hold of the ground between the hills.

A GOOD COMBINATION.—A Pennsylvania reader says that he has about an acre of rich sandy loam and twenty good loads of old manure. Will this be good for onions? I should say so. In fact, rich sandy loam and a good lot of good manure is a combination that is good for raising almost any garden crop. It is true that we often put two or three times that amount of manure on an acre, especially if intended for growing onions, but there are few places where a shrewd and alert person could not find some available source of plant-foods. A neighbor may have a lot of horse-manure for which he himself has no place, and which he will gladly let somebody have for hauling it away; or you may get the shop-sweepings at the blacksmith-shop for the taking away or for a small consideration; or somebody may sell you a lot of poultry-manure at a mere fraction of what this is worth. Poultry-manure, well distributed over and well mixed with the soil, is especially effective in stimulating the rapid development of onions and other garden crops. In short, an acre of good sandy loam, with twenty loads of good manure, if rightly handled, may bring in quite a little sum of money.

LIMA BEANS.—A reader in Alabama inquires about the culture of Lima beans, saying that they are worth six dollars a hundred pounds in Birmingham. Do they require to be grown on good soil? I should say they do. There is no use trying to raise Limas on poor land. They would hardly give you the seed back. In fact, they want the warmest and richest soil we have in the garden, being like the egg-plant in that respect. When we have a market for the green beans near by (and they sell well in any market), the Lima bean is just the crop that deserves a rich spot and pays well for it. The pods are gathered while the beans in them are of the largest size, which is just before they begin to dry down, and they are put on the market either in the pod, or they are first shelled and marketed in quart-baskets crated, and in this way usually bring more than the best strawberries in their

season. The yield depends, of course, on the soil and environment, but under favorable conditions large yields are produced that will bring the returns up to quite a number of hundreds of dollars to the acre. The need of poling, of labor in gathering and shelling the beans, etc., runs the expenses up to quite an extent, but there is usually a good margin of profit left. I raise my Limas on a wire trellis. A row two hundred feet long not only supplies my large family with all the Lima beans they may want to use during the latter part of the summer, and even during the entire fall, along with some dry ones to spare for winter and for seed, but also a considerable surplus for sale and to give away to friends. Where the climate is favorable, poles plentiful and labor cheap, as in many places further south, it would probably also be feasible to make the production of the ripe bean for culinary use or for seed pay quite well. Here we can make better use of them in the fresh, or green, state.

HAND CULTIVATORS AND DRILLS.—I am asked what make of hand wheel-hoes and seed-drills I would recommend. I recommend all in general, and none in particular. There are a great many different makes to choose from, and almost all that you find generally catalogued by seedsmen or specialists are serviceable. It is much a matter of individual taste and preference. These wheel-hoes are all real weed-slayers, and no matter how modest the garden, if there are regular rows of vegetables a few rods long you want one of the wheel-hoes, while even with an acre or half-acre garden-spot we would find it rather inconvenient to do without a seed-drill. One of the combined drills and cultivators will do well enough for a small garden. When the operations cover an acre or acres, however, I would surely have separate tools of this kind. It takes time to change the drill and rig it up for a wheel-hoe, or vice versa, and often when we have just a few minutes to spare for garden work we will sow a row or two of radishes or beets or something, provided the drill is ready for use. If we had to make the change first from wheel-hoe to drill, most likely we would put the performance off until some other time. Or if we have the wheel-hoe all in readiness, a little spare time might be profitably employed for weed-killing in the garden. If we go out with this end in view, and find that we have first to waste several minutes in making the change from drill to wheel-hoe, we will in all likelihood go back to the house, and put this good and necessary work off until another time.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

BOOK WANTED.—S. H. J., Weir City, Cal. I am not acquainted with any first-class book that gives directions for canning and preserving fruits. There is a lot of material along this line in the reports of the different horticultural societies, and especially those of the states on the Pacific coast. I would suggest that you write to Professor Wickson, professor of horticulture, Berkeley, Cal.

MANURE FOR GRAPE-VINES.—R. H. H., Glen, Md. The best way of encouraging a strong growth on old grape-vines is to give them good thorough cultivation, and if you have plenty of good stable manure dig it in about the roots rather deeply. If you prefer to use commercial fertilizer I think the best thing to use is fine ground bone, which may be worked deep into the ground about the roots for a distance of three or four feet on either side. Use two pounds to each large vine.

ARSENATE OF LEAD FOR PEACH-WORMS.—R. A. H., Folsom, Cal. I do not know what peach-worm you refer to. If this is a worm that eats the foliage, then you will find arsenate of lead one of the best insecticides. The foliage of the peach is very susceptible to injury from arsenates, however, and I should experiment with it in a small way at first to know its effect upon the foliage. If you find that it burns the foliage, then you should add perhaps one pound of lime to each fifty gallons of the mixture.

GRAPE-ROT.—O. M. B., Richland Center, Pa. If your grapes cover only a small area I think the most satisfactory way for you to prevent rot on them is to cover the bunches with bags, as recommended in these columns recently. Some of the larger growers follow the plan of spraying with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the berries are set, and keep the fruit covered with this material by spraying once in two or three weeks until the fruit commences to color, after which time Bordeaux mixture is replaced by the ammoniacal solution of carbonate of copper for two sprayings. This is so complicated a matter that I do not recommend it for those who have a small vineyard.

ANTS ON FIGS.—H. A. C., New Orleans, La. The ants that eat your fig-trees probably get into the trees by climbing up the trunk, unless the branches of the fig interlock with those of some other tree, in which case they may come in on the branches. They may be prevented from climbing up the fig-trees by surrounding the trunks of the trees with a piece of rosin-sized building-paper, on which a narrow circle of what is known as tree-ink has been placed so as to surround the tree. This tree-ink is a cheap form of ink that is manufactured especially for such a purpose. One of my friends states that he finds a strip of cotton batting about six inches wide around the tree to be effectual in keeping off ants. They do not like to crawl over it.

GREENHOUSE-SCALE.—L. W., Parker, S. D. The specimen of Otaheite orange which you sent on is infested with what is known as "greenhouse-scale." This is quite a serious pest on many greenhouse-plants, especially on what is commonly known as the

Boston fern, which occasionally gets badly infested with it. The best treatment is probably washing the leaves and branches with whale-oil soap-suds. This should be made strong, and should be applied with a soft tooth-brush, which will remove the scales and permit the suds to reach and kill them. Afterward the plants should be rinsed in clean water. It is very doubtful if you will ever be able to entirely rid your large plant of this pest. The specimen of scale which you sent on here did not have the white sticky substance to which you refer. I do not know just what you mean by it, but think perhaps you refer to the mealy bug, which is also quite troublesome on oranges and some other greenhouse-plants. It is more easily removed than the soft scale, with the same treatment.

DISTANCE BETWEEN RASPBERRIES.—RASPBERRIES MIXING—COLOR OF BERRIES.—M. D. B., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. On a plot of ground one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet the rows should be run the long way, and for raspberries should be seven feet apart and the plants about four feet apart in the rows. Under this plan it will require five hundred and twenty-five plants to set out your land. One plant in a place is sufficient where the plants are large and strong, but ordinarily I prefer to put two plants in a place.—You can have red, purple, yellow and black raspberries all on the same piece of land at the same time without any danger of mixing, for the reason that such plants can be mixed only through the flowers. Even then the effect is seen only when the plants are grown from seed, and as all of our cultivated plants of this kind are grown from divisions, there is no danger of mixing.—The Iceberg raspberry is not a profitable variety to raise for market. I am inclined to think that you would probably get as good results from the Snyder or Ancient Briton as from any other that you are likely to grow. I should also add, perhaps, that nothing that is out of the ordinary in color in berries is very salable, and this statement applies especially to purple and yellow raspberries and to white blackberries and strawberries, which are not desired in the markets.

ASHES AROUND TREES.—V. P., Lafayette, Oreg. I do not think any injurious effects will follow from the piling of ashes around trees, but if it is intended that the ashes shall supply plant-food to the trees it would probably be better to spread it broadcast on the ground as far from the trunk as the branches extend. If, however, the object of the pile of ashes is to keep borers from working in at the base of peach-trees, it will be best to follow the practice that is common in your section. All fruit-trees require practically the same fertilizing material, although they undoubtedly require it in somewhat different amounts; but as we never know just what the soil contains, we cannot get this fertilizing science down very close. In some sections trees do very well without cultivation, but as a rule in your section, and generally throughout the country, fruit-trees do much better when thoroughly cultivated. Hen-manure is an excellent fertilizer for fruit-trees. It is very strong, however, and should be used only in small quantities—say at the rate of thirty or forty bushels to the acre. Lime should never be mixed with manure, but if applied to the same land should be applied separately; if mixed in the pile with manure it causes heating and a loss of nitrogen. The ashes from our hard woods is especially valuable for a fertilizer, since it furnishes a large amount of potash. In your section, however, most of the wood burned is from the conifers, and it has very little fertilizing value. Lime is good on some soils, but it is seldom-used as a fertilizer; but by starting fermentation in the land, it sets plant-food free indirectly.

Results of Spraying

A subscriber recently stated that the results of his work as inspector of trees in a certain Michigan city showed that spraying trees for San Jose scale only relieved the trouble, but never cured it. It was referred to Prof. L. R. Taft, the well-known inspector of orchards and nursery stock in Michigan, and he gives the following letter:

"Mr. ——— is an inspector appointed by the city of ———, Mich., and has had some correspondence with me regarding the results he has secured. I have no personal knowledge either of his methods or the results, but his experience does not agree with that of hundreds of others in Michigan. I have recently had occasion to look over a large number of trees that were sprayed last spring with sulphur, lime and salt, and where the work was properly done I could find very few live scales, and in some cases none at all. The best results were secured on peach, plum, pear and cherry trees and upon the young apple-trees. It is a very difficult job to properly spray an old apple-tree, especially if it has not been previously sprayed, the rough bark making it very difficult to reach all of the scales, and the few that escape may soon make the tree as badly infested as ever. After one thorough spraying, however, the rough bark falls off, and far better results will be secured.

"The sulphur-and-lime mixture is not only the most effectual remedy we now have, but it is much cheaper than anything else that approaches it in effectiveness. There have, of course, been many failures from its use, but I believe every one can be ascribed to lack of care in its preparation or in the thoroughness of its application. I doubt if ten per cent of the persons who have used it have given sufficient care to the application as to secure anything like the best results. In very few cases have I found the twigs in bearing trees properly sprayed, and there are generally strips along one side of the branches that have not been touched. In order to secure the proper spraying of the trees I believe it well to go over them a second time within a few days after the first spraying, and make sure that every part has been reached. Especially in the case of large apple-trees it will be well to make use of a ten-per-cent kerosene-lime emulsion in connection with Bordeaux mixture when the first brood has appeared, which is generally from June 15th to July 1st.

"Yours very truly,

"L. R. TAFT, State Inspector."

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Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Gapes and Young Chicks

GAPES destroy more young chicks than all other causes combined except lice, and it is much easier and a great deal cheaper to keep the difficulty away than to attempt to use remedies. Removing the gape-worms by mechanical methods, such as inserting a feather-tip, wire, straw, etc., into the windpipe, cannot be successfully accomplished by inexperienced parties. One of the remedies used with success, but which is not always reliable, is to add a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine to a pint of corn-meal moistened with enough water to mix the material,

for large stock, it will pay to put it to use, and thus compel it to return at least the interest on its value. When poultry-houses are built sufficiently far apart to allow room for a flock of fifty hens the birds will need little or no attention in summer, the feed given depending on the vegetable growth upon the land. If it is covered with green food, even if of weeds, the hens will not be slow in finding all they desire. If the growth is scanty, then a mess of meat and bone at night will be all the help they will need. Poultry should be used on poor and unprofitable land, especially in sections where there are always good markets



No. 1—PIGEON-PLANT OF TEN THOUSAND BIRDS

Located at Hammonton, N. J. The buildings are seven feet high in front, six feet at the rear, fifteen feet to point of roof, and sixteen feet wide, being divided into apartments, each ten by twelve and one half feet. Each building is lined with heavy building-paper. Each apartment, or loft, contains fifty pairs of pure-bred Homer pigeons. The squabs are marketed when about four weeks old. A small force of pickers is kept constantly at work.

and feed to the chicks. If they will not eat the mixture, force a bread-crumbs moistened with a drop of turpentine down the throat of each chick. As gapes prevail mostly on old farms upon which fowls have ranged for years, experiments made demonstrate that when chicks are kept on clean board floors, and very frequently on other locations that are clean, they escape the difficulty. It has also been demonstrated that earthworms will cause gapes in chicks, but whether there is any connection between earthworms and gape-worms is unknown. The soil and conditions favorable to the earthworm are the same for the gape-worm. On light, sandy soils, where but few earthworms are found, the chicks are seldom attacked by gapes. Keep chicks on clean ground, and protect from filth.

Light Soils and Poultry

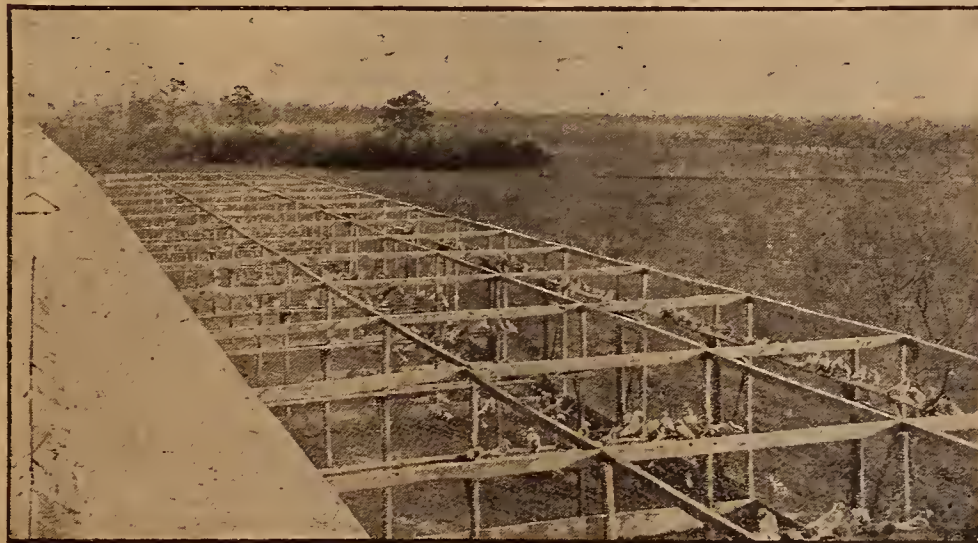
The poorest sandy soil is the best for fowls; not that such land provides grass (though it will give some kind of green food), but because on such land gapes, cholera and other diseases seldom appear. The rich soil, abounding in humus, is the kind on which disease flourishes best. All land should be dry, however,

and where fair prices are obtained the whole year. It is also better to keep geese, ducks, turkeys and hens than to depend on only one kind of fowl. If good land is used, then the circumstances governing other matters on the farm must be considered; but the object is to call attention to the utilization of waste land, poultry offering much better opportunities for affording a profit than even sheep, as the hens give returns every day in the year. The farmers must at some time realize the fact that poultry should not be a side-business on the farm, but be taken up as one of the most important; and when they begin to do so they will learn how to manage better, and how to make the land pay.

Inquiries Answered

CHICKS.—J. M., Empire, N. Y., asks the cause of fowls "refusing to remain in a new poultry-house, they preferring the trees." If the hens are confined in the new house for four or five days they will probably by that time forget their former location, as they are largely governed by habit.

ANIMAL-MEAL.—L. S. S., Turin, Ga., wishes "information regarding animal-



No. 2—VIEW OF THE YARDS OF ONE SECTION OF THE LARGE PIGEON-PLANT NEAR HAMMONTON, N. J.

The yards are divided into sections, being covered with wire.

as dampness must be avoided. It is well to keep not over one hundred hens on one acre, and if land is cheap and one has plenty of it, only fifty hens should be kept on an acre. On all lands there is a growth of something, and among the different kinds of barn-yard fowls there are some that will find a portion of their food from the voluntary growth. The turkey is an active forager, and industriously works over a large area, consuming not only insects, but a great many grasses and seeds. Ducks and geese prefer to seek the young and tender herbage, not excepting weeds. If a piece of land is idle, and is unsuitable

meal—how often to feed it and how much should be allowed a dozen hens." There is no fixed quantity, about one pound to twenty hens once a day, with the other foods every other day, being the rule with many poultrymen.

FAIR HATCH.—R. E. B., Bangor, Ky., desires to know "how many chicks are considered a fair hatch from eggs procured of breeders, a sitting being thirteen eggs." There is no rule governing the matter, but it is generally accepted that if one secures seven chicks from thirteen eggs, considering the difficulties of shipping, etc., he should not complain, but accept that number as a fair hatch.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Garget, or Congestion of the Udder

GARGET is a disease of the udder most frequently affecting heavy milkers. It may occur at any time of the year, is not confined to any particular locality, and is not contagious. The udder being a very highly organized gland, any condition which affects the general health of the cow is very apt to involve this structure and show itself in the form of gargety milk. It frequently happens that a cow is affected with garget or gives bloody milk at more or less irregular intervals. Such animals should be examined by a competent veterinarian, as it is quite likely that the animal has some special disease of the udder, such as tuberculosis or actinomycosis. In that event the milk would be considered unfit for food even during the apparently normal condition of the animal, though it may look perfectly healthy. The germs might be present in the milk, and transmit the disease to other animals using it. The presence of these germs in the milk can be demonstrated only with the microscope.

CAUSES.—Injuries (blows on the udder with stones, clubs, feet or horns, from projecting nails or edges of boards, sharp or cold stones); exposure to sudden and extreme changes of weather; overfeeding on rich food, such as cotton-seed, peas or beans; indigestion; sores on teats or insufficient stripping of the udder; it also frequently happens that a newly born calf cannot drain the udder completely; overstocking of the udder for an entire day or more with a view to making a show for sale purposes.

SYMPTOMS.—Usually the first that is noticed is the condition of the milk, which is watery, colored with more or less blood, and containing a clotted, stringy substance (casein). This is frequently followed by a white, pus-like fluid, and in many cases a very offensive odor. In severe cases the first symptoms to be noticed are first a chill, with horns, ears and limbs cold. This stage, which lasts from a few minutes to hours, is followed by a period of fever, in which the horns, ears and limbs become unnaturally warm, and the udder is hot, swells, and becomes more or less solid in one or more quarters; the muzzle is dry and hot, the temperature of the animal is raised, the pulse is full and rapid, the breathing is quickened; the cow has little or no appetite, and she does not chew her cud; the bowels are more or less costive; the amount of milk is lessened; and the flow may be entirely absent in the affected portion of the udder. In mild cases many of these symptoms cannot be recognized, and the first ones noticed are the swelling, heat and tenderness of the udder. If the trouble grows worse the tenderness causes the animal to straddle with its hind legs. If the cow lies down, she will lie on the well side. The above troubles may disappear in a few days, and the udder resume its normal condition. If not, it changes into a chronic form, in which the symptoms partially subside. The result is that the udder, or the affected part of it, becomes dry or forms abscesses. In the case of drying up the parts may become hard and remain so permanently or only until the next time of calving. If abscesses are formed, they should be opened by a competent person and properly treated. Should infection take place at any time (the entrance of disease-germs into the affected part) the result may be serious, and may even cause the death of the cow.

TREATMENT.—The treatment will depend upon the severity of the case and the stage in which the disease is discovered. If the animal is cold, two ounces of ground ginger given in a pint of warm water or any hot drink may cut short the attack. This must be given from a horn or bottle. Blanket the animal, and rub her limbs with wisps of straw, making her as comfortable as possible. Moist heat should be applied to the udder by using heated wheat bran in bags held in place by strips extending over the loins, between the hind limbs and around the abdomen. Should the udder be very painful, and the animal feverish, fomentations of hot water, as hot as the attendant's hand can comfortably bear, should be applied for several hours for about fifteen minutes at a time. This may be done by passing a sheet around the body with four holes cut for the teats, and soft rags or bran packed firmly between it and the udder. After the fever has subsided, drench the animal with one or two pounds (depending on the age, size, condition and strength of the cow) of Epsom salts with two ounces

of powdered ginger in a sufficient amount of water. When the purging has ceased, one ounce of saltpeter may be given daily. The udder will need constant attention for some time in the way of gentle rubbing with camphorated oil several times daily, and at the same time gently removing all milk by squeezing the teat instead of pulling or stripping it. If this causes the animal too much pain, a teat-tube may be used, but it must be boiled thoroughly for five minutes each time before using. When the udder is not tender, thorough hand rubbing several times daily, with or without the camphorated oil, will aid in bringing about a normal condition.—F. S. Schoenleber, in Bulletin of the Kansas Experiment Station.

Busy-Season Horse-Notes

During the few months when the horse is worked the hardest many of the minor points of care and attention are often neglected. Only the best care and constant attention should be given.

Always see that the collar is an exact fit for the horse. If it is not, make it fit or get a new one. Don't think that the horse's neck will adjust itself to the collar. Have a good fit in the collar, and there will be but little trouble with sore shoulders.

See that the horse has a good currying every morning before he goes to work, and do not get too busy to see that it is done right. The dried sweat should be removed, as it closes the pores on the skin, and as for looks—well, I won't mention it.

See that all parts of the harness fit. The collar is not the only part in which a fit is necessary. I once saw a horse which had been worked with the belly-band so tight and the trace so fixed that all the pull was given by this band. A swelling almost as large as a man's head had formed, all because the owner did not notice how the harness fit the horse. Watch your harness as you would your automobile.

Again I must speak of the overwork of the horse, because so much of it is done. If you want to fix your horse so that he will be able to do only about three fourths of a day's work for the rest of the season, all you have to do is to make him do a little more than he is able for one day, and he will be in just such condition. Hundreds of horses are ruined by just trying to do a little too much. It is better not to do it all in one day, but to save a little for the next day.

When you start to the field for a full day's work, aim to put in the number of hours that a sensible man would, and then do just what you can in that time without injuring your team. Keep your eyes upon them, and don't overdo it at first. The amount will be according to the weather and other conditions. When plowing I rest the team at every round if they need it. It is better to rest a minute or so at each round than to shoot the horses through for an hour, as many do, and then rest for half an hour. Don't let the horse get too hot, but keep him cool instead of cooling him after he gets hot. There is not as much in the sweating as in the breathing, but watch both. It is the panting that hurts.

While resting let the horses stand with their heads to the wind and you do a little more than just sit on the plow. See that neither the mane nor anything else gets under the collar. The neglect of this causes many sore shoulders, and it would be no trouble to avoid it. See that the hames are kept buckled tight against the collar. In short, see that everything is all right.

The horse should have plenty of water and salt and the best of feed, but with many horse-owners all are lacking. Salt should be kept before them all the time. Water should be offered three times a day, and the best feed obtainable for the purpose should be given. When you find a better feed than good oats I wish you would let me know.

Feed according to the amount of work done. On idle days cut down the grain ration, and don't forget this: Give the horse one day out of the week for rest, and don't drive him all day on Sunday if he has been worked hard all week. The horse needs his Sunday for rest as well as man, and the wise horse-owner will see that he gets it.

Act humane to the horse and all the stock, and do not inflict any unnecessary cruelty upon them. Cruelty is sin. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

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Live Stock and Dairy

Rabies (Hydrophobia) Among Live Stock

DURING the past year rabies has become increasingly prevalent among live stock in Ohio. It has been observed in nearly every county of the state, and recently outbreaks have occurred on at least nine farms in a single county. The victims included not only horses, cattle, sheep, swine and dogs, but human beings.

In the absence of state laws for the control of the disease and the failure of local authorities to take up the matter, it is desirable that the general public be informed as to the nature of the disease and the best means to protect life and property against its ravages.

Rabies is a germ disease that may occur in all animals, as well as in human beings. In nearly all cases it is spread by means of the bite of an affected animal, and there is no record of a single instance where the disease developed spontaneously.

After an animal has been bitten, and thus inoculated, it requires a variable time for the disease to develop. This time, which is known as the period of incubation, may be of a few days' duration or it may extend over several months. In dogs the average period of incubation is from three to six weeks. In the hog it is somewhat shorter; in horses, cattle and sheep it is from one to two months. But as before stated, the period may be much shorter or much longer than those given.

The symptoms of the disease are not alike in all animals, although they are always those of a nervous disorder. There may be abnormal excitement or nervous depression, depending on the stage and form of the disease, as well as on the natural habits or temperament of the affected animal. Mad animals do not always bite, as is popularly supposed; even dogs, unless they are naturally of a vicious nature, frequently show no tendency to bite unless they are irritated. When irritated, especially in certain stages of the disease, there is a marked tendency in all animals to use their natural weapons of defense. Thus the dog and pig will bite viciously, sheep and cattle will use their heads and horns, horses their hoofs, and cats their teeth and claws. Many horses will bite.

One of the characteristic symptoms is the peculiar change of the voice. The

attack each other, run their heads against fences, buildings, posts, and try to gore man or beast. Their eyes are usually red and prominent. Sheep act in a similar manner.

All animals show symptoms of a depraved appetite, apparently preferring to eat earth, dirt, manure, etc., to their natural food. Affected animals are usually thirsty, and have no dread of water, though they are frequently unable to drink, on account of paralysis.

After one to several days, or even a week, the animals invariably die. The pig when affected with rabies bites viciously, and for this reason is one of the most dangerous animals. The dog, however, from the fact that it is usually at large and has complete liberty of moving about from place to place and from farm to farm, is the agent that is chiefly responsible for the spread and perpetuation of the disease. The pig when at large is fully as dangerous an animal as the dog.

Animals suspected of having the disease should be carefully isolated and guarded until an opinion as to the real nature of the disease has been obtained from a reliable veterinarian. If the disease is rabies, or if the owner of a suspected animal has good reason to believe this to be the case, the state board of live-stock commissioners should be notified at once and furnished with detailed information as to the origin and extent of the disease so far as this may be known. Hereupon the veterinarian of the board will make a careful investigation of the reported outbreak, so that such action may be taken by the board as the safety of the owner of the affected and exposed animals and the public in general may demand.

In any neighborhood where the disease has made its appearance, no dogs should be allowed to run at large unless they are provided with a well-fitting muzzle or led with a chain. Strange dogs roaming at large should be destroyed at the first opportunity, before they have time to do any possible damage. Other animals that are suspected of having been exposed to infection should be isolated and carefully watched for a period of at least three months before they are permitted to mingle with other animals. Exposed pigs located by the board of live-stock commissioners are appraised and destroyed, and the owner paid for his loss.

The most important thing in the control of rabies is the proper handling of the dog question. So long as the country is full of dogs whose owners permit them to run at large without proper muzzles, rabies will continue to exist and break out at more or less regular intervals.

In countries where rabies was alarmingly prevalent in former years the disease has practically disappeared since laws preventing the uncontrolled roaming about of dogs have been enforced. We must look forward to the time when the same effective measures can be applied here; but until then farmers and live-stock owners, as well as other persons, should do everything in their power as individuals to prevent the unnecessary spread of rabies by destroying every suspicious dog and seeing to it that their own dogs, when running at large,

are properly secured with a well-fitting muzzle. A properly fitting muzzle is no hardship to an animal; it not only permits drinking and barking, but prevents the possibility of being poisoned by enemies of the owner, and, above all, it is an absolute prevention of the spread of rabies. The muzzling of all dogs for a period of one year would put an end to the disease, save the state thousands of dollars in stock that is annually destroyed, and prevent the useless sacrifice of human life. After a period of one year the muzzling restriction could be removed until the disease was reimported from states where no protective measures exist, when the same measures would have to be repeated.—Ohio State Board of Live-Stock Commissioners.



THE LORD OF THE HERD

bark of a mad dog is emitted in single prolonged impulses of a distressing tone, and might be described as half-way between a howl and a bark. Cattle emit distressing bellowing sounds; horses neigh and snort in a peculiar "muffled" manner. Sheep may bleat hoarsely or brokenly. These changes in the voice are due to a paralytic condition of the vocal cords. Dogs usually become restless, roam aimlessly about, snap at imaginary objects, swallow indigestible things, like pieces of wood, stones, straw, dung, etc., and bite without provocation. Horses kick, bite, tear their manes to pieces, and sometimes, in their great agony, tear the flesh from their limbs and shoulders. Cattle paw with their feet, dig up the ground with their horns,

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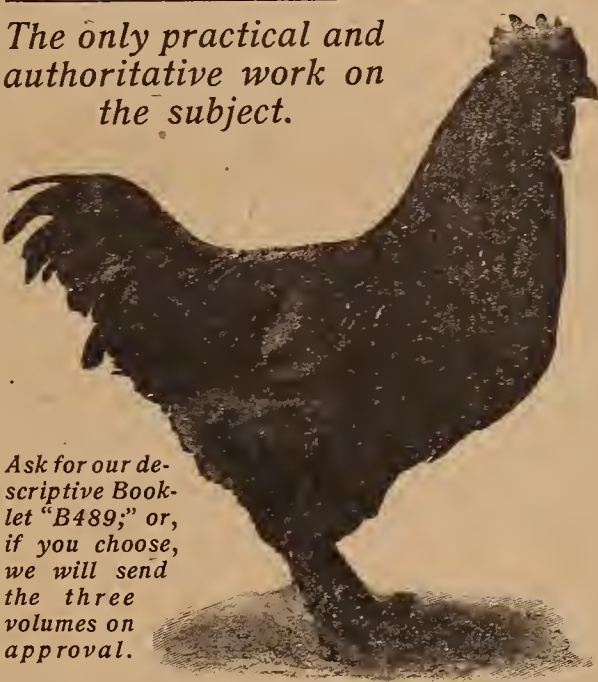
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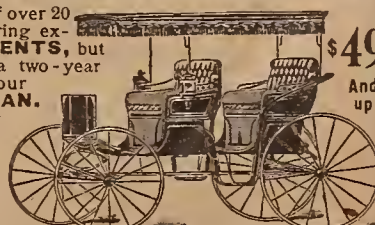
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The Pollenization and Fertilization of Plants

AT THIS time of the year, after our fruit-trees have come into bloom, we are naturally interested in the subject of the pollenization and fertilization of our plants.

Perhaps the first question that we ask ourselves is, What is the real object or purpose of the blossoms or flowers that appear upon our fruit-trees and other plants with such unfailling regularity? These showy, fleeting parts, that beautify, almost glorify, our orchards and gardens for a few days or weeks in spring, what is their real purpose or object? We know in a general way that the blossom is the forerunner of the fruit and seed, but this showy, fragrant part of the blossom, that appears so suddenly and disappears so quickly, what office does it perform?

The flowers, at least those that have bright colors and distinct odors, may be regarded as advertisements. They proclaim the need of the plant. The advertisement is really in the nature of an invitation. The invited guests are insects. Insects respond to the invitation, and are well paid for their trouble. Pollen and nectar, or honey, is their reward. But the insects cannot collect their pay without doing what the plant needs to have done. In other words, they are Nature's great pollenizers, conveying the pollen from the anther of one flower to the stigma of another.

Bees are often said to "fertilize" flowers. In a strict sense this is not true. Pollen is the only thing that can fertilize, or fecundate, the ovule, or that part of the flower which is to develop into a seed. Bees carry the pollen.

It is doubtful if we are fully aware to what extent the pollenization of the blossoms of our more common cultivated fruits is dependent upon the honey-bees. For several years I have been observing our fruit-trees and plants when in bloom with special reference to the visitation of the honey-bee. The apricot, which is frequently planted in sheltered positions having a warm exposure, is usually the first fruit-tree to blossom in central Ohio. Closely following the apricot are some of our early blooming plums, and where different varieties of this fruit are grown the period of blossoming is quite extended. For example, during the past season our plum-trees were visited by honey-bees from April 16th until May 10th inclusive, a period of twenty-five days. The Japanese plums are the first, and some of the European varieties the latest, in blooming. This length of period is possible only where several distinct varieties or classes of plums are grown; for any one variety or class the season is much shorter. The pollen-collecting and honey-gathering period is rarely more than five or six days for an individual tree. If two or three days of this time are rainy or cold and cloudy, the chances of pollenization are lessened. Arranging the large fruits grown in this latitude according to the date of blossoming, beginning with the earliest, these should be apricots, plums, sweet cherries, sour cherries, pears, peaches, apples, quinces.

Careful and repeated observations made on different days and at different hours of the day have clearly shown that when the weather is pleasant and bees numerous a very large percent of the blossoms are visited by one or more bees. In every case I found plums and cherries visited more frequently than the other tree-fruits. Although the peach has a very showy and apparently attractive flower, and the pear-blossom is large and has a marked odor, bees do not visit them in anything like the number that they do the plum and cherry. Apples are visited more freely than pears and peaches, but not so freely as plums or cherries. Bees do not appear to be much attracted by the

In the Field

flowers of the common garden currant, but with the gooseberry they seem a little more familiar. Raspberries and blackberries are visited freely, strawberries not very frequently. On several occasions I have carefully observed good-sized strawberry-plantations when in bloom, and could count upon my fingers



VERTICAL SECTION OF A CHERRY-BLOSSOM

the bees I have actually seen in contact with the flowers. The main work of pollenization of this fruit is evidently done by some other agency. From my observations I judge that the pollen-gathering bee is more effective as a pollenizer than is the honey-collector. Careful counting under different conditions show that for the same time, and speaking with reference to our common fruit-plants, the pollen-gatherer visits from three to five times as many flowers as the honey-collector.

It is not at all uncommon to see our fruit-trees bloom freely and yet set little or no fruit. This condition is often referred to untimely frosts, injury by rain, etc., but it is seldom assigned to self-sterility, which in many cases is the most potent cause. A self-sterile variety is one which, like an imperfect, or pistillate, strawberry, is unable to set fruit when it is planted or stands alone, yet may be fully productive when planted near some other variety that acts as a pollenizer. Unlike the pistillate strawberry, the flowers of many self-sterile varieties are not imperfect. They have both stamens and pistils. They are self-sterile because the pollen of certain varieties are unable to fertilize the ovary of the same variety. The flowers of the Wild Goose plum bear pollen, and many of the pistils are well developed, but it is almost perfectly self-sterile. In order to have the Wild Goose productive some other variety of the plum must be planted near it. The same is more or less true of many other varieties of plum, as well as numerous varieties of apples, pears, peaches, grapes and other fruits.

It is more than probable that much of the shy bearing of many of the older commercial orchards of a single variety is due to self-sterility. This may be corrected, in part at least, by inserting grafts of another variety in say every fourth or fifth row. In planting near orchards, single varieties should not be planted in solid blocks, but a judicious mixture should be practised, to insure fertilization. Fruit grown for home use or in small areas for a local market are not likely to be seriously affected by imperfect pollenization. On the other hand, in larger commercial orchards the mistake has often been made, and is being made to-day. In the greenhouse, where there are few, if any, pollenizing insects, artificial pollenization is often resorted to. With tomatoes a very common method is to jar the plants from time to time when they are blossoming. With cucumbers, or some other plants where the stamens and pistils are borne in different flowers, the staminate, or male, flowers may be picked off and gently rubbed over the stigma of the pistillate flower. In cross-breeding plants for the production of new varieties, different methods of pollenization are practised. The pollen is generally secured by gathering a quantity of stamens of the desired variety. In my own practice I have found it most satisfactory to cut off some flowers, choosing those of the right stage of maturity, the day before the pollen is to be used, and keep them in a hot, dry room. When the pollen is needed for use, it is secured by gently shaking the dry flowers over a watch-glass. If necessary, the pollen can be kept for several days without losing its potency.

The preparation of the flowers of the female, or seed, parent consists in first removing a large number of the blossom-buds just before they open, leaving a comparatively small number of the finest and best-located buds to remain to be operated upon. Just before the



PEAR-BLOSSOM



PEAR-BLOSSOM WITH PETALS REMOVED



PEAR-BLOSSOM EMASCULATED, READY FOR POLLENIZATION

petals open, by the aid of a small knife-blade or a pair of sharp-pointed scissors cut off a part of the sepals in such a way that the petals and anthers will all

be removed, leaving the pistils fully exposed, but uninjured by the operation.

It is generally recommended that the emasculated flowers should be carefully covered, so as to prevent the contact of pollen from some pollen-dusted insect. This, however, is rarely necessary, for the naked pistils have little or no attraction for insects.

When the flowers on the same plant are first visited by bees, then is the time to apply to the flowers the pollen that you have prepared for them. This can be more readily done with the tip of the finger than in any other way. Of course, the pollenized flowers should be carefully labeled and the fruit and seed resulting watched and harvested with great care. The seed, which in some crosses is either wanting or infertile, must be planted with care, for it is from this that one may secure by proper selection a new and valuable variety.

WILLIAM R. LAZENBY.

The "Seedless" Apple

There may be few seeds in the "seedless" apple, but the germs from which "big stories" grow are packed close inside the skin. The daily papers now report that King Edward of England has become an agent for the sale of the trees. At least, this is what is reported:

"Delicious. The best apple I ever tasted." In this language King Edward of England by cable sounded the praise of the Colorado seedless apple. Incidentally he issued an order that the delicacy be served at court dinners whenever such apples can be had. Four fine specimens of the fruit were sent last week to London. One was sent to the King, and the others were sold at auction for charity, bringing sixty shillings each, or at the rate of three thousand dollars a bushel, the highest price ever paid for apples.

This prompts one of our readers to send us the following note:

"You must have tasted the wrong apple, or King Edward is a poor judge. You and King Edward should have a meeting and appoint a third party to decide this."

Any time King Edward will express a desire for such a meeting we will be on hand with a few samples of really good fruit. We said some time ago that if the King will only use his influence to make apple-eating popular he will be of great service to apple-growers. We don't care whether he begins on a "seedless" or a Ben Davis, for he will never eat either one the second time after he gets a taste of really good fruit. We feel that we have done our duty as regards this "seedless" apple. No reader of the "Rural New-Yorker" can have any excuses for buying the tree and then saying, "I didn't know." About next year some of the other agricultural papers will begin to talk about the fruit—after their readers have paid out good money for it.

We find a number of the agricultural papers printing articles and pictures of the "seedless" apple. The "Rural New-Yorker" has printed accurate pictures of the apple, but the papers we refer to pay no attention to this original work. The cross-section of the fruit has been painted or waxed over to hide the core, and the deep cavity in the apple appears filled with what looks like putty. The papers which print such stuff are certainly brave friends of the farmer. We have been asked why a paper like the "Scientific American" prints a long favorable notice of the apple. That is a matter which ought to be referred to the paper in question. It is possible that it, like some other wise men, confines its scientific studies to laboratory practice, thus knowing little about practical things. We have reported several "seedless" apples found by farmers and others as wild seedlings—some of them quite as good as the Spencer fruit. If the "Scientific American" could get away from its office-desk for a short time it might learn a few things to its advantage. It might even sit still and read in old books that "seedless" apples have been known and recorded since the first century, and always regarded as of no practical value.—Rural New-Yorker.

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The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Mrs. Mary D. Anderson

IF WE examine into the lives of the women of to-day, divesting ourselves of prejudice and envy, we shall find a purity, worth and excellence that will challenge our admiration, excite our emulation, and stimulate our pride in our contemporaries. Among these examples of a fairer time would be Mrs. Mary Davey Anderson, of Erie County, Ohio, past lady assistant steward of the Ohio State Grange.

Mrs. Anderson is a woman of large natural talent and energy who has cultivated her natural tastes in various lines. She commenced teaching in the Western Reserve when sixteen years old. She was always a learner, a student, therefore a wise teacher and a helpful



MRS. MARY D. ANDERSON

member of society. Her energy and enthusiasm make her a leader wherever she happens for the moment to be. What she does, she does excellently well. No emergency finds her napping. This was evidenced at the installation of officers at the University Grange, when Governor Bachelier acted as installing officer and Mrs. Anderson as assistant. The affair was one of the most pleasant that could be imagined, and the simplicity and elegance found a response in every heart. Mrs. Anderson rose to the occasion, did her work with grace and precision, and lent a charm to the proceedings by the excellence of her work. There lay the secret of her success—anything that was worth her attention was worth performing well.

She was married to Mr. James Anderson eighteen years ago, and her home evidences the same scrupulous care shown by her other work. The natural outlook over Lake Erie is beautiful. The surroundings have been improved by care and taste until they have become a spot to excite the highest feelings. The created and selected environments are the symbolisms by which we read the inner life. If they are beautiful and harmonious, the mind which selected and nurtured them is likewise beautiful and in harmony with Nature. The larger the group of natural objects that are brought into this whole, the keener the perception of the relationship of all things. The environments are eloquent with the tidings of whether one dwells on a high plane of thought or not. The absence of speech in this regard, the presence of revelation is all-illuminating. Mrs. Anderson's home is its own eloquent witness of one who dwells with beautiful thoughts. She is an excellent house-keeper, and her rooms are furnished with exquisite taste. Modern conveniences have been added—bath, hot and cold water pumped into the house, rooms large and inviting to rest, and withal a spirit of cheer and hospitality that is refreshing. Mrs. Anderson is herself an artist with brush and pencil, and evidences of her artistic ability lend a charm to the home. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson is one of those that future times will select as typical of the best of the American farmer.

Mrs. Anderson has been true to the spirit within. She not only sought the good herself, but helped others to bring into their lives courage and strength. In that spirit she is a leader in the literary and church circles of her town. She not only is helpful to her time and place, but makes it easier for others to follow her.

New Things

I am asked quite often to suggest something new for grange meetings or for farmers' institutes and societies, and I reply, "Why seek to be original? Why not follow Nature, which repeats itself in all its myriad forms, and shows its worth and beauty by the excellence of the repetition?"

If we watch Nature's plan we shall see that the leaf repeats itself, that the maple repeats the maple, the apple repeats the apple, and so on in every species. There is nothing new. Nature sets herself the task of learning how to do her work to the very best advantage and in the best form. Instead of searching for newness, she seeks perfection. Always the poor and weak is weeded out, that the strong and perfect may grow.

The laws and principles which govern us are eternal. Study them. We are fallen on no strange time where laws are set at naught. "We are begirt with laws which execute themselves," says Emerson, the philosopher of modern times. Seek to know these laws through study of mankind, of Nature in her various forms. History, biography, science, poetry, art all seek to reveal the lesson. Study these in whatsoever way appeals to the individual, and there shall be no complaint of a "stale, flat, unprofitable existence." But each new day shall bring a new revelation of old forms and types that have repeated themselves in times past and will forever in times to come. The wisest men are those who realize this truth and abide by it. If you want new things, fathom the secrets of the old. The commonest flower or stone or drop of water has meaning "too deep for tears." Seek the meanings.

Educational Bulletin

After a series of unavoidable but vexatious delays, the educational bulletin prepared under the direction of the Ohio State Grange has been printed and mailed to the lecturer of every subordinate grange whose name appears in the roster, also to the state masters and state lecturers and inquirers from other states. When the work outlined is completed, another bulletin will be ready to follow the work begun in this.

The Observatory

You cannot conceal the mainspring of your life. You will be discovered. Character is written deep in the face, and cannot be concealed.

The Ohio State Board of Agriculture presented Hon. W. W. Miller with a handsome gold-headed ebony cane for a birthday present. This is a deserved testimonial of the esteem in which Secretary Miller is held by his co-workers.

Make your grange mean something to your neighborhood. There is enough for all to do. The mistake is that all try to work in the same channel with varying tastes. Some can work for better roads, others for schools, others for better churches. All can work together for the common good, yet each must lead in his own field. Find your place, and do your work. That is all that is required.

Make your grange the center of the life of your community. Open the hall to the young folks for reading and recreation. It is the club-house of the country, the one place where the members can meet for social chat and pleasure-seeking. Beautify it with all the taste at command. Build into it the highest type of the ideals of the community.

One feels a little verdant and young, after exploiting the growing of soy-beans or cow-peas as a soil-renovating crop as one of the wonderful discoveries of modern times, to find that the Chinese have for centuries used bean-meal as a fertilizer. Many of our vaunted discoveries are simply an awakening to the intelligence of what has passed into action of times dead and buried. Where is all our wisdom?

Worth Remembering

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

Send FARM AND FIRESIDE one new subscription, and that will be one noble action done, anyway.



Lousy Hens

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Galveston's Defense from the Sea

ON THE subject of rehabilitated Galveston, Alfred Loucks, in the "World's Events," says that before June 30th of the present year, when the United States government shall have completed its extension of the sea-wall at Galveston, Texas, that city will rest secure behind six miles of solid concrete sea-wall, and be forever immune from a repetition of the disaster of September, 1900.

The structure is undoubtedly the greatest of its kind in the world. It is sixteen feet wide at the base, five feet wide at the top, eighteen feet above mean low tide, with a granite riprap extending twenty-seven feet out on the Gulf side, some of the stones weighing a ton—in itself sufficient protection against the highest tide known. Its composition is of solid concrete composed of crushed granite, sand, water and German Portland cement. It is further reinforced by nine-foot steel rods placed at intervals of three feet, and locked into a foundation of cypress piling extending down fifty feet into clay, embedded in four feet of concrete at the top, and flanked by double rows of sheet-piling to prevent washing. An idea of the immensity of the structure is obtained when it is stated that to complete it required seven thousand five hundred car-loads of crushed granite, five thousand car-loads of riprap, two thousand five hundred car-loads of sand, one thousand three hundred and fifty car-loads of cement, eighteen thousand round piling and ten car-loads of reinforcing-rods. The cars containing this material would make a train nearly one hundred miles in length.

But what reflects the greatest credit upon the thrift and enterprise of Galveston is the fact that she built and paid for this massive structure without outside assistance. Ignored by Congress, which, however, two years later donated five hundred thousand dollars to the Martinique sufferers, and rebuffed by the state legislature, which looked upon the city as doomed, Galveston arose to the occasion, and said, "We will build the wall ourselves." And they did, at a cost to them of one million five hundred thousand dollars. Forty-year four-per-cent bonds were floated, with the understanding that a tax of fifty cents on every one hundred dollars' worth of property was to be levied for the purpose of paying the interest and providing a fund to redeem the bonds at maturity.

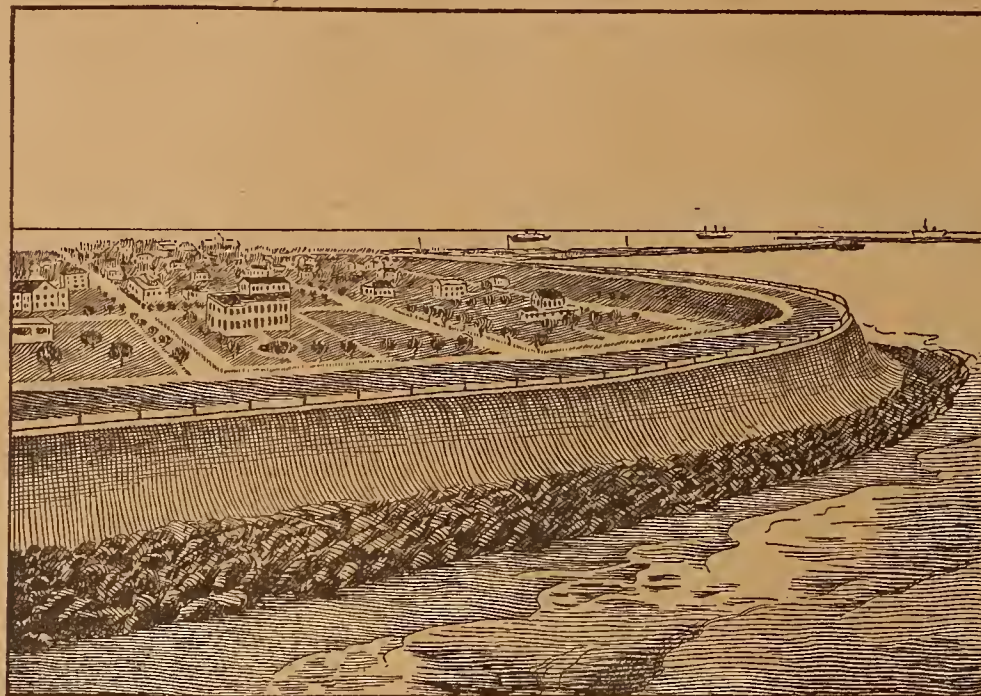
The completion of the wall is only half the contemplated scheme for protection. The remaining portion involves difficulties beyond that already accomplished, for it means the raising of four square miles of densely populated city from two to eighteen feet above its present level, sloping gradually from the Bay to the Gulf shore. This elevating process will necessitate the raising of more than two thousand private dwellings, some of them the handsomest and costliest structures in the city. As the buildings go up, the gas and water pipes, sewers, electric-light and telegraph conduits will have to be raised with them. The greatest problem now is how to save the trees.

The calamity of 1900 is still fresh in the minds of the people—when waves mountain-high were driven inshore by a Gulf coast hurricane, and swept two thirds of the city's area clean of every vestige of habitation, and left the remaining portion but a mass of

Around the Fireside

to say upon the rights of society in this respect that is good and wholesome:

"The custom of long engagements, or where there is no formal engagement this 'keeping company' in such a way that if an engagement does not exist it ought to, is one of the characteristic marks of a dull or stagnant or careless community. A young man begins to call frequently on a young woman of character and prospects, and continues to make his attentions more assiduous, until finally by general consent they are marked as belonging to each other. Other young



—Pen-Drawing from World's Events.

GALVESTON WHEN THE GRADE-RAISING IS COMPLETED

men respect the romance, and eventually this young woman becomes as one set apart and destined. The years speed on, and her old playmates among the girls are long ago married, her contemporaries among the boys have gone to the city or are attending to their own families, and she is left alone with the man who by all the rules of decency ought to have married her long since or else have ceased his attentions. And then this man concludes, after the lapse of five, ten or fifteen years, that he either does not care to marry, or that he will marry another girl.

"There is no more bitter nor more pitiful tragedy than this in life. Americans boast with reason of the freedom of their girls, and of the self-reliance and purity of thought and character developed by the system of hearty open relations between decent young men and women, but there is such a matter as carrying a thing too far. The place for young men and women, if they are to carry on the relation of friendship without marriage for a considerable time, is where they are surrounded by the family circle, under the supervision and watchful care of their fathers, mothers and brothers and sisters, and the only 'steady company' which is permissible in a well-regulated family is that of man and wife."

Carnegie's Niece Weds Coachman

During the month past it became known that Andrew Carnegie's niece Nancy was secretly married about a year ago to a riding-master named Heaver, whom she met at Newport. The story was confirmed by Mr. Carnegie. "My niece was married to Mr. Heaver in New York about a year ago," he said. "Mr. Heaver was a riding-teacher in the family. The family has no objection to the match. Mr. Heaver is an honest, upright young man. I would rather Nancy had married a poor honest man than a worthless duke. We want no rich men in the family."

Mr. Carnegie said that Mr. and Mrs. Heaver went to Europe immediately after their marriage. They returned a few days ago, and are now on a visit to New England. Mr. Heaver was formerly coachman for his wife's mother, Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, in Pittsburgh, and at her winter home at Fernandina, Fla. He was a widower with two small children.

A Turtle Delayed the Wedding

From Battle Creek, Mich., comes the unique story of Cupid in the rôle of a turtle. The marriage of Miss Freda Olmstead and John Martin, in Augusta, marked the climax of one of the most remarkable betrothals on record.

Martin had been educated in the universities of Berlin, and when he came to this country in 1865 he was employed as a constructing engineer on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Miss Olmstead was a belle of the town, and fell in love with the handsome young engineer. A beautiful diamond ring pledged their betrothal, and Martin left on a two weeks' tour of inspection. In his absence Miss Olmstead accepted an invitation for a boat-ride on a little lake near Augusta. A turtle swam near the boat, and Miss Olmstead caught it. She called attention to the diamond markings on its shell, and this suggested that she slip her diamond ring over its mottled neck. The next instant it flopped out of her hand into the lake, and sank.

On Martin's return he was told of the boat-ride and of the loss of the engagement-ring. His jealousy was aroused, and breaking his betrothal, he sailed

back to Germany. All Augusta heard of the tale, and always remembered it.

A party fishing on the lake this spring captured a turtle, and encircling its neck was a diamond ring. It was taken to Miss Olmstead, and she identified the jewel which was lost forty years ago. She learned that Martin had never married, and immediately communicated to him news of the recovery of the ring. He took the first steamer to this country, again placed the diamond on his sweetheart's finger, and they were married. The honeymoon will be a trip to Germany, where Martin will settle his business interests and return with his bride to this country.

Condemning the Rich

So many people in this world are too ready to brand every rich man a criminal. A great fortune does not necessarily denote wickedness; thrift and good luck may have been the instruments that were responsible for the accumulation of this or that fortune. On the subject the Hartford "Times" well says that some persons seem to lose their moral perspective the moment one million dollars is mentioned, and to reason: A man with one million dollars is probably bad, a man with ten million dollars is certainly bad, and a man with one hundred million dollars is ten times worse, and a man with four hundred million dollars is a public enemy, and the bill he puts in the plate contaminates the entire collection. This is ethically and logically absurd. As Burns said, "A man's a man for a' that." He may be rich, but honest, and frequently is so, but not invariably, by any means.

Woman Keeps Lighthouse Many Years

For the past forty years Santa Barbara lighthouse has been kept by a woman. In 1856 a lighthouse was erected two miles south of Santa Barbara, and President Franklin Pierce appointed Albert J. Williams to be the keeper. In 1865, near the close of the Civil War, Mrs. Julia F. Williams was appointed keeper to succeed her husband, who had died. She has had the longest service of any keeper on the coast. She has been away from her post only two nights in twenty-seven years, and rarely leaves the lighthouse except on Sundays, when she drives to Santa Barbara to attend church. The tower rises one hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea-level, and the solid white light can be seen seventeen miles at sea.

St. Louis Exposition Dollars

Of the two hundred and fifty thousand souvenir gold dollars that were coined for the St. Louis Exposition, no less than two hundred and fifteen thousand are to be returned to the government and melted with scrap metal. The original plan was to sell these souvenir coins, which were appropriately designed, at two dollars each, which would have netted the exposition a profit of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But the exposition rapaciously decided to sell them for three dollars each, and only thirty-five thousand were sold. Now the remainder must be melted up, al-



RUSSIAN ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY

tottering ruins, destroying ten thousand lives and rendering fifteen thousand people homeless, killing business and paralyzing every public function. It was an appalling catastrophe, but Galveston faced it with a grit and determination that mark her a brave community. Within one week's time the homeless and shelterless were cared for, and the work of clearing the wreck was under way. Within a month business had resumed its sway. Within a year Galveston was planning one of the greatest engineering schemes for protection and rehabilitation that was ever undertaken—namely, the construction of a mighty sea-wall to protect her from future storms.

For Those Who Court

Every man is said to have his own individual style and taste as to how, when and where he does his courting. The Philadelphia "Ledger" has something



JAPANESE ADMIRAL TOGO

though intrinsically worth one dollar each, in order to keep faith with the thirty-five thousand purchasers at three dollars each.

Professional Story-Telling

Women have taken up story-telling as a profession, according to the New York "Press," and they pay daily visits to certain homes, in every one of which they devote an hour to this form of juvenile entertainment. They tell stories from the great poets and fiction-writers, and deal also with mythology and folklore, but in so simplified a form that it is intelligent to their hearers. Of course, they narrate the wonderful tales of Hans Andersen, who has been the children's friend too long to be neglected. All fall on eager ears, for the children privileged to enjoy such an hour look upon it as the most important part of the day.

Two Mills of the Olden Time

Our fathers' ways were not our ways; our fathers' homes were not like our homes. We have left far behind us their primitive methods and customs, and we wonder how they had the patience to endure them. They did endure them, and prospered under them, while they at the same time laid the foundation of one of the greatest republics in the world. They had no need of some of the things now imperatively necessary to our comfort and prosperity. Their simple and primitive ways of life were well adapted to the times in which they lived. We in our latter-day rush, and nerve and body wearing bustle and hustle, may sometimes envy them the life that did not need the noisy electric car, the deafening elevated railroads, the "thunderbolt" trains, the steamer that fares swiftly across the Atlantic in eight days.

All the methods of our fathers were slow and deliberate. There was no great haste even in providing the necessities of life. There may still be seen in some parts of New England some of the first mills built in our country. Nothing could be simpler or more crude than these old tower-like structures, dependent, some of them, upon the fickle wind for their motion. There is one of these old windmills away down on Long Island that has been grinding for more than two hundred years, and its huge arms still revolve, its old hopper still pours corn in between the mill-stones. When I visited this old mill two years ago it was grinding away slowly and almost without any noise at all, but there was no one in sight. The old mill needed no attention. There was no uncertain and "pesky" boiler to blow up if it were not watched, and no complicated machinery requiring constant watching. The huge arms supplying all needed motion were turning slowly in the breeze. Sometimes they would almost stop, so little breeze was there, but they managed to keep in motion, and the corn in the hopper slowly grew less in quantity.

In the Somerville district of Boston one may see two very quaint mills of the days of long, long ago. Just how ancient it is may be known by reading the bronze tablet set in the crude structure. This tablet gives us the following condensed information:

THIS OLD MILL

Built by John Mallet, on a site purchased in 1703-4, was deeded in 1747 to the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, and for many years was used as a public Powder House.

On September 1, 1774, General Gage seized the 250 half-barrels of gunpowder stored within it, and thereby provoked the great assembly of the following day on Cambridge Common, the first occasion on which our patriotic forefathers met in arms to oppose the tyranny of King George III. In 1775 it became the magazine of the American Army besieging Boston.

This old mill is one of the most interesting of all the ancient landmarks in the immediate vicinity of Boston. It is supposed to have been erected about the year 1710 by John Mallet, the miller. One who has made a careful examination of the old mill, built originally for the grinding of grain, gives us this detailed description of it:

"The walls of the mill are about two feet in thickness, with an inner structure of brick, the outside of which is incased in a shell of blue stone, quarried, probably, on the hill-side. Within it has, or had, three lofts supported by oaken beams of great thickness, and having each about six feet of clear space between. A respectable number of visitors have carved their names on these timbers. There were entrances to the northwest and southwest sides, but only the latter belonged to the original edifice, the small brick structure on the northwest having been constructed at a recent date. From this southwest door expands a most charming view. The structure is capped with a conical roof, and stands about thirty feet high, with a diameter of fifteen feet at the base. To find what was an isolated landmark not so many years ago now overlooking a populous neighborhood is strange indeed; better yet, it is no longer a neglected ruin."

The ground on which the old mill stands has been deeded to the city on condition that the ancient landmark be preserved as long as it will stand. The Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution have put the tablet on the mill. The mill was the center of a great deal of anxious solicitude in the Revolutionary days of 1775, when the scarcity of powder in the possession of the American forces caused much uneasiness. We are told that window-weights were torn out and molded into bullets; and the curious leaden coats of arms on the tombstones in the graveyards were torn off for the same purpose. But this was a useless sacrifice without powder to fire the bullets. The seizure of the two hundred and fifty half-barrels of powder in the old mill by General Gage was a most serious loss to the American army, and caused even Washington great anxiety.

There is an authentic legend connected with this

Around the Fireside

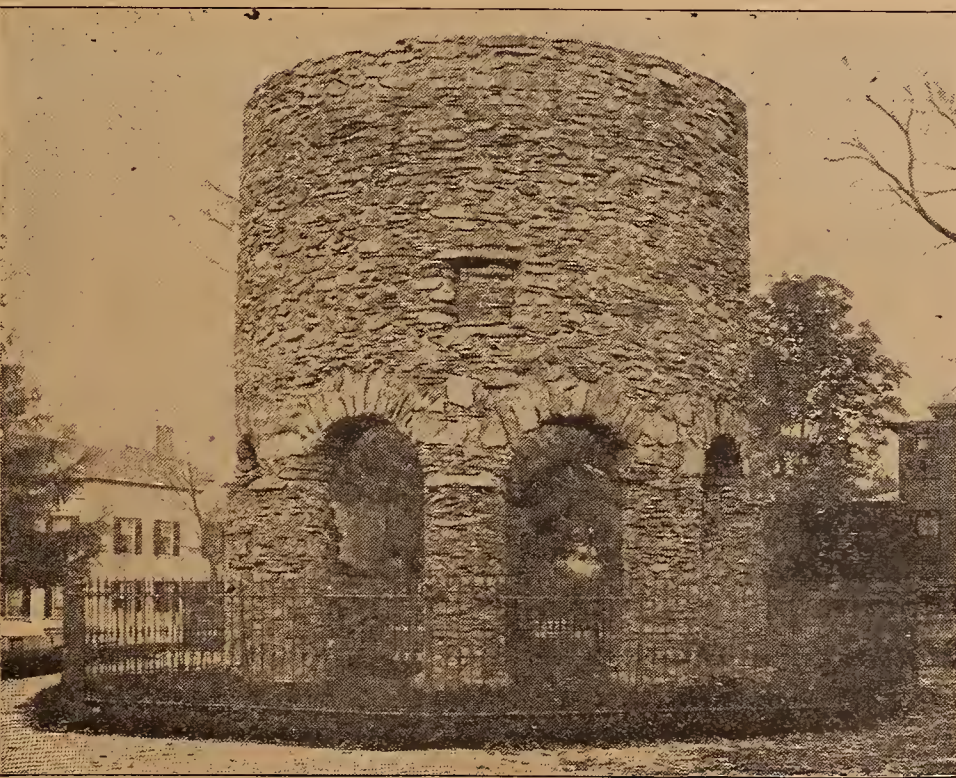
old mill combining both tragedy and romance. One night while the old edifice was still used as a mill Mr. Mallet, the miller, heard a rap at his door, and when he opened it there stood a young fellow who wanted shelter for the night. He had apparently ridden far and hard, and both he and his horse seemed tired out. The young stranger wanted a night's lodging, and was told that he might have it in the mill. Thither he was conducted by the miller, and a not uncomfortable bed was made of the bags in the mill. In the night other riders rode up to the door of the miller, demanding to know if any stranger had been that way in the evening. When told of the wayfarer in the mill, they demanded that he be brought

forth, and the miller led the way to the mill. To the surprise of the miller the leader of the pursuers called up the ladderway leading to the loft where the stranger was known to be, "Ho, there, Claudine! Come down, and you shall be forgiven this escapade. Come down at once!"

There was a shrill cry of alarm as the occupant of the mill-loft climbed higher in the vain hope of eluding the pursuers. The man who had commanded the girl—for girl the stranger was—to come down climbed up in pursuit of her. To the top loft he climbed, and there reached forth to grasp his victim, when he lost his balance and fell. In his descent he grasped the cord that set the machinery in motion, and was caught and killed in the mechanism.

The girl was one of the unfortunate Acadian peasant girls who had been parceled out like so many cattle by the conquerors of that fair land. The girl Claudine had fallen into the hands of a cruel master, from whom she was trying to escape in the garb of a boy. No doubt there are many unwritten tales of romantic and historical interest connected with this ancient landmark.

A much older mill is the one at Newport, in Rhode Island. Its age has long been a matter of dispute,



WALLS OF FAMOUS MILL AT NEWPORT SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT IN THE DAYS OF THE NORSEMEN

some authorities contending that it dates back to the days of the Norsemen. This claim is based on the fact that the ancient mill seems to be of Scandinavian architecture. The theory of the old mill antedating by several centuries the arrivals of the Pilgrims in Plymouth has not been very well sustained, and there is more convincing evidence to prove that the mill was an old Colonial windmill, and that it was built by the great-grandfather of the traitor Benedict Arnold. This Arnold of the olden time was also named Benedict, and he was several times governor of Rhode Island. His will, drawn up in the year 1677, contains the following clause:

"My body I desire and appoint to be buried at ye Northeast corner of a parcel of ground containing three rods square being of and lying in my land in or near ye line or path from my dwelling-house leading to my Stone built Windmill, in ye town of Newport, the middle or centre of which three rods square of is and shall be ye tomb already erected over ye grave of my grand-child, Damaris Goulding, there buried on ye fourteenth day of August, 1677, and I desire that my dear and loving wife, Damaris Arnold, after her death, may be buried near unto me, on ye South side of ye place aforesaid ordered for my own interment, and I do order my executors to erect decent tombs over her grave and my grave in such convenient time as it may effectually be accomplished."

The most careful investigation confirms the opinion of scientists that the old mill was the property of this Benedict Arnold, and that he built it. This is the old mill to which Cooper refers in his novel "Red Rover," and it is this mill to which Longfellow refers in his poem "The Skeleton in Armor," when he makes the shade of the old viking say

"There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward."

Years ago a skeleton incased in broken and corroded armor was dug up near the old mill. Longfellow, with his vivid imagination, at once connected it with the mill, and his famous legendary ballad was the result. The mill is a very interesting old landmark, and there are others well worth seeing in this beautiful old town by the sea, once a very important seaport, but now the summer seat of the world of fashion. MORRIS WADE.

Great Jewish Celebration

The late fall of this year will see the celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Jews in America. The date to be selected for general observance throughout the United States will probably be close to Thanksgiving Day. The plans already under way include, among many things, the erection of a monument commemorative of the occasion and the publication of a history of the American Jews.

As nearly as history and the famous Jewish Encyclopedia's experts can tell, the first Jews landed in this country in 1654, at New York, then New Amsterdam. These first settlers were for the most part refugees from Brazil and the West Indies. Not until the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, did the Jewish people begin to immigrate in numbers. Since 1881 their increase has been enormous, and at the last census, in 1900, the Jewish population of the United States was 1,058,135. Since then the increase has been very heavy, of course, until in 1904 the population of New York City alone reached the tremendous total of 672,776.

King Edward Pays Great Compliment

"You are the most valuable man in the British navy," were the words King Edward said at Portsmouth, England, when Rear-Admiral Scott presented Seaman-Gunner Hollinghurst to his majesty on the quarter-deck of the cruiser "Drake." During the recent prize-firing Hollinghurst scored seven hits out of the ten shots, and made a record for the navies of the world to beat.

The sailor who by close study and hard work has won the king's approval is a dark, sturdy, clean-shaven man, twenty-eight years of age, with an intelligent expression which is so typical of the blue-jackets in the royal navy.

To hit a stationary target seven times out of ten while a ship is moving at a speed of twelve knots through the water is no small feat, and requires a very keen sight and mathematical precision. To acquire this skill a man must practically abstain from alcohol.

Hollinghurst, whom his majesty said was the most valuable man in the British navy, has not received one penny for making the world's record. His pay amounts roughly to three pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence a month, which is about twelve shillings and sixpence less than that of a deck-hand on an Atlantic liner. Out of this sum the champion shot of the navy has to pay toward his mess, uniform, washing and keep his wife in London. This does not leave a wide margin for dissipation of any kind.

A Wonderful Shawl

The Czarina of Russia has in her possession a shawl that she values very highly. It is a gift from the women of Orenburg, a town in southern Russia. It reached her in a wooden box with silver hooks and hinges, the outside being embellished with designs, spears, turbans, whips, etc., on a ground of blue enamel, that being the color of the Cossack uniform. The shawl is about ten yards square, but it is so exquisitely fine that it can be passed through a ring, and when folded makes a small parcel of a few inches only.

Just one new subscription from each subscriber to FARM AND FIRESIDE would double the list. That's an easy way to figure, is it not? Do this little favor.

A Tale of Rhubarb

STEWED rhubarb and rhubarb pie are the two ways of serving this refreshing acid spring plant which the majority of housekeepers make the most frequent use of. Either way, if carefully prepared, the result is generally very pleasing, but the bitter pie and thin, sour sauce so often tasted make quite another story. To stew rhubarb properly the fruit should be thoroughly washed in clear, cold water and cut into pieces about an inch long. Unless old and tough, it is better not to peel it. Use about one cupful of water to three cupfuls of fruit, and about half as much sugar as rhubarb. Cook gently in a porcelain or granite kettle until tender, but do not stir to break it. Add half a lemon very thinly sliced to the rhubarb when putting it on to cook if a very pleasing flavor is desired. Serve this very cold, with or without whipped cream or ice-cold custard.

A delicious rhubarb pie may be made by the following rule: Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water, and cook it until clear in half a cupful of boiling water; pour it on one cupful of sugar and a lump of butter the size of a small egg; after it cools, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and one cupful of thick stewed rhubarb made quite sweet. Bake in one crust. When done, spread with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs and one small cupful of granulated sugar. If preferred this pie may be baked in two crusts, but it is not quite so delicate. A plainer, but very palatable, pie may be made with two cupfuls of finely chopped rhubarb, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and one well-beaten egg. Mix well, and bake in two crusts in a quick oven about half an hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

Rhubarb soufflé is a more unusual dessert. To make it, cut red rhubarb in small pieces; to each quart add one pound of sugar and only enough water to keep it from burning; let it simmer slowly until tender, then press through a sieve; measure, and allow three eggs to each pint of rhubarb; beat the yolks to a thick froth, and add to the rhubarb; mix well, then fold in the whites, which have been whipped to a firm snow. Turn into a well-buttered dish, and bake in a quick oven about half an hour. Serve as soon as done, or it will fall.

A cobbler of almost any kind is generally a very favorite dish with the masculine portion of the household, and rhubarb cobbler is no exception to the rule. Nearly fill a buttered earthenware dish with rhubarb cut into small pieces; make a batter with three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt and sufficient milk to make it of the consistency of fritter-batter; pour this over the rhubarb, and bake in a good oven until nicely browned. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream, plain cream, or sweet liquid sauce flavored with lemon.

Fritters, although more troublesome to prepare, are quite as palatable as the cobbler. Cut tender stalks of rhubarb into two-inch lengths, cover with cold water, and cook in a double boiler until tender, but not broken; drain carefully, and spread the rhubarb on a plate; make a syrup with the water drained off, allowing half the quantity of sugar; pour this over the rhubarb, and let stand until perfectly cold; drain off the syrup, dust the pieces of rhubarb thickly with granulated sugar, dip each in fritter-batter, and fry in deep hot fat. Serve with syrup.

To make rhubarb charlotte, butter a baking-dish well, and cover the bottom with bread-crumbs to the depth of an inch, then add a layer of finely chopped rhubarb; cover thickly with sugar, add another layer of bread-crumbs, dot with bits of butter, then another layer of rhubarb, and continue with the sugar, crumbs, butter and rhubarb until the dish is full, having the top layer of crumbs covered with bits of butter. Bake slowly, covered at first, for one hour.

Another dish, slightly similar to the charlotte, our English cousins call "rhubarb custard." Make a plain custard with one pint of milk, two egg-yolks, a pinch of salt and half a cupful of granulated sugar; line a deep buttered pudding-dish with thin slices of bread or pie-paste rolled very thin, cover with a layer of chopped rhubarb spread thickly with sugar, and then



The Housewife

dish. To prepare it, cut up one quart of rhubarb into inch lengths, and put in a baking-dish with one cupful of water and three cupfuls of sugar; add the juice and grated yellow rind of a small lemon; bake until tender; when done, rub through a sieve, and let it get cold; line a deep glass dish with small, thin slices of sponge-cake or plain fruit-cake, and squeeze over it the juice of a large orange. Just before serving stir one pint of thick sweet cream in the rhubarb, and pour it over the cake. If preferred, the cake and rhubarb



COLLAPSIBLE WORK-BASKET

cream may be arranged in the dish in layers, having the last layer of the cream. Plain bread and butter makes an excellent trifle for children or emergency dishes.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

A Collapsible Work-Basket

Cut from stout cardboard a six-sided piece eight inches in diameter, and six side pieces to fit the bottom, wider at the top, four and one half inches high, with the top slightly rounded. Cut from linen or flowered chintz a circle eighteen inches in diameter for the outside, and the same of silk for the lining. Insert the cardboard bottom between the linen and the silk exactly in the center, and stitch in place with both colors of thread. Before finishing the edge, stitch to the lining-circle and cardboard sides the pockets, ribbon bands for scissors, needles and other fixings, baste lining and outside together, and bind with red satin ribbon. Securely sew to each corner of the side pieces a small brass ring, through which run a cord to draw the basket and keep it in shape. Untie, and it lies flat for packing away. This is not only attractive on the work-table, but an acceptable gift to a bride.

Mosaic Embroidery

Embroidery in imitation of stained glass or mosaic is among the novelties of the day in fancy-work, and very dainty it is if the light, dull shades are used. The centerpiece illustrated is outlined with black around the figures, and filled in with light blue, green, old rose, straw-color, yellow and lavender in satin-stitch worked over a filling of papier-mâché cut to fit the design. When outlined in stem-stitch done in black this gives a raised appearance to the figures similar to glass jewels, which is very effective and not difficult.

Twine-Ball Holder

Cut from water-color paper a rose design. Tint the blossoms with yellow centers to represent the center of the sweet-brier rose, the petals in shades of pink water-colors and the leaves green. Place over a ball of pink twine. Tie the four green leaves with a bow and ends of pink and green satin ribbon run through holes punched in each of the four leaves. Draw the loose end of the twine through the bottom of the paper cover. Suspend the ball from the chandelier, and string will be always handy.

HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Delicious Strawberry Ways

The strawberry is one of our most delicious fruits, and deservedly the most popular of all berries. Like the white potato and the tomato, it has been condemned by some authorities as unfit for food, and also like those delectable vegetables it continues to be eaten and enjoyed without proving as a rule in the least detrimental to the health of man. Some of the cultivated varieties, it is true, are too acid for persons who are distressed by this quality in their foods, and in such cases should be indulged in very moderately. On the other hand, it is said to be a most useful food for the gouty, both on account of its valuable alkaline salts and its cooling and diuretic properties. The juice of the strawberry used as a lotion is said to be a wonderful whitener of the skin.

To cook the strawberry, or to prepare it in the various fancy dishes continually being "discovered," seems almost as needless as an effort to "paint the lily;" nevertheless it may be served in so many delicious combinations that it is well worth experimenting in this direction for the sake of variety. Some of the most pleasing ways for preparing this delicious berry are the following:

SLICED STRAWBERRIES WITH WHIPPED CREAM.—Slice fine ripe strawberries with a silver fruit-knife,

and place a layer in the bottom of a deep glass fruit-dish; sprinkle with powdered sugar, then put in another layer of strawberries and sugar; continue thus until the dish is two thirds full; whip together a pint of thick cream, the whites of two eggs and half a cupful of powdered sugar; flavor with lemon, pour it over the strawberries, and set on ice until very cold.

QUEEN STRAWBERRY PUDDING.—Cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one and one half cupfuls of granulated sugar; add the beaten yolks of five eggs, and two cupfuls of bread-crumbs soaked in one quart of sweet milk; turn into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake in a moderate oven; as soon as the custard is firm in the center, draw it to the front of the oven, spread with a rather thick layer of crushed and sweetened strawberries, and spread over them a meringue made with the whites of two eggs and half a cupful of powdered sugar; set back in the oven with the door half open for ten minutes. This is delicious either hot or cold and with or without whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY-GINGERBREAD SANDWICHES.—Mix together two cupfuls of molasses, one large tablespoonful each of butter, ginger and salt, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking-soda and four and one half cupfuls of sifted flour; bake in a round loaf-pan; when done, cut the slices as thin as possible without breaking, spread with whipped cream, and cover with a layer of sliced and sweetened strawberries; sprinkle with a little lemon-juice, and press gently over another slice of the cake. This is quite a new and very pleasing combination.

STRAWBERRY-CUSTARD PIE.—Line a pie-dish with good paste, and fill with fine ripe berries; sprinkle with sugar to sweeten, and put on a top cover of the paste, but do not press the edges down; when done, let it get perfectly cold, then lift the top cover carefully, and gently pour over the berries a large cupful of very cold rich custard.

STRAWBERRY CHEESE-CAKES.—Line little patty-pans with puff-paste, and fill with uncooked rice; bake in a hot oven; cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens the yolks of three eggs, the grated yellow rind and juice of half a lemon, one cupful of granulated sugar and half a cupful of butter; remove from the fire, and when partially cooled stir in one large cupful of crushed strawberries; when cool, fill into the pastry-shells, and cover with a soft-boiled icing. These are delicious, but must be eaten fresh.

ICED STRAWBERRIES.—To each pound of strawberries allow a pound of sugar; place them in alternate layers in a glass dish, and pour over the fruit enough orange or pineapple juice to flavor; place the dish on ice for a couple of hours, then sprinkle powdered sugar and shaved ice over the top, and serve at once.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.—Make a plain boiled custard with six eggs (omitting the whites of two), one small cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one quart of rich milk and one teaspoonful of lemon-extract; put a layer of strawberries in a glass dish, sprinkle with sugar, and pour over a layer of the custard; add more strawberries, and finish with the remainder of the custard; have custard and berries very cold, and do not put together until just before time to serve.

STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA.—Select fine ripe strawberries, and dip the stem end in a little dissolved gelatine; arrange them around the sides of a glass fruit-dish which has been thoroughly chilled; make a syrup with a cupful of water and two thirds of a cupful of sugar; add one quart of fine ripe strawberries, and let them cook until they are soft; flavor with a little lemon-juice and cinnamon; stir into the hot strawberries two tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca, and cook until it is clear; remove from the fire, and fold in carefully the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff snow, then cool, and pour slowly into the fruit-lined dish. Chill on ice. Serve with sweetened whipped cream heaped over the top, and decorate with a few fine strawberries dusted with powdered sugar.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE

—Crush two teacupfuls of strawberries with one cupful of powdered sugar, and press through a fine sieve to remove the seeds; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually one small cupful of powdered sugar, and then by degrees add the strawberry-juice; continue beating until it will stand in peaks; make a soft custard with the yolks of the eggs, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and one and one half cupfuls of sweet milk; cook in a double boiler until as thick as cream; pour the custard into a glass dish, and slip the meringue upon it.

STRAWBERRIES IN PASTRY-SHELLS

—Mash one quart of strawberries with one cupful of powdered sugar; cut puff-paste in strips one inch wide and ten inches long; roll these around ladylock-sticks, and bake in a quick oven until light to the touch when handled; when done, slip from the sticks, and fill with the crushed strawberries. Serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY MACARON CUSTARDS.—Half-fill some custard-cups or sherbet-glasses with powdered macaroons and a few finely chopped blanched almonds; make a rich custard, and flavor with lemon. Put a few fine ripe strawberries in each cup, and fill them up with the custard while it is still warm; when it is quite cold, put a few fine strawberries around the sides of the cups and a spoonful of whipped cream in the center.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.



MOSAIC EMBROIDERY

Another English favorite is rhubarb compote. Select red rhubarb, wash thoroughly, and cut in three-inch lengths; cover with cold water, bring slowly to a boil, and simmer very gently until the rhubarb is tender, but not broken; drain the water off carefully; measure, and to each pint allow one pound of granulated sugar, and boil to a rich, thick syrup. Place the pieces of rhubarb as a border around a mound of plain boiled rice, and pour the syrup over it.

Rhubarb and rice make a pleasing combination in a variety of delightful dishes, the number seeming to be limited only by the cook's ingenuity, or more frequently the lack of time to experiment with dishes which may seem as yet unknown quantities.

Rhubarb trifle makes a very delicate dessert or tea



TWINE-BALL HOLDER

The Discontented Country Girl

BY HILDA RICHMOND

III.—ADVANTAGES

YES, there really are advantages for the country girl who works in town, but not the kind she usually looks forward to. To most girls town is a sort of a fairy-palace, and the people who live there ought to be the happiest in the world. They imagine they will have leisure to go everywhere; that they will know instinctively how to dress and wear their hair; that the young men they will meet will be miles and miles ahead of the country boys, and, in short, that town life is the only one worth living, while existence in the country is hardly worth mentioning. Then, too, there is a fascination to most girls in the thought of boarding away from home and having nothing to do with the tedious tasks of every-day life. To be able to come down to breakfast without a thought of dishes to be washed and beds to be made seems the acme of delight to the girl who must assist with the housework at home.

Strangely enough, none of these dreams are realized, but the advantages she has not counted upon come to her even in the first few weeks of town life. However much she may try to disguise the fact, she longs for the wholesome fare of the home table, and her appetite palls before the monotonous tough steak and muddy coffee; for her wages will not allow her to spend very much for board, and she must be content with what is set before her. She learns to make a meal without complaining, and to select the most nourishing of the food placed before her. It is really a satisfaction to see a critical girl made over speedily into one who is thankful for a Sunday at home, where she may enjoy three hearty, well-cooked meals. Her health is almost always benefited by a regular life, unless she is really too delicate to work anywhere. She must adopt sensible habits for eating and doing everything else, and in spite of the things people tell us about the terrible strain working-girls are placed under, it is a healthy life for the sensible girl.

Another advantage is that she learns much about the real beauty and utility of dress. Hitherto she has worn the clothes her mother provided, but now she earns and buys them herself. If she chooses conspicuous garments she soon realizes that fact, and one lesson is nearly always enough. She learns that ladies in every walk of life dress according to their means, and that their clothes are suited to the occasion. If in her dreams she has pictured herself dressed in a low-necked gown, with her hair dressed in the latest mode, she soon awakens to the fact that low-necked costumes are sadly out of place on the street, and that the few places to which she goes in the city do not demand such things. She may turn in the neck of a waist, and decorate it with a little coarse lace, to have her picture taken in, but she usually does that during her first weeks away from home, for after that she is too sensible to want to deceive people into thinking she wears clothes like that.

In a business sense the advantages are countless. I have seen girls who wept and stormed at home when the slightest things displeased them transformed into self-reliant beings who had no trouble in discerning that the world was not created for their sole benefit. Imagine a girl weeping in an office, and giving way to a burst of temper! I grant you there are tears shed every day by working-girls, but they are very careful to do it in private. A "scene" is what the average employer despises more than anything else, and a working-girl must hold her temper in check. Then she must learn to be polite to every one. She may not have likes and dislikes in public, and the wise girl treats politely all the people with whom she comes in contact. She must be accurate, and have no guesswork about her, for incompetence is the unpardonable



BRUSH-AND-COMB BAG

sin in commercial life. She must learn the value of every dollar she earns, for it takes close planning to make two ends meet and dress well on the small salary the beginner must expect, and she must be able to watch her employer's interests. A young girl who bought a hat in one store while clerking in another was discharged on the spot, though she was a competent clerk, for the reason that the story told about the town hurt her employer's trade. "If we cannot satisfy our own clerks," he said, "we cannot expect the society and wealthy people to patronize us. Our interests should be yours as well, so we have no further need of your services."

But best of all, the young girl learns to measure people and judge them by their true merits. She has a clearer, wider vision in every way, and this is a dis-

The Housewife

ting advantage. If she is clear-eyed and clear-brained she realizes in a short time that the people with whom she has associated since childhood are every bit as good as the men and women of the town, and in many cases much better. She learns that common clothes and rough hands do not bar the owners from true manliness and pure womanhood, and that honesty and virtue and purity and courage and helpfulness are not confined to any class of men and women. Wherever her lot in life may be cast, this added wisdom cannot fail to help her on her way and make her days richer and brighter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Bedroom-Sachet



A BEDROOM-SACHET

When trimming up my rose-geraniums this season I had such a lot of branches for which I had no use, above those I gave to my neighbor, that I felt I must not lose their fragrance if there was no place to start more plants, so I clipped off the leaves into a large open basket, and put them in the sitting-room to diffuse their sweetness on the air. After a day or so I thought of putting them in a sachet to hang in the bedroom, so I tied them in a square of cheese-cloth by taking up the corners and fastening them with a piece of tape long enough to make a loop to hang it by. For an outside cover I found a large red silk handkerchief that had not been used, and in each corner on the right side I etched a geranium-leaf with white buttonhole-twist. To do this I laid one of the sprangly leaves on a white paper, and traced its outline with a pencil, then with impression-paper between it and the silk I followed the lines over again, increasing the pressure slightly, which gave me a perfect pattern to work over. It was easy and quick work. As I wanted an etched effect, I used a running-stitch, taking short stitches above and still shorter ones below, giving the exact look that I had sought for. Veining the leaves as in other styles of embroidery gave a mixed effect that was not pleasing, so I left them with only the delicate outline, which was very pretty. After the first one the work was very rapid. Putting the bag of leaves in the center of the handkerchief, on the right side, I drew the points together, and with silk luster tied it down an inch or so below the square, drawing the tape loop up through the opening. This let the embroidered corners fall right side out over the body of the sachet, like the petal of a flower. The spaces between the points I drew up so they were like a flower-cup, and tied a soft white ribbon in a double bow with fringed ends beneath. To the tape loop I tied a red ribbon matching the cover, by which to hang it up.

The geranium-leaves, having so little moisture, do not need to be dried before using, and do not pack, as do rose-petals. A slight pressure sends out a delightful fragrance, or if hung near a window the breezes waft the odor through the room. Adding fresh leaves occasionally will keep the sachet perfectly scented indefinitely. Rose-petals and odorous mints may be substituted for the filling, or even a bunch of cotton well filled with a favorite sachet.

HALE COOK.

Brush-and-Comb Bag

Cut from green linen two strips wider than the brush and enough longer to allow for one inch or more to be above the casing for the draw-ribbon. Cut the lower end round. To one piece attach a strip for the comb by means of feather-stitch in red. Join the two pieces together, and bind the edges and top with red ribbon, using the same for drawing up the bag. A feather-stitch worked on the linen, following the binding, adds to its attractiveness. HEISTER ELLIOTT.

Some Delicious Greens

As soon as spring opens, the flagging appetite begins to long for some kind of greens, and this longing should be gratified from the time the first cowslip shows its head in early spring until the last late beets are too old to serve the purpose of greens. All greens should be carefully looked over and washed in several waters. Some kinds should be parboiled in salt and water, while others are better cooked in a very little water and then fried in butter. The following are some good ways of cooking various sorts of greens:

COWSLIP GREENS.—Look over the cowslips very carefully, wash in several waters, and cook in a porcelain kettle with a generous piece of pork which has been scored across the top as for baked beans; cook until tender, lift from the water into a colander, and while draining chop the greens into small pieces; place in a dish, pack closely, and cut into squares with a

sharp knife; dress with a generous amount of butter, salt and pepper, and lay the slices of pork around the greens. Serve with horse-radish, vinegar or mayonnaise dressing.

DANDELION GREENS.—Dandelion greens are very healthful, though some people do not fancy the bitter taste. One or two messes of dandelions are as good as a course of spring medicine in the way of cleansing the blood and bracing up the flagging energies. Cut the dandelions

from the roots, and remove all dead leaves; wash thoroughly, and put to boil in salted water; boil fifteen minutes, and drain; add more hot water and some slices of salt pork, and cook until tender; drain, chop fine, dress with butter and a mayonnaise dressing, and serve hot.

SPINACH GREENS.—Look over and wash a peck of spinach, and cook until tender in a very little water; melt butter in a saucepan, and put in the greens as soon as tender; cover, and cook for fifteen minutes, stirring often; turn out into a hot dish, and season with more butter, salt and pepper; garnish with hard-boiled eggs sliced and placed over the greens. Another delicious way of cooking spinach is by adding several slices of bacon while it is boiling. When the spinach is tender, drain, and turn into a chopping-bowl, and chop both the spinach and bacon very fine; toast some slices of bread, pile the hot spinach on them, and dress liberally with butter and pepper, and salt if necessary.

BET GREENS.—Select beets that are young and tender, remove the larger leaves, and wash thoroughly, being very careful that no grit or insects are hidden in the close-growing stalks; cook until tender in salted water, drain, press, and place on squares of bread that have been fried in butter; dress with melted butter, salt and pepper, and serve vinegar with the greens.

WILD GREENS.—Many people cook nettles, pigweed, lamb's-quarters, and even purslane, for greens. The latter is such a nuisance that it is doubtful if it is even fit for this purpose, but young, tender nettles, pigweed and lamb's-quarters are all very eatable in lieu of something better. These are all cooked in the old style—first parboiled, and then cooked with pork and dressed with butter. ELIZABETH CLARKE HARDY.

Mats

These mats are made of ordinary cotton or linen, duck, butchers' linen or Indian-head muslin. Mark a circle any desired size, fringe it, and buttonhole the linen at the top of the fringe in long-and-short stitch with mercerized cotton, or overcast the edge and finish with a brier-stitch of the cotton. These are very useful in many ways—for toilet-table and dining-room service—inexpensive and easy to launder. H. E.

With Early Summer Fruits

The value of fruit as a food is not fully understood by many. That it helps to provide strong bodies and strong minds there is no doubt. It should be plentifully used in its season, and then the housewife should lay up a good supply upon which she may rely when the long winter season comes and these fresh fruits cannot be obtained.

To have your fruit as fresh when opened as when put up all that is necessary is a little care. In the first place, select good, firm, ripe fruit, but never overripe. I always sweeten my fruit as for the table.

Clean the jars carefully, washing them with water in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and rinse well with warm water; then very gradually fill up with hot water, and let stand until ready to put in the fruit. I never break a jar by this method. Boil the covers for several minutes on the stove. When the fruit is ready, throw out the water, and fill the jars to overflowing with the boiling fruit. As soon as each jar is full, put on the hot covers. It is better to get new rubbers each season, but if the old ones are used, two will often be necessary to make the jars air-tight. Screw the covers on tight, and let sit a few seconds, then try them again. Turn them upside down, and if they do not leak they are air-tight. Hammer the edges of the lids down gently, then set the jars away in a dark, cool place. If you have managed rightly you will have no more trouble with them.

I have followed this method for years, and never have had fruit to spoil or jars to break.

JELLY.—I find that jelly is much nicer made in small quantities. Place the fruit in a porcelain kettle, and in the case of currants with very little water; let simmer slowly until the juice begins to flow, then pour into a cheese-cloth bag



EASILY MADE MAT

(a salt-bag will do), and hang where it can drip into a vessel; measure the juice, and to every pint add one pound of sugar; put the juice on the stove and the sugar in a pan in the oven; when the juice has boiled about twenty minutes put in the sugar; let the jelly come to a boil, and then pour into glasses. To keep mold from forming on jelly and preserves, cover with melted paraffin. See that the jelly is entirely covered. The paraffin can be rinsed and used several times. If you do not care to use paraffin, white paper cut in a circle a little larger than the top of the glass, and fastened on the sides with the white of an egg, is excellent. Press the paper well down on the side of the glass, so that it will be air-tight. Currants are especially nice for jelly, since they jell so quickly. Red or yellow raspberries combined with currants make a nice-flavored jelly. PANSY VIOLA VINER.

A BLUE FLAG IDYL

BY ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Loamwold is the farm of the wealthy Farvester family. Morris Harmer, a young neighbor educated to scientific farming, has been asked by Mr. Farvester to give his farm-help a lesson in spraying apple-trees. Harmer was in the act of spraying a tree directly in front of the room of Josephine Farvester, when the girl's sudden appearance between the draperies at the window startles Harmer, and he loses his footing and falls to the ground. A sprained ankle and a severe shock keep him in the Farvester home for three days. Morris' mother, ambitious for her son, who lacks sufficient funds for the carrying out of his scientific ideas, hopes for a match with Josephine, but Morris is averse because of the wide difference in their circumstances. The two families exchange calls, and Morris and Josephine arrange to attend a grange picnic. At the picnic the two families are on very friendly terms, and toward evening Morris takes Josephine for a boat-ride on the river. When they return they find that Mrs. Harmer has gone home with the Farvesters, leaving Josephine to accompany Morris. The fall season passes with Morris paying very close attention to his studies, and giving Loamwold a wide berth, much to the displeasure of Josephine. Josephine, as chairman of the committee on Christmas decoration at the church, enlists the help of Morris. In the course of their conversation she solicits a reason for his continued absence from her home. Morris' explanation, colored by a bashful lover's perplexity, does not satisfy Josephine. The arrival of the Sunday-school superintendent upon the scene puts an abrupt end to their talk, and leaves both in a very unsettled and troubled state of mind.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED

CHRISTMAS came and went, with its flood of presents, its happiness and good cheer. Josephine and Mrs. Harmer exchanged trifling gifts as tokens of their friendship, but locked in Josephine's desk was a dainty book-mark which she had worked in silk, spending many happy hours on the bauble, now never to be bestowed where it was intended. She had pride, too, and never had she so nearly shown her heart to any man before.

Mrs. Harmer missed the calls which Josephine and her mother had heretofore made informally, and when she next visited at Loamwold, in February, she noted a great difference in the girl. Josephine received her with every mark of respect, and treated her kindly during her stay, but it all lacked the warmth and girlish freedom that had hitherto marked their friendship. She told Morris of the change, and declared that in some way he had offended her. It spoiled that night's study for him entirely, and sadly interfered with many another that followed, but he refused to believe the matter could be helped.

Morris did not see Josephine again until just before the blue flags were in blossom. He was down in the lowlands of his farm getting some of the rich mold to pot tomato-plants, with which he was experimenting, when she suddenly appeared in the path. Their surprise was mutual, and with considerable embarrassment at first.

"But I haven't been here since that last time, when you caught me, as now," she declared, after their opening words, in which she had bemoaned her fate, taken, as she was, red-handed.

"I said then you were welcome to them all, did I not?" he returned, and he tried to meet her eye with as friendly an expression as he dared.

"So you did," she replied, with evident relief. "You see I have but one, and that merely a bud. In another week they will all be in bloom. And I may have all I want?" she repeated, gaining assurance.

"I'll not go back on my word once given," he declared.

"Then perhaps you can tell me why they grow on your land and still do not on my father's. You promised me once that you would consider the question. Do you remember?" There was no need for him to flush as he did. "I have never thought one word of it from that moment to this," he confessed.

She saw that he was embarrassed, and because he had once humiliated her she rather enjoyed it, and was willing to add to his discomfort.

"That shows how lightly you hold a woman's wish, Mr. Harmer," she said, and allowed all the scorn that would creep into her tone.

It was maddening to have her think ill of him. He was put to his wit's end for defense. He never dreamed in those old days, when they were such good friends, that it would come to this. He did not stop now to consider that the question could not be their real quarrel. A wild resolve to study the subject fully, write out his conclusion at length and mail the result to her came into his head.

He fell back on a just sense of injury. "I believe you are a fair-minded woman, Miss Farvester," he

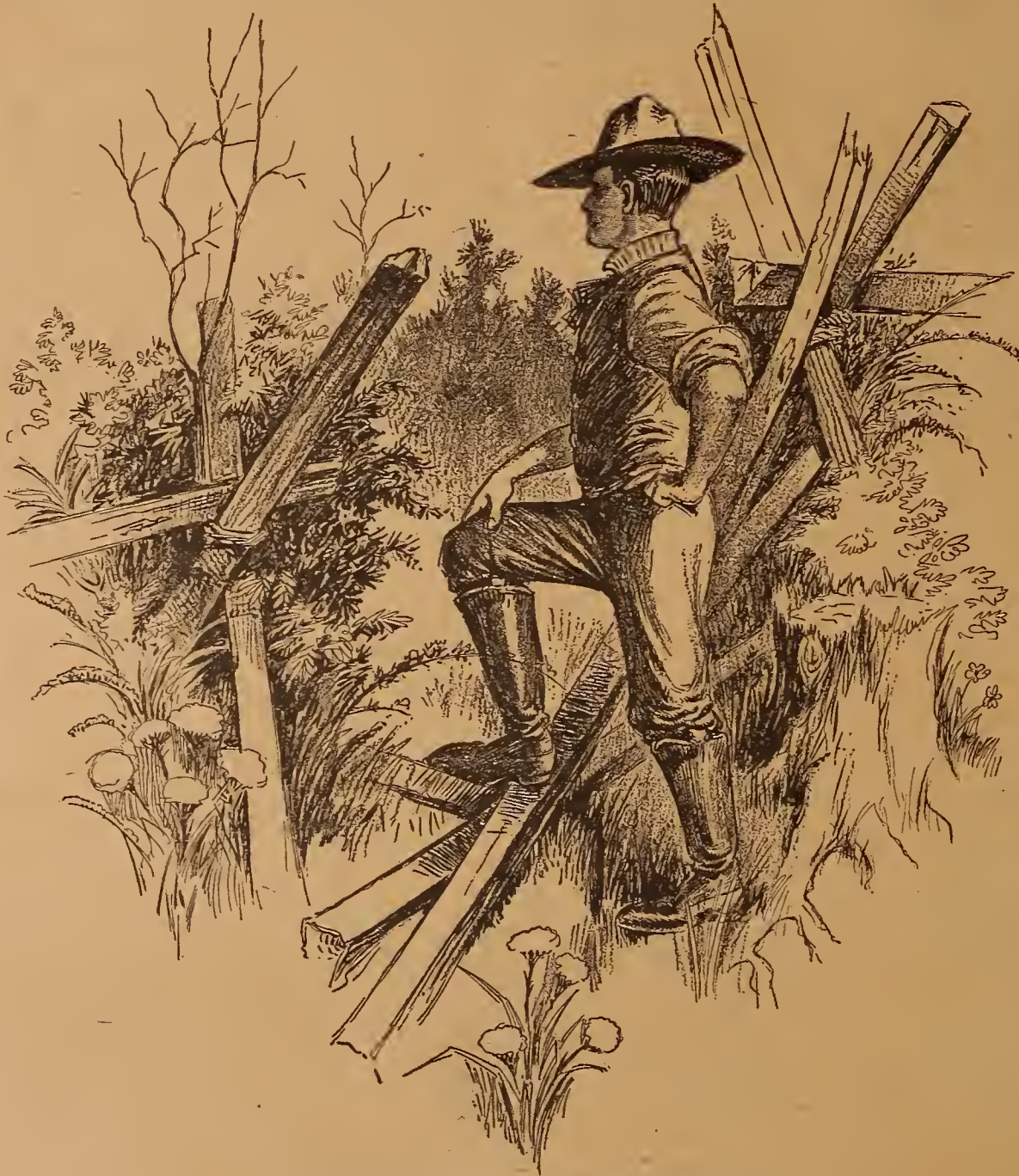
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began, remembering as he talked that once they had called each other "Josephine" and "Morris," "and if you could know how you misjudge me you would be scarcely less pained than I am now. You cannot have a wish that I would not gratify if I could—in honor," he protested, warmly.

Josephine nearly lost her poise. "In honor?" she repeated, trying to fit the idea to that time when she had asked for an explanation for avoiding Loamwold, and when his reply had seemed to call her stupid. But to her mind it no more fitted than a shirt fits a bean-pole. "Your words sound very fair, Mr. Harmer," she said, "but—but I cannot help thinking you do not live up to them."

If this referred to the blue-flag question she was right, he thought, and the resolve to eliminate that as a factor in their quarrel was strengthened. She was moving away, as if to end the interview. He knew she must have climbed the fence near there—not an easy matter for a woman, he was certain. He offered to accompany her now, begging to lend such assistance as he could. She thanked him, but declared it was not necessary—she was quite used to helping herself. He would not be put off, however, and followed, and when presently they reached the spot she let him take her hand, steadying herself while she stepped upon a low stump, thence to the top of the rail fence, from which position she sprang lightly to the ground.

She thanked him, and said good-by in a meaningless voice. She had avoided meeting his eye at the last, and he was denied a parting glimpse of her face, but he had seen enough to unsettle his mind again.



"These rails can just as well be let down and left so"

"These rails can just as well be let down and left so," he declared to himself. "The cattle are never turned into these lots." And as soon as she was out of sight he did the work. He thought of her coming through there later for the blue flag. She would see what he had done, and know that it was done for her. He had a sudden wish to show her all his heart—she had so terribly misjudged him. He was burning with a desire to make any sacrifice that would give her happiness. How did he know she was not happy now? Was it not merely a projection of his own unhappiness that his fancy had seen? What a muddle everything was in, anyway!

With a feeling of general discontent he went back to his wheelbarrow of rich loam. Nothing was settled save that he and Josephine were further apart than ever, and he more than ever wished to stand well in her eyes. He called himself a fool for striving after a paradox—he was a child crying for the moon, with not the slightest intention of keeping it if it were given him.

CHAPTER VII.

The very next day Morris began the study which was to settle the blue-flag question. He went over the ground for several miles, making a little map of the region showing the course of the river. He marked where its swift current had eaten into a high bank on one side, and where it had deposited the sediment on the flats on the opposite side a little further down-stream. On the Farvester land he found evidence of a forest-fire at an early date, which no doubt had spread over the lowland as well. The blue flag, once burned out there, would find it hard to regain a foothold against the prevailing winds.

His conclusions were not arrived at in one day; indeed, he made quite an exhaustive study of the subject. The hour chosen to make this research was the late afternoon, the time he had met Josephine in the woods on the two occasions. He did not deny that he hoped to meet her there again—in fact, this hope led him to continue his visits several days after he had gathered every fact that could possibly bear on the question. But not a glimpse did he catch of the girl, nor did he find any evidence that she came in his absence. The flags bloomed in undisturbed beauty, and the rails he had left gaping seemed desolate and in vain.

Morris held to his determination, writing out the history of his research and stating his conclusions, twenty pages in all, and these he mailed to Josephine with a little note that was needlessly cold and formal. The evening of the next day Josephine and her mother called at the Harmer home. This was the first time they had called there in many months.

"I cannot tell you how mean I feel," Josephine declared, as she gave her hand to Morris. Her face was flushed in some embarrassment, but withal she seemed very happy. "I feel as if I had been stealing sheep. To think I should put you to all that trouble! I thought you could tell me in a dozen words. But it is more interesting than a romance. I wish I could tell you how much pleasure it gave me."

"I can tell you, Morris," Mrs. Farvester interjected. "She has neglected everything at the house since your letter came. We had to eat a roast for dinner that was horribly burned—"

"Now, mother!" protested the girl, blushing deeply.

Morris let go her hand, as she gave no sign of withdrawing it.

"You know I have been away for a week," she explained, taking the rocker he placed for her. "Grant was determined I should visit him. He is doing so nicely in Detroit. I returned only yesterday morning, and there was your paper. I went at once to the river, and gathered a huge armful of flags. I wish you could see our dining-room. But you are to see it, for mother is going to invite you to dine with us to-morrow. By the way, I found other evidence of your kindness. You make it so easy for me there'll not be a blue flag left to go to seed. I always hated to climb that fence."

Josephine was dressed all in white. Morris had never seen her look sweeter. She met his eyes frankly, and they talked as if there had never been a misunderstanding. Morris heard Mrs. Farvester give her invitation, and heard his mother accept it with expressions of pleasure. He was glad she did this, and yet he marveled, for had they not agreed to a line of action directly contrary? How did she know his attitude had changed? And—had it? What did he purpose to do?

This last question gave him considerable uneasiness. He feared he was sadly lacking in stability. Instead of putting Josephine out of mind and heart, she had come to possess a larger place than ever before. He felt a strong desire to punish himself because he had himself under no better control. This punishment took the form of a scornful refusal from Josephine—he would propose to her, and her refusal would assuredly cure him of his infatuation.

The punishment proved too painful, however, and the play was soon crowded off his mental boards by another little drama. In this Farvester had lost all his property, and Josephine was reduced to the station of a poor girl. Morris, the stage hero, happened along in time to save her from real suffering. His behavior was so manly that Josephine could not help falling in love with him, and so they were married, to live happily ever after. Dreaming this through gave him so much pleasure there was bound to be a reaction. He accused himself savagely of wishing Farvester would lose his wealth, and found hard epithets

for such a character as his secret thoughts revealed. "I am becoming something despicable!" he declared, and made a desperate attempt to be sane and sensible. The phrase caught in his mind, and he repeated it to himself on every occasion when threatened with a lapse. "Be sane and sensible! Be sane and sensible!"

He and his mother went to the dinner at Loam-wold, and experienced a very enjoyable time. Mr. and Mrs. Farvester received the young man so cordially as to shake that hateful conviction in his mind that he was the fortune-hunter they had feared. But this did not make his problem altogether clear. His own pride remained, and the thought of a rich wife in his humble circumstances was not robbed of a single objection. To be sane and sensible came to mean more and more to make the most of his advantages, however, and not borrow trouble of the future.

"What is your position on the school-house muddle we've gotten into?" Mr. Farvester asked Morris, as they strolled out to the stables.

"I agree with you perfectly, Mr. Farvester," he replied. "I was in favor of the union of the districts, as you know. It is the solution of our country-school problem. It makes it possible to have all the advantages of a high school; and then, with the carryalls to pick up the scholars it brings the school practically to your door."

"But about moving the school-house at Oak Corners?"

"I was about to speak of that. It is the most economical thing to do in the circumstances, and the directors did quite right in voting it. I am surprised at the opposition that has developed in the Oak Corners district. The two school-houses will make fine wings to a building which the united districts can put up with the money appropriated. The opposition can't stop the matter now, do you think?"

"They're going to give us trouble," the rich man replied. "I don't understand why they are so particularly bitter against me."

"There is always a class," began Morris, "that is bitter toward people who have acquired wealth—"

"But I've never robbed any man," interjected Farvester, with spirit. "To hear them talk you would think I had. Not a soul is poorer because I am richer."

"That class is never composed of reasoning beings," replied Morris. "They seem only to feel, and have but one feeling—resentment. You have no fear of personal violence, Mr. Farvester?"

"Some violence would not surprise me," he returned, calmly, and one saw by his face that he was not a man to fear. "The work of removing the building will be begun next Monday, and I wish as many of the friends of the project as conveniently can would gather there then, for the moral effect if for nothing else. Can you come?"

"I will come—if you wish it," answered Morris, with a warm note in his voice. "You can command me at any time."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Farvester.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Real Memorial Day

BY HILDA RICHMOND

"I DON'T see why I was put on the committee," said Herbert Addison, in surprise. "I've been up in Canada two years, and don't know a single soldier's grave in the new cemetery. I can stick the flags in the ground if some one shows me where the veterans are buried, but that is all."

"Well, your father was a soldier, and your grandfather, and so were you, so that is the reason, I suppose. John and I know all the graves, so you won't have anything to do but help a little," said Clark Follen. "It will take a good while, for the new cemetery is large and the graves scattered. We'll start right after dinner."

The three young men who had been selected to mark the graves of the soldiers with small flags for Memorial Day hurried about in the mild May weather. The sky brooded over the warm, fragrant earth, and every one predicted that a general downpour would spoil the exercises the next day. To Herbert this new and beautiful cemetery was a complete surprise, and he was able to find the graves of his relatives and friends only by accident.

"Dalton," he read from the old-fashioned marble slab. "Why, here are four graves on the Dalton lot. What does this mean?" and he gazed with wide-open eyes at the graves heaped with flowers and evergreen. Surely he had never heard that any of the Dalton family had died since he left home.

"Haven't you ever heard that story?" inquired Clark. "You are behind the times in regard to your native town, aren't you? That is poor James Lansing's grave. You know he died soon after the war closed and—"

"But why is he buried on the Dalton lot?" demanded Herbert. "He wasn't related to them."

"That's just what I was going to tell you. James died in a government hospital a few months after our soldiers got home from Cuba, and Mollie Dalton took charge of the funeral and had him buried on their lot. Her father was sick at the time, and you know her mother always was an invalid, but she went right on without caring for what people said. Of course they will talk, but Mollie had the funeral from their house, and ever since that time she has kept flowers on the grave in summer and evergreen in winter."

"I didn't know they were lovers," said Herbert, with white lips. Mollie Dalton had been his childhood sweetheart, and though he had had few letters from her since the Spanish-American War ended, and he had been helping his old uncle in Canada, yet in his heart he expected her to be true to him, as he was to her. All at once he remembered that her letters were never very long, and not frequent, as his had been.

"Neither did any one else," chimed in John Smith. "It was a complete surprise to all, and since then Mollie has not had a lover. She never mentions the subject, but seems to keep every one at arm's length. Even the gossip old women are afraid to ask the particulars, so you see she must be cold and formal. Not

that she is not sweet and lively at parties and picnics, but on that subject she seems like a marble statue."

"Old Mrs. Barnes told mother she thought Mollie put on that gay air to hide her sadness," said Clark, "but you can't believe everything the old lady says. It seems she caught Mollie crying here one day, and jumped at the conclusion that she has a broken heart. Well, boys, if we are to get home before the rain we'll have to hurry."

Herbert Addison heard the rest of the conversation as in a dream, and was constantly putting the flags on the wrong graves until the task was done. In the soft twilight they drove homeward, and he determined to call on Mollie that very night, to see, if possible, whether or not she was much changed. He had been in his native town only a week, and Mollie was away visiting when he had called at her home.

"I was one of the committee to mark the soldiers' graves this afternoon," said Herbert, after a little general conversation on the town and its changes while he had been away. "The new cemetery is a great deal prettier than the old. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is a beautiful spot," said Mollie. "By the way, did you like the scenery in Cuba better than here at home?"

"She will not talk about him," thought Herbert, but he made one more attempt before the evening was over. Mollie seemed as friendly and charming as ever, but it was hard for Herbert to forget the conversation of the afternoon. "Even if she did care for him, that has been a long time ago," he argued with himself, "and she surely gave me every reason to suppose she cared for me before I went away. Much as I love her, I don't want a wife who is thinking of some one else all the time."

"Mother will be glad to see you soon," Mollie was saying, as he rose to go. "You know she must be in bed early if she gets any rest at all, so she could not be down this evening."

"I shall be glad to call and see her to-morrow morning," said Herbert, boldly. "I shall be at the exercises at the cemetery early, but after that will be the only time I can spare, as I go to New York in the evening."

He hoped she would ask if he meant to stay there, but she did not. Instead she said, quietly, "I am afraid it will be impossible for mother to see you in the morning, Herbert. When you come back from New York we will be glad to have you come."

"I am thinking of staying there indefinitely," said Herbert, to whom the notion was a very sudden one. "I have a chance to go into business with a man I met in Canada, and think I had better accept his offer. There seems to be nothing in the way of an opening in this town for a young man."

"I hope you will be very successful," said Mollie, heartily. "It must be splendid to be able to choose one's pathway in life. A woman is so restricted and kept in that she can only wonder what it must be like to go here and there and everywhere. Not that I would do anything else but take care of father and mother if I could," she added quickly, "but there is a longing in the heart of all people to run away sometimes. Don't you think so?"

"I thought every normal woman looked forward to a home of her own rather than a career," said Herbert, rather bitterly. "I don't understand the women of to-day at all. Even my old school-mates are so changed I hardly recognize them after the little time I have been away."

"Well, you would hardly expect us to be coasting down-hill in long braids and red hoods, as we used to do, would you?" asked Mollie. "You are changed, too."

"I am just the same," said Herbert, positively, and then he abruptly took his departure.

Four years had Peace spread her white wings over a quiet, prosperous country since the close of the war, and still Mollie Dalton was true to her task of keeping the grave green. Herbert Addison was doing successful work in New York, but Mollie never heard from him except through strangers. He had not been in his native town since the Memorial Day when he had left so suddenly, but in his heart he still enshrined the image of a beautiful girl—his childhood's sweetheart.

"I might as well forget all about her," mused Herbert in his private office one day when the soft spring weather recalled Mollie and his old home. "She might have warned me before it was too late, though I don't know when that time would have been. I really think I was born loving her." The office-boy tapped lightly, and he said, impatiently, "What is it, Bob?"

"A telegram, sir," said the boy, respectfully, and his employer idly tore open the small envelope the boy handed him.

"Aunt Jemima dying. Must see you," were the words on the slip of paper instead of the business information he had expected to find. He had forgotten all about old Aunt Jemima, who was not an aunt at all, but some distant relative he had always called aunt because of her kindness in his boyhood days. He wondered why she must see him, but he never thought of refusing to go. The woman whose doughnuts had healed many a woe of his boyhood should see him if she cared to and if it was possible for him to reach her in time.

"To-morrow is Memorial Day," he said aloud, as he walked up the path bordered with peonies and tulips he remembered so well. He turned his eyes toward the new cemetery a quarter of a mile away across the rich meadow, and there near the lot he could not forget stood the familiar Dalton phaeton. A slight figure in black was just leaving the buggy with an arm-load of flowers, and he turned away sick at heart to see Mollie faithfully covering the soldier's grave with flowers. If he had cherished any hope that she had forgotten her lover it was instantly driven out of his heart, and he hurried to knock gently at Aunt Jemima's door.

"Come in," said a familiar voice. "She is waiting for you. I don't know why, but she seems unable to be at peace until she has seen you."

"Mollie!" he gasped. "I thought I saw you over in the cemetery putting flowers on—"

"I will tell Aunt Jemima you have come," inter-

rupted Mollie, and he was left alone for a few minutes until a kindly neighbor told him to walk up-stairs to the old lady's room.

"I've lived to see you, Bertie," said Aunt Jemima, as the young man kissed her. "I heard something accidental the other day, before this stroke come on, that I thought you ought to know. Mollie, are you here? I want you should stay right by this bed, dear. I was at the cemetery getting ready for Decoration Day, and I saw Flory Dalton come with a big bouquet and lay it on James Lansing's grave, and then cry like her heart would break. Says I to myself, 'It's Flory, and not Mollie, that loved him, and does yet.' Then I thought of how you and Mollie was sweethearts till you grew up and Bertie went to the war, and I made up my mind to write and ask you, Bertie, if that grave was between you and Mollie. That very night before I got the letter wrote I was taken down, and it won't be many days till I'll be laid beside John in the burying-ground. I just couldn't rest till I'd seen you two united."

During this long recital Mollie stood with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, trying to escape, but the old lady had a firm clutch on her dress. Aunt Jemima had sent for her early in the day, and she innocently supposed she was needed on account of her long experience with her invalid mother and delicate sister. As the old lady lay back panting on her pillow it was the awkward hand of Herbert who gave her a drink and smoothed her hair trying to soothe her, for Mollie was the picture of maidenly shame and confusion.

"I have loved you all these years, Mollie," said Herbert, seeking to take her cold hand. "It is as Aunt Jemima said. They told me you loved James, and would allow no one to mention the subject of love to you. Like a fool I believed it, and now I suppose I am too late."

"You only say that out of pity," said Mollie, with tears streaming down her burning cheeks. "I never would have come here to-day if I had suspected—"

"Tell me I am not too late," pleaded Herbert, while Aunt Jemima looked aghast at the mischief she had wrought.

"Good-by, Aunt Jemima," said Mollie, suddenly twitching her dress gently out of her detaining hand. "I must go home," and she vanished immediately.

Straight across the meadow to the family lot in the cemetery she went. There in the May sunlight was the flower-covered grave, with the tiny flag waving above it to show that on the morrow loving hands would add to the wealth of bud and blossom. Flinging herself down in the green grass, she sobbed out her grief and anger, feeling sure no one was near.

"Don't do that, dear," said Herbert, lifting the prone figure. "I am sorry if you are angry with me, but I am glad Aunt Jemima sent for us. I might have gone on all my life without feeling that I dared tell you how much I cared for you. But now that I know it is Flora who mourns the loss of her soldier-lover I must tell you that you and you only are the woman of the whole world for me."

"Flora was out West for her health," said Mollie, after they had talked long and earnestly, "and she begged me to have James buried on our family lot. There had never been an engagement between them, but they truly loved each other. I could not go about explaining to gossiping people about my poor sister and her lover, and I thought it better for them to have a wrong impression than to worry her with their petty questions when she came home. Really, we must go home."

"First we must go and tell Aunt Jemima," said Herbert, firmly. "She told me she could not die in peace until you had forgiven her." Hand in hand the lovers walked across the fields to the cottage, and the aged woman wept with joy as she saw them coming from her window.

"I am ready to go in the dawn of Memorial Day," she said, solemnly. "I shall depart in peace to my heavenly home." And when the procession marched into the beautiful city of the dead to the strains of the funeral march next morning her spirit fled.

"I never dreamed I should be glad to heap flowers on this grave," said Herbert to his wife, as they put the costliest blossoms on James Lansing's last resting-place the following Memorial Day. "Aunt Jemima's grave and this one have more flowers than even General Barclay has on his. Truly Memorial Day has a richer and fuller meaning to us than to any one else."

"Yes, I think it has," said Mollie Addison, softly.

The Pirates of Penzance

Old William Penn had old-maid aunts,
The records do relate,
Who kept a corner bakery-shop
Down in the Keystone State.

To guess the rates upon their wares
One need not take a chance,
For on the walls on every side
Were the pie-rates of Penn's aunts.
—T. Wesley Wright.

Nature's Love-Story

We may laugh at love-romances,
And may scoff at truths they bear,
But when the sunshine glances
On the fields of green out there,
When the tuneful birds are singing
In their plentitude of cheer,
And the moments all are bringing
Something sweet to bless us here,
Why, then's the time that clearly
One word comes from above—
The best of life is merely
The old, sweet tale of love.
—Sunset Magazine.

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BOUDOIR-JACKET

buttons, it would make an appropriate and charming little afternoon frock. The waist is cut low in the neck, to be worn with a chemisette. With the exception of the plastron front, the entire waist is laid in fine tucks. The opening is at the left side. The double-puff sleeve is made with a deep buttoned cuff, and the waist is finished with a crushed girdle belt. The round-length skirt has the upper part laid in fine tucks. The front panel and the lower part of the skirt are cut in one. The opening is in front, at the left side. Care should be taken that the buttons which trim this frock are suitable to the material. If the gown is of silk or of crêpe, they may be very elaborate. If wash-material is used, such as linen or madras, pearl or bone buttons would be appropriate. The variety of materials to which this costume lends itself makes it especially desirable for the summer season. The pattern for the Waist with Plastron, No. 526, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. The pattern for the Circular Skirt with Panel, No. 527, is cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 waist measures.

tractive wash-materials in which this dress may be developed. It would look well in linen novelty suiting, mercerized cotton brocade and Scotch madras, while if a dressier frock is needed, it may be of a figured dotted swiss or wash taffeta silk. If swiss or silk is used, the straps and waist-band should be of ribbon. The pattern for the Suspender Dress, No. 533, is cut for 6, 8 and 10 years.

Boys' Russian Suit

The graduated box-plait, which is used both in the back and front, gives a new touch to this Russian suit. The neck, the caps of the sleeves and the right shoulder are trimmed with a stitched band of white piqué. The belt is of black patent-leather. The fastening is at the left side of the front. Full knickerbockers are worn with this suit. For the material, galatea may be used, or linen, cotton chevrot, Scotch madras, piqué, duck or denim. The back is the same as the front. The pattern for the Boys' Russian Suit, No. 534, is cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.



EMBROIDERED BOLERO WAIST

EACH season, when the summer gowns for children are displayed, it seems as if the limit of daintiness and charm has been reached. Yet every year some new touch is introduced which makes the new frocks the prettiest ever.

It is surely a fact this year that the clothes for children were never lovelier. The suspender dress never looked better than made up in the fresh-looking, charmingly colored wash-fabrics, and it continues to be all the fashion.

Waist with Plastron and Circular Skirt with Panel

This good-style summer frock may be developed in a variety of materials. For every-day morning wear it would



BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT



DRESS WITH SCALLOPED YOKE



EMPIRE FROCK



ONE-PIECE DRESS

ing. French knots are worked on the banding. The hem is a pretty feature of the dress. It is only three inches wide, and has in it a cluster of four fine tucks. The pattern for the Dress with Scalloped Yoke, No. 498, is cut for 1, 2, 4 and 6 years.

Material required for one-year-old child:

Persian lawn, 2 yards	
at 25 cents.....	\$.50
Insertion, 1 yard at	
12½ cents.....	.13
Lace, 1 yard at 12½	
cents.....	.13
Cost of dress....	\$.76

In all the little dresses the skirt breadths are not gored. If all the fullness in the skirt were gathered into the neck it would not look well. Part of the fullness is formed into a large box-plait at the side seams, this plait sewing into the arm-hole.

Popular Materials

Among the materials mostly in demand are the chiffon-finish organdies showing rather large floral designs; the imported Irish dimities, which quite rival the organdies this season; the figured and dotted swisses; the printed and dotted silk mousselines; the Egyptian tissues, and the washable voiles, which come plain, printed and embroidered. Cotton eolienne is also much used, as well as mercerized taffeta, which keeps all its silken luster after it has been washed.

Boudoir-Jacket

Wash taffeta silk, which is one of the novelty fabrics of the season, is just the material to use for this good-style boudoir-jacket. Persian band embroidery, ribbon or lace insertion may be used as the trimming. The jacket is made with a full vest cut in a slight V at the neck. The full elbow-sleeve is finished with two ruffles. This same design would look very dainty and pretty developed in dimity and trimmed with Dresden ribbons. The jacket is cut in one piece, the fullness confined at the waist-line by straps forming a belt. The pattern for the Boudoir-Jacket, No. 522, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

One-Piece Dress

The one-piece dresses for summer-time wear are shown in attractive varieties this year. Here is a novel design which makes a pretty change from the one-piece berth frocks. The little dress is plaited both back and front. There are two box-plaits, with four side plaits between them. The box-plaits are stitched to just below the waist-line, where they are let out to make the little skirt very full. The neck of the dress is cut to be worn with a chemisette, and an odd-vest effect is introduced, made of some contrasting material and fastened with two big buttons. A belt made of the same material as the simulated vest-pieces crosses in front, where it fastens with a button. The bishop-sleeve is finished with a band cuff of the same material as the belt. In raspberry or hyacinth-blue linen this dress would look very smart, with the vest-pieces, belt and cuffs in white linen, and the chemisette of broderie Anglaise. Pearl buttons, plain or carved, should be used to trim the vest and the belt. The pattern for the One-Piece Dress, No. 536, is cut for 4, 6 and 8 years.

Dress with Scalloped Yoke

A scalloped yoke is made for this dress, with the shoulder-seams of lace insertion set in with double felled seams, over which brier-stitching is made. In the center of each scallop is a medallion made of French knots and long stitches. Beneath the yoke the dress is formed into thirty-eight small tucks. The insertion at the neck and hands is joined to the lace trimming it by the bias band-

Embroidered Bolero Waist

The feature of this full plain waist is the little embroidered bolero which is worn with it. The slashed-cap sleeve is cut in one with the bolero. Little bolero jackets of this sort will be much worn throughout the summer with shirt-waists, whether the waists are of silk, linen or of the lingerie sort. The pattern for the Embroidered Bolero Waist, No. 530, is cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

Empire Frock

This Empire frock will make a very dainty dress for the little summer girl. The dress is cut low in the neck at the front, and made with a deep yoke, the yoke appearing at the back as well. Pointed pieces made of the same material as the dress trim the front, and are arranged to simulate a bolero. A flat collar of lace or embroidery decorates them both. The full, straight skirt, which is finished with a hem, is shirred to the yoke to give the Empire effect. A short puff forms the elbow-sleeve, finished with a cuff of lace or embroidery. If this little gown is to be used for an afternoon frock, it would look very dainty and pretty made of embroidered mull, organdie or dotted swiss, with lace or fine hand-embroidery as the trimming. If a more practical gown is to be made after this design, one of the soft-finished piqués would be serviceable, with eyelet embroidery for the yoke, collar and cuffs, while in chambray or gingham the gown would also look well. The pattern for the Empire Frock, No. 535, is cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Suspender Dress

Instead of the suspender dress wearing out its welcome, it is gaining more friends as the season advances. This little model, with its full, straight skirt gathered to the waist-band, is made of plaid mercerized gingham. The suspenders are fastened to the waist-band back and front with big pearl buttons. The dress is worn with a blouse of fine linen, which is tucked and trimmed with bands of lace insertion. There are many at-



WAIST WITH PLASTRON AND CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH PANEL



SUSPENDER DRESS

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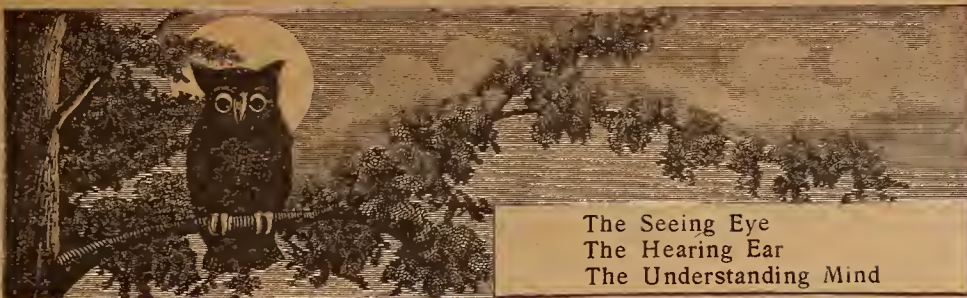
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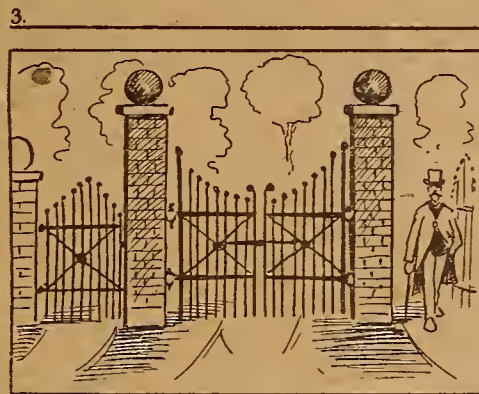
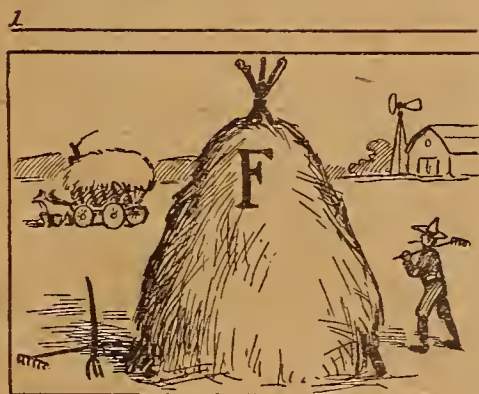
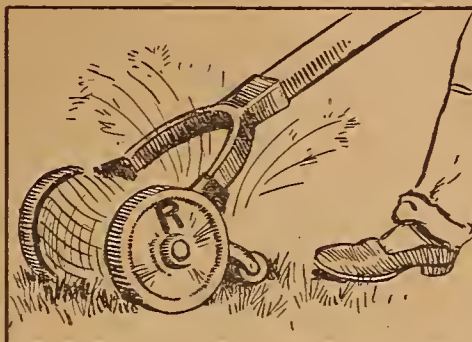
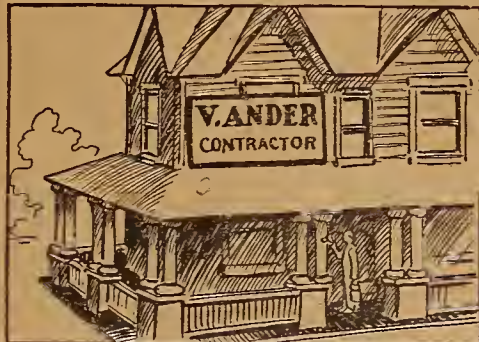
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The Understanding Mind

American Financiers Puzzle

Almost every person who is able to read is more or less familiar with the names of the great moneyed men of this country. Each of the six pictures below represents one of these men of great wealth. Can you pick them out? There will be no prizes awarded for correct solutions. The answers to this puzzle will be printed in the June 1st issue.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE APRIL 15th ISSUE

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| 1—Butter. | 2—Cider. |
| 3—Wheat. | 4—Hemp. |
| 5—Honey. | 6—Hay. |

Prize Awards

Four first prizes of two dollars each were awarded to the following:
Albert E. Hodges, District of Columbia.
R. Edwin Evans, Nebraska.
Rowena Compton, Indiana.
Tillie Coons, Colorado.

A beautiful picture, size twenty by thirty inches, and lithographed in ten colors, entitled "A Cluster of Beauties," has been sent to each of the following in accordance with our offer:
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Massachusetts—Mrs. Geneva Sieg Ballard.
Michigan—Carie Brown.
Minnesota—Ernest G. Morse.
Missouri—Everett Locker.
Montana—Daisy E. Conrad.
New York—Miss Zada Cobb.
Ohio—Price Cape.
Pennsylvania—Herman Mohr.
Tennessee—Mrs. W. A. Long.
Virginia—George T. Lytle.
Wyoming—Mrs. Alice Herold.

Anagrams and Double Acrostic

Gone—sure.
I—ran—cog.
Harp—hit—log.
O' moind.
By—more.
An—clot—rim.
Me—mud—cave.
A—dale—hip.
Sour—slut.
Silly—cat.
Name—tea.
Your—gents.

* The initials give the name of a place; the finals represent a valued member of the community.

Some Hidden Capes

- I have seen Mont Blanc often.
- My sister's able to play the guitar.
- We arrived at Kew rather late.
- They flatter you too much.
- Take the cans off the table.
- Sam broke in the horse to-day.
- Can Nancy read yet?
- How energetic you are getting.
- Allow me to pass around.
- The schoolmaster often slaps her on the hand.
- How sly Nelly is getting.
- We were strolling on the beach yesterday.

1—Charade

John Thomas his dear Mary Jane
Loved with affection true,
But her my WHOLE gave him much pain,
Its cost was two pounds two.

My FIRST thought it was wasteful quite,
Her money thus to cast
Away on beads and gewgaws bright.
So her he then did LAST.

Your WHOLE is too expensive, dear;
When you and I are wed,
If you dress so we'll have, I fear,
No roof above our head.

2—Charade

Last night a troop of serenaders,
Led by a mighty FIRST and MIDDLE,
Who carried underneath his jacket
The future making of a fiddle,
Truly the night made rather hideous
By sounds I've seldom heard surpassed,
Which forced from me the wish insidious
The minstrels soon might find my LAST.

But wishes making no impression,
I fetched my Colt, hut not the one
Whose "barrel" I had oft bestridden,
But my revolving Colt, and on
Another burst of song let fly
Its "barrels," six, with good effect;
I sacrificed a WHOLE or nigh,
And no more serenades expect.

Note.—The last letter of the "middle" is the first letter also of the "last."

Answers to the above puzzles will appear in the June 1st issue.

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"Bobs"

"WILL he live, George?"
"No, young master, I reckon not. 'Tis best to kill him and put him out of his misery, poor little fellow."

"Oh, don't do that, please! Give him to me, and let me see if I can't save him."
"Take him, sir, if you've a mind to, but I don't think the little chap will ever crack nuts again."

Carefully taking the helpless little furry creature from the gamekeeper's kindly hands, Donald Leigh wound his handkerchief around its wounded body, and tucked it away inside his coat; then he started for home.

His father, the genial old Squire, shook his head when his son showed him the half-dead squirrel, and like his gamekeeper, said he did not think it would live. "How came he so badly mauled?" he inquired.

"George said an owl must have attacked the nest in the night. The mother and all the little ones except this one were killed. He found it lying on the ground at the bottom of the tree."

"Well, you can try to save it, Donald, but I am afraid your efforts will be futile."

But they were not futile. "Bobs," as Donald christened the little squirrel, lived, and soon made himself a much-beloved member of the Squire's household. At the age of six months he was the prettiest little fellow imaginable. He went everywhere with Donald. Inside the left pocket of his master's coat was his favorite place. There he would lie, snug and content, only leaving it now and again to spring up some tree and leap nimbly from bough to bough.

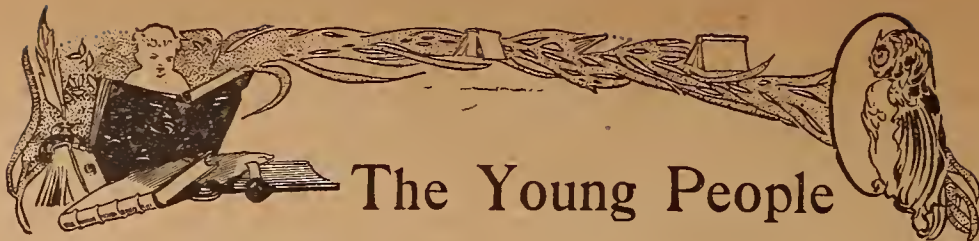
As the fall passed and winter commenced his fur became longer and thicker, and soon he had a very beautiful coat. Bobs never knew what a cage was. He was free to come and go. The curtain-pole at the top of the window was his favorite place, but as night came on he would generally curl himself up on a chair near Donald's bed and sleep soundly.

He was a perfect little Tartar at playing tricks, however, and on no one did he love to play them so well as on his young master. He would tease Donald with his antics until the boy was almost ready to cry, and then, when he thought he had gone far enough, he would come slowly back again, and nestle up, as much as to say, "There, there, don't be angry; I was only playing." Once, though, he carried his tricks too far, and gave Donald a thorough scare, as well as caused great uneasiness in the Squire's household. This happened at the commencement of his first winter.

Donald had no brothers or sisters, and as he lived in the country he had to play mostly by himself. Like many children who are brought up alone, he was very sensitive, and so when Jack Frost had made all the ponds and rivers hard, and everybody was going skating, although he wished to join in the fun, he dreaded the tumbles which he knew must inevitably be his lot before he had mastered the art. His mother had given him a fine pair of skates, and he was very anxious to try them, but fear of the laughter and jeers of his companions deterred him. He knew a secluded little pond about two miles from home, and here he thought he would go and practise all alone; then when he was proficient he would join with the others on the big lake in front of the house.

So he set off one cold day, with Bobs resting securely in his pocket and his skates slung over his shoulder. Half an hour's brisk walking brought him to his destination, and soon he was on the smooth surface of the ice. Everyone who has ever tried to skate knows how many tumbles there are in store for the beginner before he can skim gracefully over the frozen water. So it was with Donald. Directly he tried to strike out down he went, and a cry of pain from his pocket told him that Bobs did not appreciate the game at all. "This will never do," thought Donald. "I am sure to get lots of falls," and off came his coat. He had his thick sweater underneath, so really had no need of the coat. Bobs remained in the pocket, sticking his little head out now and again to watch his master's efforts.

Donald enjoyed that afternoon. There was no one near to laugh at him, so he did not mind how many falls he had. Soon he began to make progress. The time passed quickly, and the short winter's day began to draw to a close. The waning light warned him that he had better be turning homeward, so reluctantly he made for the bank. He took his skates off, and put



The Young People

his coat on, feeling almost instinctively in the pocket for his pet. The pocket was empty—Bobs had gone. It startled him at first, but the next moment he saw the little tease sitting on one of the gaunt boughs overhead. "Come down, Bobs!" he cried; "I'm going home."

For answer Bobs took up a handful of withered leaves, and flung them down on the boy. Donald waited a minute, and then, as the squirrel showed no intention of descending, he began to climb up after him. But Bobs was in a more playful humor than usual. He jumped smartly to an upper limb, then to

he did so the moon rose over the trees, and disclosed a large hollow at the base of a giant oak. He crawled in on all fours, and found it snugly lined with leaves. The boy was utterly exhausted and worn out; he fell soundly asleep.

Meanwhile at home his absence was causing great uneasiness. Supper passed, and no Donald appeared. Inquiries were made, and from one of the stable-boys the Squire learned of his son's intention of visiting the distant lake. He became alarmed lest Donald should have fallen in and been drowned. A search-party was at once made up. With lanterns and dogs they hastened to the scene of Donald's afternoon sport. They found his footmarks all around in the frozen snow, and then began tracing them as they went hither and thither about the surrounding wood. It was nearly midnight before they found him, still sleeping soundly in the hollow of the old tree.

"Rouse up, boy!" cried his father, pulling the bewildered lad out. "Your mother is nearly worried to death. Let us make haste home to allay her fears."

As they hurried homeward Donald told his father of his afternoon's adventure and of how he had lost Bobs.

"Never mind Bobs," cried his father, joyfully; "we have found you."

But Donald could not forget his favorite, and even the warmth and light of his home and his mother's joy at his return did not allay his sorrow. He was hungry, though, and sat down to his belated supper. Then he recollected how Bobs had been used to share his meals with him, and tears sprang again to his eyes. "Oh, Bobs!" he cried, "why did you run away?"

As if in answer to his query, a little round ball undid itself and leaped from his pocket. It was Bobs. The rogue had only been teasing him again. He had led his young master on through the wood, enjoying the fun, but when Donald had given up the chase, and crept into the hollow tree and fallen asleep, he had come down and crawled into his pocket. There he had slept soundly until the warmth of the fire had awakened him.

That Donald was overjoyed you may be sure, and so were his father and mother, for no one wished to lose the little fellow. But when Donald went skating again he did not take Bobs with him.

FRANK E. CHANNON.



ACCIDENT AT DINNER-PARTY

another tree. Donald knew it was hopeless to try to catch him, so he descended, calling to the squirrel to come down. He followed him. "Come here, Bobs!" he cried; "it's late, and I'm getting cold!"

The little rascal only chattered and flung down some dead twigs. On he bounded from bough to bough and from tree to tree, with Donald following, entreating him to come down. The boy could not believe that his favorite intended to desert him, and he hardly realized how far into the woods he was going until at last the darkness made it impossible for him to discern the squirrel among the bare limbs. Then reluctantly, with tears in his eyes, he gave up the chase, and began to retrace his steps.

The wind had risen, and was howling dismally

Incident of the Boer War

An instance of heroism is told which probably turned the tide of victory in an engagement which took place several years ago in South Africa. The hero was a boy, and the circumstances were as follows: The engagement took place near Wakkerstroom, in South Africa. The garrison made a raid for the purpose of capturing some cattle, but were compelled to retreat into camp. While falling back, a youngster about fifteen years old was thrown from his horse, which ran off and left him. Finding that he could not escape from the Boers, who were in close pursuit, he lay down behind some stones on the slope of the hill. A few minutes afterward four of the enemy came galloping up, when the boy let fly, knocking one out of his saddle. The three men who were with him, thinking that in all probability they were running into an ambush, wheeled, and bolted for their lives. The boy then crept to the top of the hill on his hands and knees, took to his heels, and escaped.

Knew Not Retreat

In the war with France previous to the Revolution an English drummer-boy not more than fifteen years of age, having wandered from his camp too near the enemy's lines, was seized and brought before the French commander for a hearing and sentence. On being asked who he was by the general, he answered, "A drummer in the English service." This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he accordingly did. The Frenchman's suspicions were, however, not quite removed, so he asked the drummer to beat a retreat. "A retreat, sir?" said the young Briton. "I do not know what that is." The boy's answer so greatly pleased the French officer that he immediately gave orders for the dismissal of the little drummer, and also wrote at length to his general, highly commending the boy's spirited behavior.



"DROP-THE-HANDKERCHIEF"

PHOTO BY PAUL NEAL, KEOTA, IOWA.

through the woods. It was pitch-dark, and for the first time Donald began to have doubts as to his finding his way home. In the excitement of the chase he had not noticed the direction he had taken or how far he had come. He began to be afraid. All the stories he had ever heard of people who had been lost came into his head, and he commenced to cry. "It's all your fault, Bobs!" he sobbed. "Oh, why did you run away?"

For an hour he wandered on, and at length, tired and exhausted, lay down on the cold, hard ground. As

Courage That Made History

The Ever-Memorable Battle Between the "Serapis" and the "Bonhomme Richard"

AT THE beginning of the Revolution, Washington pointed out to Congress the necessity of fitting out vessels for sea warfare, and that body immediately took steps to supply the need. Among the first volunteers was a resident of Virginia, one John Paul Jones. He was the son of a Scotch gardener. Born in the year 1747, he had followed the sea from his youth, but in 1773 had settled in Virginia on an estate inherited from his brother. He was made a lieutenant in the navy in 1775, when out of gratitude to General Jones, of North Carolina, he assumed his name. Made captain in the fall of 1776, he raised the first flag ever displayed on a United States ship-of-war. Most of his operations were conducted on the coast of the British Isles, where, familiar with every reef and shallow, he proved a sore plague to British merchantmen. He was a bold and skilful sea-rover. Of all his adventures, that which best shows his characteristic of indomitable courage was the celebrated sea-fight between the "Serapis" and the "Bonhomme Richard."

In the autumn of 1779 Jones was cruising on the sea-coast of Scotland with a fleet of vessels which had been fitted out in France. His flag-ship was the "Bonhomme Richard," a worn-out merchantman, rotten in her hull, carrying old guns, and manned by a crew which included the rag-tag of a dozen nations. She had forty-two guns, of which number six were eighteen-pounders. He had an able lieutenant in the person of Richard Dale, and they had captured many prizes, and had over a hundred English prisoners on board.

On the afternoon of the twenty-third of September, 1779, while cruising near Flamborough Head, his squadron discovered the Baltic fleet of forty vessels, convoyed by two frigates, the "Serapis" and the "Countess Scarborough." Jones immediately signaled for pursuit. The merchantmen withdrew, and left the war-vessels free for the fight. Two of Jones' squadron, unwilling to fight, lagged behind. The "Scarborough" was engaged by the "Pallas," which in the end compelled her to strike. Jones found himself opposed to the "Serapis," a vessel commanded by Richard Pearson, and carrying fifty guns, some twenty of which were eighteen-pounders.

The early autumn night had fallen on the North Sea. To the west flamed the yellow beacon on Flamborough Head, a point of light in the darkness. Jones was on the quarter-deck, searching the sea with his night-glass, as the old "Richard" lumbered toward her enemy. In the gloom it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Suddenly there came a hail from the "Serapis," "What ship is that?"

There was no answer.

"Answer, or I fire!" came the hail.

And then, just as Captain Pearson ordered his men to fire, came a reply, "Boom! Boom! Boom!" It was the voice of the great guns on the "Richard's" lower deck, and they were answering for John Paul Jones. The battle had begun.

It was just seven o'clock. For half an hour the frigates maneuvered, each striving for the advantage, each pouring tons of metal into the other. Guns burst on board the "Richard," and did as much damage as the balls of the enemy. Marines stationed on the decks kept up an incessant musket-fire. The ships were so close together that no shots missed. The destruction was terrible. The sides of the old merchantman were riddled. Several shots entered below the water-line, and the "Richard" began to fill.

At this juncture the "Serapis" drew slightly ahead, and attempted to cross the bows of her enemy and rake her with a broadside. But the maneuver was badly managed, and the "Serapis" was forced to go into the wind directly in front of the "Richard." The bow of the latter was almost in contact with the stern of the English ship. For an instant the fire from the big guns ceased. Then from the "Serapis," his words punctuated by musket-shots, came the voice of Pearson, "Have you surrendered?"

He had mistaken the silence for defeat. Perhaps an ordinary man would have been ready to surrender, but John Paul Jones was of sterner stuff. He stood erect by his gun, and back over the water went the reply, which has become classic, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

By this time the full moon had risen, and from the east her white face lit up the water with a ghostly light. Each

adversary could plainly follow the movements of the other. The "Serapis" again tried to get into position for a broadside. Jones saw that his only hope was in fighting at close quarters. He put his helm hard down, and as the "Serapis" came around, her jib-boom became entangled in the mizzen-rigging of the "Richard." And then followed another exhibition of daring and determination on the part of the Yankee captain. With his own hands he helped lash the vessels together. There was to be no more maneuvering now. It was to be a fight to the death.

The vessels now lay together, their starboard sides touching. Jones was everywhere. He directed the fire of one of the nine-pounders at the mainmast of the English frigate, and with another he raked her decks. The British attempted to board, but were driven back. Marines stationed in the rigging shot down the English sailors on the deck.

But on the lower decks of the "Richard" it was quite a different story. Matters were going from bad to worse. Guns had burst and been dismantled. The sides of the vessel were literally shot away. The old vessel wallowed in the sea as if at any moment she might sink. Yet Richard Dale stuck valiantly to his guns.

But now came a new danger. Out of the gray whiteness of the night came a vessel; it was the "Alliance," one of Jones' squadron; but she did not help. Sailing twice around the combatants, she delivered two broadsides, which did more destruction to her sister-ship than to the "Serapis." Fire added another terror to the scene. The "Serapis" had been on fire several times, the "Richard" almost continually. Bursting flame, cannon-roar, the cries of the wounded, the vicious crack of musket—all played their part in the terrible drama.

Some one reported six feet of water in the "Richard's" hold. It seemed that the vessel was sinking! The master-at-arms gave orders to release the prisoners. All these and a part of the crew rushed to the upper deck. It was a period of wild confusion. A number of officers begged Jones to strike. He shook his head.

Then rose the cry of "Quarter! Quarter!"

A gunner, believing that the ship was sinking, had jumped on the rail, and was endeavoring to surrender a ship that he did not command. The next instant a pistol hurtled through the air and knocked him senseless. John Paul Jones could throw as well as shoot. The moment was a decisive one. Jones and Dale met the danger with characteristic coolness. The prisoners were told that both ships were sinking, and that their only hope lay in keeping the "Richard" afloat. They were hurried to the pumps. Jones had been given another chance; as long as he had a deck to stand on he could fight. And so the night wore on. Above decks the Yankees had the best of it. Below decks the "Richard" was doomed. One by one her guns had been put out of action.

The marines had added another daring attempt to their already effective work. From the main-rigging they were hurling hand-grenades at the deck of the "Serapis." One of these went through the hatchway, fell upon a pile of cartridges on the lower deck, and exploded there. Nearly two score of the English gunners were blown to pieces. It gave the Americans new hope. Almost alone Pearson was left on his quarter-deck. He knew nothing of the state of affairs below. Jones, with a cocked pistol in one hand, was urging on his men, and with a nine-pounder he was storming away at Pearson's mainmast. At last it began to totter. The Englishman saw his peril, and tore down his colors with his own hands. A little later he surrendered his sword to John Paul Jones, who had won the fight after he had been beaten; with forty-two light guns he had silenced fifty heavy ones, and with a sinking ship he had captured one that would float.

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Opening of the Lewis-Clark Exposition

THE Lewis-Clark Exposition will be formally opened at Portland, Oreg., June 1st next, and from all reports the people of the great Northwest have evidently gotten together a show that will rival in many particulars the previous great expositions of its kind that the world has enjoyed.

The Palace of Agriculture is the largest structure on the grounds, being four hundred and sixty feet by two hundred and ten feet in size. A feature of the structure is a great dome which rises from its center, and which can be seen from every part of the grounds. The dome is covered with green translucent fiber. Its great ribs and the finial which crowns it are thickly studded with electric-globes, which at night shed a glow of light visible from many points in the city. The Agriculture Building cost seventy-four thousand six hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

The Forestry Building is the unique structure of all expositions. It is a gigantic log house, exemplifying in its composition the forest wealth of Oregon and Washington. Besides being a timber exhibit itself, it will contain all the finished products of the forests, as well as the woods in their native state. In its construction two miles of five and six foot fir logs, eight miles of poles and tons of shakes and cedar shingles were used. The logs have been left in the rough, with the bark on. The base-logs of the building are six feet in diameter and fifty-two feet long. The logs above the base are three feet through, and vary in length. Colonnades of immense fir-trees thirty feet high and six feet in diameter support splendid loggias, or galleries, over the main entrances.

The interior of the building, as well as the exterior, will be an exhibit of the forest wealth of the Northwest. Here a colonnade of fifty-two columns of fir and cedar trees forty feet high supports the roof. Rustic stairways and inside balconies running around the entire building enable the visitor to study the wonderful virgin display of native woods and other products of the forest.

In the construction of the Forestry Building no carpentry work was employed, the logs being framed together with tree-nails and big old-fashioned wooden pins. It will prove one of the most interesting buildings of the entire exposition.

The Big Diamonds of the World

What is claimed to be the largest diamond ever found has recently been dug out of the Premier mine, at Johannesburg, South Africa. The new diamond weighs three thousand and thirty-two carats. Some other diamonds notable for their size or history are the Great Mogul, the Orloff, the Regent, the Florentine, the Southern Star, the Kohinoor, the Shah, the Sanci and the Polar Star. The Rajah of Mattan owned a diamond that weighed three hundred and sixty-seven carats and was egg-shaped, with an indented hollow near one end. It is said that many years ago the governor of Borneo offered five hundred thousand dollars, two warships fully equipped, a number of cannon and a quantity of powder for it.

The Kohinoor weighed seven hundred and ninety carats when found, but was cut down to one hundred and eighty-six carats, and later to one hundred and two and three fourths carats. It is valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars. It was once in the possession of the Great Mogul. It is believed that in the first cutting a big piece weighing one hundred and eighty carats after the cutting, and since known as the Orloff, was taken by the cutter. The Orloff is owned by the Emperor of Russia, and is said once to have been the eye of an Indian idol. It is valued at one million dollars.

The Regent, another famous jewel, weighed two hundred and eighty carats, and was cut down to one hundred and thirty-six carats. In 1791 it was valued at two million four hundred thousand dollars. Since then it has not been valued. It is unrivaled for limpidness and form. It was found in Golconda, and brought from India by Pitt, the grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham, who sold it to the Duke of Orleans for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It decorated the hilt of the sword of state of the first Napoleon, and was taken from him by the Prussians at the Battle of Waterloo. It now belongs to the King of Prussia.

Premium on Babies' Lives

The mayor of Huddersfield, England, has promised to give to the mother of every child born during his year of office a promissory note for one pound, payable one year after birth, if the child lives so long. His object, briefly stated, is to prevent the wastage of child-life by making it worth while for the parents to be careful about their children. After considering the French system of offering a premium to children who had lived a year, he hit upon his present plan, because the "proper time to secure the child's welfare is to have the mother's help from the very first."

The Great Victoria Bridge

The last days of the month just passed marked the virtual completion of probably the most wonderful piece of bridge-work the world has known. We refer to the Victoria Falls Bridge, across the Zambesi, in South Africa.

Sixteen hundred miles from Capetown the course of the great railway from the Cape to Cairo, the dream of Cecil Rhodes, was stopped by the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls, which are twice the height and more than double the width of Niagara.

The only alternative was a single-span steel cantaliver bridge five hundred feet long and so high above

Of Current Interest

the water-line that if St. Paul's Cathedral was in imagination placed below the span there would still be a space of fifty-five feet between the cross and the bottom girders of the bridge.

The work of building this wonderful bridge was begun from each bank in the summer of last year.

Dogs as Auxiliary Police

The police force of Philadelphia is making good use of dogs as a help in the work of the department. H. D. Jones, writing on the subject, says that they have found that the famous St. Bernard dogs can easily be trained to discover unconscious men in alley-



THE FORESTRY BUILDING, LEWIS-CLARK EXPOSITION

ways, doorways or under wagons. Having made such discovery, the dog speedily gives the policeman to understand that he is needed by tugging at his coat until he follows him to the place where the unfortunate is lying.

With their marvelously keen scent, these dogs are quick to detect the smell of fire, and therefore it has been easy to teach them to give warning to the police whenever they ferret out the presence of an incipient conflagration. One dog, named Rex, has discovered no less than five fires before a sign of smoke had revealed the danger to the watchman.

The St. Bernard dogs are also effective in the recovery of lost children. A little training has taught them that a crying child in the midst of a group of people is probably lost, and they have several times brought to the station-house some little boy or girl who has strayed away from home or friends.

"The Doctrine of America"

President Diaz of Mexico declares in "Collier's" that the Mexican government cannot but declare its partiality for a doctrine which condemns as criminal any attack on the part of the monarchies of Europe against the republics of America, against the independent nations of this hemisphere, now all subject to



THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE, LEWIS-CLARK EXPOSITION

a popular form of government. He believes, however, that our sister republics of this hemisphere should not leave the United States to defend the doctrine alone—"they should all unite, and make it the 'Doctrine of America.'"

Many Desertions from Navy

A statement issued by the Bureau of Navigation shows that three thousand two hundred and ten men, or ten and seven tenths per cent of the enlisted force of the navy, deserted during the past year.

"The small pay and rigid discipline of the warship is not attractive to Americans, particularly in a time of peace and general prosperity," says the Boston "Herald," and the New York "Evening Post" remarks that "there is something radically wrong either with the official treatment of our men or with the men themselves. The native American seems to resent being 'cabinied, cribbed, confined' by superior authority as inconsistent with American democratic ideals, and 'first-class fightin'-man' that he is, does not care to serve long in time of peace."

Habits of the Corn-Root Louse

Although the injury annually wrought by the corn-root louse is so large that few whose corn-fields have been visited by this insect will get any enjoyment out of a study of its habits, yet at the same time it is doubtful if the insect-world furnishes a more interesting little individual than this pernicious louse.

This insect's existence depends upon its association with a certain species of brown ants. The eggs of the louse are carefully stored by these ants, and well cared for by them during the winter. On warm days the ants bring the eggs up to the warmer surface, while in cold weather the eggs are in turn carried below the frozen ground. As soon as vegetation begins its growth in spring, especially smartweed and purslane, the eggs are hatched, and the young are carried by the ants to the roots of these plants, where a colony is afterward established.

A second generation makes its appearance about the first of May, and it is this generation that is usually transferred by the ants to the roots of the young corn-plants. All through the summer the lice are carefully attended by the ants, being carried by the latter from plant to plant, in return for which the lice supply food to the ants in the form of "honeydew," which is excreted from the surface of their little bodies. Lice breed during the entire summer, and the broods mature in about eleven days. The last eggs are laid in November, and these are taken by the ants to their nests.

It will be seen from the above that the destruction of lice necessitates an attack upon the ants, as these are largely responsible for the propagation or increase of the former. Some success has followed the practice of plowing the ground deeply late in the fall, by which process the ant-hills are destroyed and the insects scattered. As a certain amount of vegetation is necessary to support insects in the spring, it naturally follows that if the land is kept clean there will be a certain amount of starving out accomplished.

One can always fall back safely on methods involving a rotation of crops by which the same crop appears on a given piece of land only once in five or six years. In this way it is possible to disturb the insects at a time favorable for bringing about their destruction, this being accomplished by the use of the plow, the harrow, the disc or the cultivator. Where land has been corned a number of years, and once becomes badly infested with lice, the chances are that they can be destroyed only by putting in some other crop; and if this is done, it is strongly recommended that the fodder be removed in the fall, and that the land be plowed late to a considerable depth.—The Homestead.

Girl Saves Famous Mission of Alamo

Miss Clara Driscoll, a Texas girl, is said to have spent seventy-five thousand dollars to save the famous mission of Alamo from desecration, and rescued the historic ground from the greed of trade. The "Brown Book" of Boston states that the people of Texas are so appreciative of the girl's acts that the state is to reimburse her and turn the property over to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. The recent Democratic state convention made the purchase of the Alamo a plank in its platform, and the legislature passed such a bill by unanimous vote.

The people of Texas have been sadly negligent of their most precious relics. There is nothing in ancient or modern history to surpass the story of the Alamo, yet only the chapel of the Alamo belongs to the state, and there is practically nothing to mark the battle-field of San Jacinto, for it has long been used as farm-land.

It was in the Alamo that Travis, Bowie, Davy Crockett, Bonham and the others made up the force of one hundred and sixty-eight Texans who fought the great fight that won for them undying fame. There was no thought of surrender, and all perished. To conquer the one hundred and sixty-eight Texans the Mexicans had to sacrifice fifteen hundred lives. That means that every one of the gallant defenders killed nearly ten of the besieging force. Not until one hundred and sixty-one of the one hundred and sixty-eight were dead were the Mexicans able to get within the chapel. Bowie, one of the last to die, did not succumb until so walled in by dead and wounded Mexicans that he could no longer wield the knife with which his name is linked.

Grind of the Divorce-Mill

Divorces have come to be so common that it would seem that President Roosevelt has well suggested to Congress that provision be made for collecting marriage and divorce statistics. Not since 1886 has a census of this kind been taken, when it was shown that for the twenty years between 1867 and 1886 the divorce-rate had increased one hundred and fifty-seven per cent, while the increase in the rate of population was only sixty per cent. In 1867 the number of divorces in the United States was 9,937, in 1886 no less than 25,535. In 1885 our country had 23,472 divorces, and France, the nearest one to us, had only 6,245.

The number of American divorces is now unofficially estimated at fifty thousand annually, an increase of one hundred per cent in the last nineteen years, while during that time the population has increased only about fifty per cent.

Thousands of our good friends have already sent in the subscriptions of their neighbor friends in order to help increase the subscription list of FARM AND FIRESIDE, but there are thousands yet to come. Will you kindly see if you can't send one new subscription?



Sunday Reading

What Must It Be to Be There?

BY ELIAS HOLLINGER

We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its beauties confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

The American Home

IN OUR modern industrial civilization there are many and grave dangers to counterbalance the splendors and the triumphs. It is not good to see cities grow at disproportionate speed relatively to the country, for the small landowners, the men who own their little homes, and therefore to a very large extent the men who till farms, the men of the soil, have hitherto made the foundation of lasting national life in every state, and if the foundation becomes either too weak or too narrow the superstructure, no matter how attractive, is in imminent danger of falling.

But far more important than the question of the occupation of our citizens is the question of how their family life is conducted. No matter what that occupation may be, as long as there is a real home, and as long as those who make up that home do their duty to one another, to their neighbors and to the state, it is of minor consequence whether the man's trade is plied in the country or the city, whether it calls for the work of the hands or for the work of the head. But the nation is in a bad way if there is no real home, if the family is not of the right kind, if the man is not a good husband and father, if he is brutal or cowardly or selfish, if the woman has lost her sense of duty.

There are certain old truths which will be true as long as this world endures, and which no amount of progress can alter. One of these is the truth that the primary duty of the husband is to be the home-maker, the bread-winner for his wife and children, and that the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmeet, the housewife and mother.

The woman should have ample educational advantages, but save in exceptional cases the man must be, and she need not be, and generally ought not be, trained for a lifelong career as the family bread-winner; and therefore after a certain point the training of the two must normally be different, because the duties of the two are normally different. This does not mean inequality of function, but it does mean that normally there must be dissimilarity of function.

On the whole I think the duty of the woman the more important, the more difficult and the more honorable of the two; on the whole I respect the woman who does her duty even more than I respect the man who does his.—President Roosevelt.

A Child's Faith

A short time ago a little girl of Fort Lee gave a beautiful illustration of courage and faith. The Burns family live in a cottage at the base of the Palisades, and Eileen, six years old, attends a parochial school in Fort Lee. On her way home from school she attempted to climb down the face of the Palisades. At the point where she attempted to descend the cliffs are two hundred feet high. After going a short distance she lost her footing, and fell. In falling she grasped a large boulder that projected from the formation, and to it she clung. Through the trees and rocks she could see below the roof of her home. Not wishing to alarm her mother by calling for help, the child for several minutes tried to regain her footing. Finally, finding her strength failing, she called aloud for help. Her cries were heard

by her mother, who, wondering at her delay in coming from school, had gone to seek her, and was now horrified to see her hanging from the cliffs. The mother's cries brought a number of women to the scene, who in vain tried to reach the child. Seeing her mother's grief, the child called to her, "Don't cry, mama; I have said a prayer, and God will help me." Help soon came in the person of a brave man, who rescued the child at the risk of his own life.

Skeptics may smile at the little one's simple faith, but Christians will not doubt that He who marks the falling sparrow heard and answered her prayer for help.—Rev. J. S. Gilbert, in Light-Bearer.

Several Sorts of Pew-Listeners

There are two sorts of extreme listeners—those who never take anything to themselves, who think we are always hitting the other fellow, and those who are always being hit. And of the two we have no choice. Often we have had a member of the first class say to us after a sermon, "My brother, that was a fine sermon; good points in it; hope it will do some one good," that last with a twinkle in the eye, when all the time we were delivering the message we prayed that the Lord might send it home to his own needful heart. We shot and missed.

The miss was bad enough, but innocent blood was spilled. Some poor fellow, with sensibilities growing out all over him so thick you could not point a finger lest he jump with pain, rushes from the room with the burden of the whole discourse rankling in his breast. Poor man! We didn't mean to hit him.

The best listener is he who can let pass that which is not his, and take what really belongs to him; who has the power to make the choice properly and graciously, and, may we add, take profit thereby. Often we find listeners who take a special delight in being "hit," as they call it. "Well," they will say after the service, and laugh aloud as they say it, "you hit me hard to-day." They will add a few other remarks jocularly on the subject, treating it lightly, and failing completely in the great benefit that was possible. We have, upon the other hand, had individuals take our hand and press it with thanks for something that they had accepted in our remarks as meant for them. They had used it; it had corrected them, and they showed their appreciation. These are the best listeners.—Western Christian Advocate.

What the Book Said

"Once upon a time" a library-book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books, as well as children, catch cold.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me, and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place do not turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me, and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."—Sunday-School Visitor.

Show It

Show your copy of FARM AND FIRESIDE to neighbor friends, and ask them to subscribe. They will gladly do so for a paper like FARM AND FIRESIDE, twice a month, twenty-four times a year, for twenty-five cents. If you want sample copies to distribute among your friends, ask for them.



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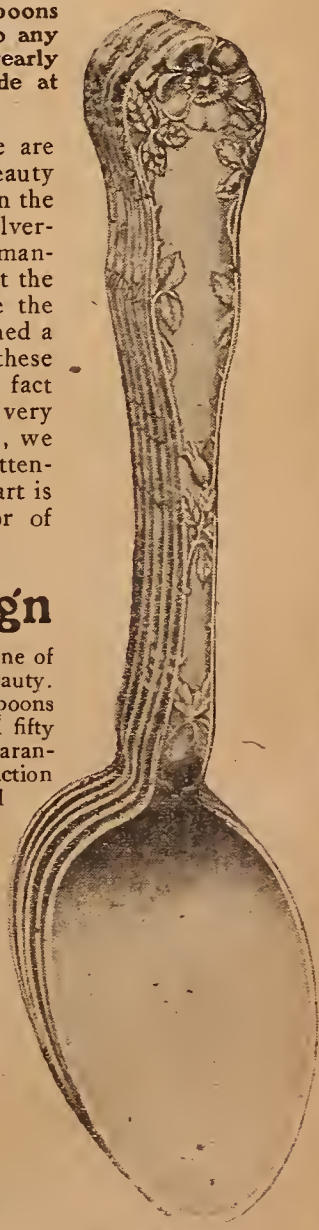
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PREMIUM NO. 36

Rights of Husband and Wife

I. M., Ohio, says: "A man's wife sold her interest in her father's estate. The man and wife accumulated property and money, all the property being put in the wife's name. They have no children. At the wife's death what will the husband get, and in case of the husband's death what will the wife get?"

The survivor will get all the property.

Right of Dower

I. M., Ohio, inquires: "A man willed his property to his wife during her lifetime, and at her death to his children. One of the girls married, died, and left no children, and the mother also died. What interest in the estate has the daughter's husband?"

My opinion would be that if the girl died before the mother her husband had no interest.

Ownership of Spring in Roadside

A. S., Pennsylvania, asks: "A. owns land bounded on the east by a township public road. Near the ditch of said road a spring of water puts out from the bank. Does A. or the township road-commissioners own the spring, and who has the right to use and control the water?"

A. owns the spring, and has the right to use and control the water. The road-commissioners have no right to use it for public purposes without A.'s consent.

Money Held in Trust

E. A. N., Ohio, asks: "A. and wife had a joint deed to a farm in Ohio. They sold the farm, and bought a house and lot, also with a joint deed. The remainder of the money received for the farm was placed in the bank in A.'s name. In less than a year A.'s wife died, leaving children by her former husband and children by her present husband. How would the property be settled? Would A. have to give up his wife's share of the property to the children?"

It is somewhat of a problem whether A. must give up the money. If A. held it merely as agent for his wife, and not as his own as a gift from her, I think he will have to give it to the children. However, if A. held it in bank as his own, and her share as a gift from her, then he can keep it.

Settlement in Orphans' Court

A. S., Pennsylvania, says: "In October, 1901, A. died, owning property, and leaving five children all over twenty-one years of age as his heirs. An administrator was duly appointed. In the fall of 1902 the administrator sold A.'s property on terms of one third value in hand, the balance to be paid in two yearly instalments, secured by mortgage. Soon afterward the administrator sold the mortgage and paid the claim against A., but still holds the balance that should be paid to A.'s heirs. In November, 1904, C., A.'s oldest heir, wrote to the administrator to kindly make a final settlement with A.'s heirs. Up to date the administrator has made no reply. Whose duty is it to call the administrator to a settlement with the heirs, and how should it be brought about?"

You should write to the orphans' court, inclosing stamp, and I have no doubt you will get a reply.

Advice as to Investment

E. H., South Carolina, says: "Can you give me any advice about one W. C. Hammer, Philadelphia, Pa., who claims to procure money for any legitimate business enterprise, charging five per cent for his services, ten dollars in advance as a retaining fee, me to pay five per cent per annum interest. Do you think it would be safe to trust him with the ten dollars or not?"

No, I do not know anything about the party you mention. He may be all right, but he cannot get you the money unless you have first-class security to offer, and if you have that kind of security you can possibly get the money closer to home. It usually does not pay a person of limited means to deal with financial institutions away from home. While some are safe, others are not, and how are you to pick out the safe from the unsafe? Remember that gold is not to be found lying around loose anywhere. If you have a little money to invest, put it where you can see what is being done with it—where you can know the men who are managing the institution. Don't send money away on the promise of one hundred per cent interest. Remember, if there is a good thing there are always plenty of persons to pick it up near its home location. Don't expect something for nothing anywhere. Don't be gulled by sleek individuals to send money away to some one who has only big promises to make. Even if a large company seems to be fair you would be only a minnow in a pond of bass. My advice is, "Don't."

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Payment of Back Taxes

A. T., Wisconsin, says: "In 1903 the assessor forgot to assess my real estate, and I had no taxes to pay that year. Is it lawful for the town-officer to make me pay double taxes for 1904? My tax receipt reads: 'Taxes unpaid 1903, \$8.30, and 1904, \$8.30.' I paid sixteen dollars and sixty cents for 1904 taxes. There were no unpaid taxes in 1903, as it was not assessed."

Well, I guess you have paid no more than you in justice should.

Rights and Privileges of Life Tenant, Taxes, etc.

W. H. C., Wisconsin, asks: "A. has a warranty deed for five acres of land and a house on same. A. gives B. a life lease. If B. builds an addition to the house, can B. move or sell that addition off the five acres? Does A. have to pay the taxes if B. refuses to pay them, no specifications being made in the lease as to who should pay them? If B. pays the taxes for twenty-one years of his own free will, can B. sue A. and get a deed?"

As a general rule the life tenant is merely bound to leave premises in as good a condition, reasonable wear and tear excepted, as they are in when he receives them, and if he puts up buildings for his own accommodation he can remove them. Of course, in so doing he must leave the premises in as good a condition as they were before the buildings removed by him were put up. If no provision is made in the lease, A. must pay the taxes. No, I do not think B. can get a deed for the property. A tenant cannot get title by adverse possession.

Safe Investment—Shares in Foreign Corporations

E. C. inquires: "What chance would a man living in Indiana have buying shares such as tropical fruits or gold shares under Arizona laws? Would he be safe in his investment? If not, why?"

Unless you are a person of large means, and can afford to lose what you invest, you should not make investments such as you suggest. They may be safe, but how do you know they are? Merely because you get a piece of paper representing a share of stock does not indicate that it has any particular value. Some of these proposed investments are good and properly managed, but some are not. How are you to know the good from the bad? All kinds of things may be promised on paper. Glittering prospectuses may be exhibited, but do you know they are true? Remember, there are many financial men who hold large sums for investment, and who are in a position to know whether such investments are reasonably good, and if they are, such stocks are taken up at once, and the promoters do not have to appeal to the public to have them taken. For instance, notice how quickly the Japanese bonds were sold. I will conclude my answer as I began, that unless you can afford to lose what you may invest, I would not invest in the stock.

Married Woman—Sale of Real Estate—Inheritance

C. F. M., Michigan, inquires: "When a married woman sells her real estate, does not the husband have to sign the deed to make it legal?—A. has two children by his first wife. His second wife has about five thousand dollars' worth of property of her own, yet she would like to get a hold on A.'s property so as to deprive the children of it. A. wishes to give his farm to his son and take a life lease, but his wife will not sign the deed. Would it be legal if A. gave his son a deed without her knowledge, allowing his wife her dower, which I understand is one third of the rent the farm would bring, after his death? Would the estate have to be probated, and how long could she live on the farm after his death? She has a house and farm of her own. Would she be in possession of the home as long as she lived, although the son is married and has no other home?"

The wife could make a valid deed of her interest subject to her husband's dower, or rights by courtesy, and the laws at my command do not state just what the husband's rights are.—A. cannot by will or deed, unless the wife joins, deprive her of her dower right. But A. can make a valid deed of his property, and all the wife would have would be her dower right—that is, the use of one third during her lifetime. If he made a deed, and left no debts and no bills to collect, there would need to be no probate.

Signing Wife's Name—Forgery

S. A., Indiana, asks: "A. and his wife, B., both have money deposited separately in the bank, each holding a certificate. If A. should take B.'s certificate, and without her consent should put her name to it and draw her money, what recourse has she? Can she hold the bank responsible for it, and can she have A. arrested for forgery?"

If A. had no authority to sign his wife's name he is guilty of forgery, and the bank is responsible to the wife. She can sue the bank and recover, and can likewise have A. arrested for forgery.

Liability of Saloon-Keeper for Selling Liquor Which Caused Death

H. H., Michigan, says: "My father became intoxicated at Millington on January 6th, and left for home, two and one half miles away, afoot and alone. He went about half a mile, then turned around, cut across a field to a railroad-track, and turned back to town. His fingers, toes and nose were frozen. He left Millington at 5 P.M., and was found the next morning dead. At the inquest held January 12th it was decided that he was drunk and exposed. Cannot the saloon-keeper be sued, and upon what charges?"

Unless there is a statute of your state making a saloon-keeper liable, I do not think he was responsible. But I think you have in Michigan a civil damage act, and you possibly might recover from the saloon-keeper. But you will have to show that his death was the proximate result of his getting liquor at a certain saloon. There was no criminal liability. If you want more definite information, consult a local attorney.

The inquirer requested that this be answered by February 1st, when his letter was dated January 23d. At that time the February 1st issue was ready for the press. All these queries are answered in their turn.

Foreclosure of Mortgage

M. A. K., Indiana, writes: "I gave my son-in-law five hundred dollars to invest in a home. He had the deed made out in his name, and then borrowed six hundred dollars from another party, and gave a first mortgage on the place to secure the same. Later I gave him about one hundred dollars and paid some of the interest on the first mortgage, and took a second mortgage to secure me. Later he refused to pay anything on either mortgage, and told me in a letter that he did not care for the place, and that if I would take care of the first mortgage and pay it when due he would give me a quitclaim deed to the place. I paid the interest that was due on the first mortgage, and he now refuses to send me a deed, as he agreed to do. Can I compel him to give me a deed on the ground of obtaining money under false pretenses? My mortgage is past due, while the first mortgage is not yet due."

The only thing that I know for you to do is either to have the owner of the first mortgage foreclose or you foreclose on your second mortgage, and this will have to be done in the county where the land is located.

Inheritance

M. C. S., Pennsylvania, wants to know: "C., having two children, and after being a widow for several years, purchased fifty acres of land, and several years later married A. A. borrowed sixty dollars from a neighbor, A.'s wife, C., signing the note, giving a quitclaim deed on the fifty acres. Several years later A. died without paying the debt. There were no children to this union. A little later C. married H. H. paid the sixty dollars, and lifted the quitclaim deed. A few years later C. died. There were no children to this union, which gave H. his life estate in the property. A little later H. married again, and had a family. Then H. died. Can H.'s wife or heirs have any claim on the property, or come on C.'s heirs for the amount paid (sixty dollars), C. having been dead for twenty-three years? During his life H. never asked for said amount or interest on same. Can his wife or heirs do anything?"

The only thing that makes the above query a little uncertain is what is meant by a quitclaim deed. I presume what is intended is a mortgage. If this is the meaning, then C. held the title at her death. It would go to her children, subject to H.'s life estate. Neither H.'s heirs nor his wife would have any interest in the land.

Statute of Limitations as to Judgments

F. L. inquires: "A judgment was rendered in Ohio against the defendant in West Virginia about fourteen years ago. Can said judgment now or at any time in the future be transferred to West Virginia and collected?"

As a general rule the statute of limitations never runs against a judgment. By motion made in the court in which this judgment was had the same can be revived. But some states have special provisions against foreign judgments. In your state a judgment can be revived in ten years, and I think that it is probable that this would be applied to a foreign judgment, although I am not sure.

Chattel-Mortgage Security

C. W., Vermont, inquires: "A. rents a store to B., sells the goods to B., and takes a mortgage. C. and D. sue, and shut up the store. Who will hold the goods? B. owes A. for his goods. B. is doing a heavy business, but is liable to suit. How can A. be made safe?"

As a general rule a chattel mortgage is not valid if the owner of the goods is allowed to retain possession and sell them at retail, unless the seller is to turn over the money received to be applied on the mortgage. I think B. can at any time before suit turn the goods over to A. if the same will be fair payment of his claim. The chattel mortgage must be recorded. Under the bankruptcy law it might not be valid as against other creditors if made less than four months before suit. Better consult a local attorney.

Right of Way—Deed Lost

G. H. M., Mississippi, asks: "A. bought a right of way from B. across land for his private use. B. sold his land to C., and did not mention or reserve this right of way. A. sold his land to D., and did not mention the right of way, but included all appurtenances. C. wants to close up this right of way. A. bought the right of way ten years or more ago. It has been known as being a right of way to A., and has been in constant use all the time, undisturbed. B. gave A. a deed, but the deed was never recorded, and was lost. Several witnesses can testify to the sale. Can D. hold the right of way?"

My opinion would be that D. could hold it, for the reason that it was originally granted by deed, and he now has possession. Of course, if C. insists on closing it, D. will either have to remove the obstructions or bring an action in court to enjoin C. from interfering with his right.

Trouble Over Roadway

E. R., Ohio, inquires: "A. owns a small tract of land bounded on the east by the section line. B. owns land on the other side of the section line. C. owns land on the south, and has a deed for nine feet off each side of this section line for a driveway, or an outlet to the road. The nine feet off A.'s land has never been transferred to C. A.'s land has always paid the taxes on the nine feet. Can A. get this money back, and for how long back? A. has always had the use of this nine feet for a driveway along his front yard to his woodhouse and orchard. The driveway has always been open to the public road. Recently C. has barred A. from driving in and out by cutting a ditch and grading up the nine feet on each side for his benefit, and threatened to sue A. if he crossed the ditch. A. has no other way to get in to the woodhouse and orchard from the public road except to tear down the yard fence and drive in under the fruit-trees on the lawn. Does A. have to make all the fence along the entire length of his land next to C.'s driveway or outlet?"

Whether or not C. can bar A. from using this roadway will depend upon how long A. has used it. If for twenty-one years, then he cannot be barred. I do not understand how C. has a deed for this land, and still it is not transferred. I rather think that C. did not own the land, but has a right of way. If this is true, unquestionably A. has a right to use it. I very much doubt if C. could throw up an embankment or cut a ditch that would deprive A. of the use of the land. If I were A. I would not be afraid of C. suing me if I crossed the ditch. I would proceed with the right of way just the same as I had always used it. From the fact that I do not know who owns the land covered by C.'s road I am unable to answer who must keep up the fence. If C. owns the land, then he must keep up half the fence on either side. If C. has a mere right of way, under the new fence-law it is pretty hard to say who is to keep up this fence. If the fence is divided, this will fall to the duty of the township trustees. This whole matter ought to be settled amicably, as both A. and C. may have rights that if strictly enforced will result to the other's inconvenience.

The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

Spinal Symptoms of Tea-Intoxication

THE injurious effects of excessive indulgence in tea on the digestion and on the nervous system are familiar to most practitioners in this country, where tea-indebriety is probably much more frequent than it is in any other. It is doubtful, indeed, whether practitioners generally recognize to the full what a potent agent for evil tea-drinking may prove, especially when, as is so often the case, it is associated with inadequate nutrition. At a recent meeting of the Neurological Society of Philadelphia, Dr. Alfred Gordon showed some patients who presented certain well-defined spinal symptoms dependent apparently upon chronic tea-intoxication. From ten to fifteen cups of tea daily had determined unsteadiness of gait and easily induced motor fatigue. The knee-jerks were increased, sensation was impaired in some regions and enhanced in others. The pupils were unequal, and there was nystagmus. It is open to question whether these spinal symptoms were due exclusively to the tea or to the indigestion of minute quantities of lead therewith, but the communication suggests a useful field for future study.—Medical Press and Circular.

"The Post-Discharge Mortality Among the Patients of the Adirondack Cottage Sanatoriums"

In this valuable paper ("American Medicine," November 19, 1904) Dr. Lawrason Brown and Dr. E. G. Pope find that the real test of the sanatorium treatment is not the immediate, but the ultimate, results. The lack of uniformity in classification renders the comparison or the combination of the results of various sanatoria extremely difficult. The classification on "the ability to work" is of little value in this country—Americans differ so in this ability. The mortality among patients discharged in various conditions affords the best method of studying the permanent results of sanatorium treatment. Of those discharged from Saranac apparently cured, ninety-three per cent of the expected living are alive; of the disease-arrested, sixty-five per cent; of the cases discharged with active symptoms, twenty-three per cent. The death-rate among the apparently cured patients during the first ten years is about three times the ordinary death-rate; that among the patients discharged with the disease arrested increases during the first few years to many (ten to fifteen) times the normal death-rate, but afterward decreases. Nearly half the patients discharged with an active disease died in the first two years. Patients between thirty and forty when discharged apparently cured seem to relapse less than younger patients. This tendency is little, if at all, marked among the patients discharged with the disease arrested. Incipient cases seem to relapse less than advanced when both are discharged in the same condition.

Fast Living

Fast living, in the sense of such living as shortens life, is a much more common evil than is generally supposed, and we believe that in the case of a great number of persons the rapidity of pulse is above the normal average. Every man's life may be measured by pulse-beats. He will live, accident excepted, to make a definite number of these, and his life will be shortened in proportion to the excess of work performed by his vital organs in a given time. Excitement, physical or mental, is the cause of the rapid rate at which such people are living. The love of excitement is a vice, as possibly evil in itself as love of strong drink, or gambling or licentiousness. It matters not what kind of excitement—all excitement is fast living, and begets a feeling of exhaustion in intervals of indulgence which clamors for relief from some other form of stimulant. Thus it is that the universal demand for artificial stimulants has increased until there is perhaps not one in a hundred who does not resort to something of this kind. Alcohol, absinthe, opium, hashish, tobacco, coffee, tea or whatever it may be is taken to support the system under the effect of nervous prostration, and supply in another form the excitement it craves. Now, all this is exactly the reverse of what should be the case. Instead of seeking excitement, health and long life demand that we should shun it. The natural condition of the body is that of untroubled calmness. If excitement occurs, it should be exceptional, not the rule of life.—How to Live.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer." And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Washer" will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Washer" does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

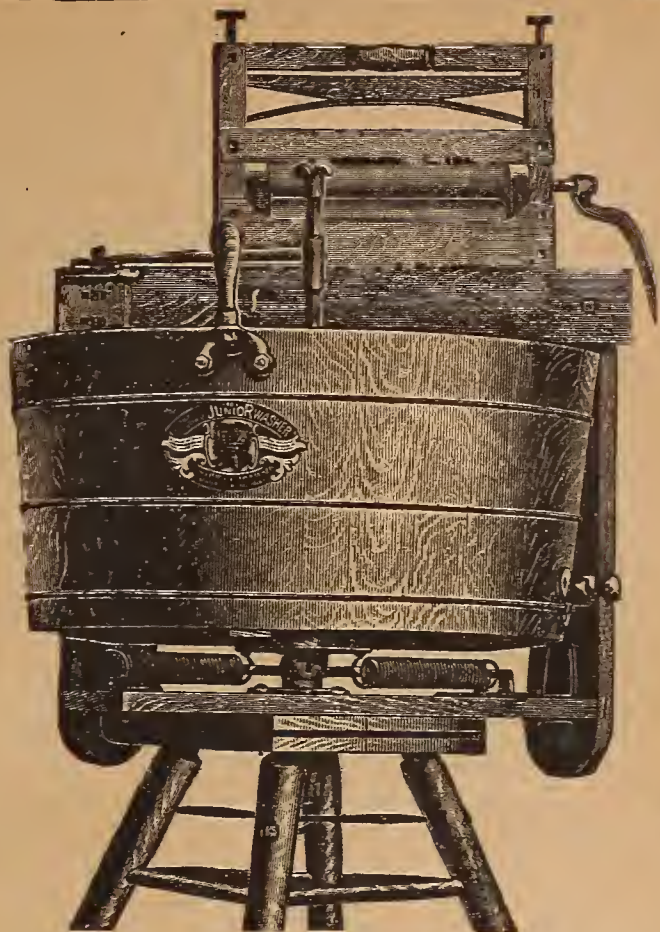
It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Washer" saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

Let me send you a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in



a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a hook about the "1900 Washer," that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R. F. Bieher, Gen. Mgr. of "1900 Washer Co.," 635 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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That "Play Party"

Do you remember that "play party" that was to you the highest form of earthly bliss when you were a young fellow in your late teens back there on the old farm? The spelling-school was a great educational and social pleasure, and the singing-school in the old school-house afforded the young people of the "deestrick" an opportunity of coming together in a happy social way, but nothing but the play party could give the highest-degree of ecstatic delight. Of course you remember Her—your first sweetheart. You remember how you scrawled on a leaf from your copy-book

"Compliments of the Season and can I have the pleasure of your company to the Play Party at Billy Smith's to-night? Ancer back."

How proud you were of those curves and flourishes! You remember how you slyly slipped the note across the aisle to Her when the teacher's back was turned, and you remember how She blushed and giggled, and perhaps hid Her face in Her sleeve, when She had read the note; but presently there came back a reply in which She "accepted with thanks the pleasure of your company," and then both of you giggled, but you have never been any happier in all the years since that time than you were that day. How you did grease your boots and slick up, and roach your hair and sprinkle your handkerchief with cinnamon-drops, before you started for Her house. And how careful you were to conceal the fact that you were to play the beau for the first time that night, for well you knew the gibes and jeers that would emanate from your younger brothers and sisters if they found it out.

You remember how grateful you were because Her father had his dog tied up that night, and you remember how you dreaded to go into the house and play the beau in the presence of Her family; and likely enough Her father was inconsiderate enough to ask if your mother knew you were out, and Her younger brothers and sisters tittered and giggled themselves almost into convulsions over the idea of "Sis" having a beau. You remember how fascinating She looked in Her red-and-green linsey-woolsey, with that red nubia around Her head. Her cheeks were almost as red as the nubia, and yours were flaming, when you walked away with Her red-mittened hand resting on your arm. You remember the walk or the ride over to Billy Smith's house. Somehow you found it difficult to "make talk," so overcome were you by this new experience, and it was with a combined sense of relief and dread that you neared the house. The other boys would be so apt to jolly you because you were Her beau.

No modern mansion, with its draperies and mirrors and upholstery, and elegant appointments of every kind, has ever presented a cheerier or happier scene than did the long, low kitchen in Billy Smith's house, with the girls ranged on one side and the boys on the other. The big stove at one end, or possibly a huge fireplace, filled the room with warmth, and a dozen home-dipped tallow candles added their soft light to the room. The old folks sat in a corner and looked on while they chatted together. There was a little stiffness and self-consciousness among the young people at first, but it soon disappeared after the ice was broken.

You remember those old kissing and singing games you played. You remember how you "waded the swamp" and "dug a well" and "kept post-office" and "picked grapes." And you remember how you and She had to chew a string in the game of forfeits when some one held something over the head of a third person, and said, "Heavy, heavy hangs over your head."

"Fine or superfine?" asked the person who was to name the forfeit.

"Superfine. What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

"Superfine" meant that the owner was a girl, and the person imposing the forfeit said, "She shall chew a string with Joey Jones."

You were Joey Jones, and She was the charmer of the red nubia and red-apple cheeks. You took a bit of twine about a yard long. She put one end in her mouth, and you put the other end in your mouth, and you had to chew until your lips met in a kiss, for there was kissing in every game and forfeit at that party.

Then you played "hiss cat" and "London bridge," and then the boys and girls stood in two long rows facing each other, and you and She had to walk

down the aisle formed by the young people while they sang

"Oh, don't you see this pretty miss,
All dressed in robes of beauty,
A-sailing down the flowery fields,
So faithful to her duty?
Oh, don't you think she's a pretty miss?
And don't you think she's clever?
And don't you think that Charley and she
Will make a match forever?"

"Oh, I won't have any of your weevily wheat,
And I won't have any of your barley,
But I must have the best of wheat
To make a cake for Charley;
For Charley he's a fine young lad,
And Charley he's a dandy,
And Charley he's the very lad
Who stole his daddy's brandy."

Up and down the aisle you went while verse after verse was sung, and of course there was kissing at the end of the song, and then another young couple went up and down the aisle while the merry doggerel was sung over again.

Again you and She went up and down the aisle hand in hand while the others sang

"Here stands a young couple both joined
Heart and hand,
Oh, it's he wants a wife, and she wants a
man;
Oh, it's they can be married if they can
agree,
So march down the center in love and
harmony."

This marching was supposed to constitute the marriage ceremony, and the singers sang

"Now they are married, and since it is
so,
Away to the wars in haste he must go;
I'm a-mourning, a-mourning, and this
shall be my cry:
'If I never see my true love I surely shall
die.'"

Then you marched to the head of the line back of the boys, while She marched to the head back of the girls. Then you met, embraced and kissed while the others sang

"Oh, here comes my true love, and how
do you do?
And how have you been since I last saw
you?
The wars are all over and free from
war's alarms,
So can't you give us joy by the raising
of your arms?"

The boys and girls then clasped their uplifted hands, and formed an arch, under which you and She passed, and it was your happy privilege to kiss every girl on your way down the aisle, while all of the boys were privileged to kiss Her.

Then you played "Sister Phoebe" and "three jolly sailor boys," and then you again paired off in couples, and marched around in a circle, with an "odd" boy or girl in the center, and you sang

"Oh, happy was the miller who lived by
himself,
As the wheel went around he gathered in
his wealth;
One hand in the hopper, and the other
in the bag,
As the wheel went around he cried out
'grab!'"

You were sure to play

"King William was King James' son,
And from a royal race he sprung;
Go look to the east, go look to the west,
And choose the one that you love best;
If she's not here to take your part,
Go choose another with all your heart."

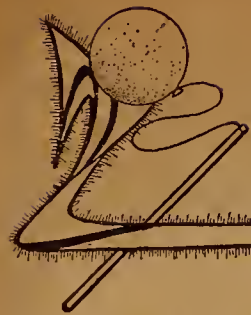
You remember how, later in the evening, a fiddler or two would be likely to mount the kitchen table, and your toes would begin to tingle, and all the feet would soon be tapping the floor to the rollicking tune of "Old Dan Tucker" or "Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?" Then the caller would cry, "All set a-standin' for the first dance!" and you and She took your places for the quadrille, and were soon responding to the cries of the caller as he rent the hot air:

"Swing your pardner!
Lady to the right, and gent follow
after!
Lady in the center, and three hands
round, three hands round, three hands
round!"

"Swing your honey!"

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25]

Wit and Humor

Essays of Little Bobbie
CHICAGO

CHICAGO is a big place full of people and smook and dirt and trubble. It is bounded on one side by Milwaukee and on all the other sides by parts of Chicago which are as bad as the middle part.

Chicago is a nise place for yu to go when yu havent got Ruber heels, beekaus if yu think yu are going to fall down somebody will be sure to hold yu up. I thought of this joak myself.

I heard about a little boy who was going to move to Chicago and he was saying his prayers and he said Goodby Lord we are going to Chicago and I guess he was rite, that's all I know about Chicago it aint much.

DIVORCES

Divorces is wharc a man and his wife either one sees some one else they may like better, then they go to a lawyer and he tells them what to say in the cort then the judge taiks them apart and they live happily ever after. Ma and Pa never had a divorce I guess if they did i wouldnt hear so much scraping. When i get to be a man if i want 2 wives, one at a time, i am going to have a divorce. alimony is what yu pay for a divorce frum yure wife but sumtimes its cheap.

CARNEGIE

Mister Carnegie is a fine old man that sines checks and furnishes reeding for lots of fokes. he isent related to Cassie Chadwick, but she got him in trubble over some noats or sumthing and then she said well we can arrange this alrite, i sined the notes and yure part will be to pay them.

Mister Carnegie is Skoch by desent and looks like mister Burns but no wimmen ever maid Burns pay over any fortunes he was too foxie beekaus he was a poet and when i grow up i am going to be a poet.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rules for a Home

The dining-room should always be sacred. That is the one room where no scraps should be allowed.

Keep your children, your dogs and your troubles away from your guests. Remember that home begins with charity.

Put over the front door, for every member of the family to read, "He who enters here leaves satire behind."

Have the same standard of morals for yourself as for your children. You need it as much as they do.

Remember that open windows make health epidemic.

Also, that your wife knows less about your business and is better able to advise you than any one else.

If you must worry, take a big thing. The little things will knock you out.

There are three standpoints to every home—your own, your wife's and the cook's. Try to forget your own.

Buy everything on the instalment plan by paying for it all in one instalment—the first.—Tom Masson, in Judge.

Taking No Risks

"Oh, mother," sobbed the young bride, "John doesn't trust me."

"Why, my child, what has he done?"

"Well, you know I cooked my first dinner for him to-day."

"Yes—and he showed how he relied on your cooking by inviting a friend to dine."

"So I thought. But, oh, mother"—and sobs broke out afresh—"the man he invited was a doctor!"—Cleveland Leader.

In Old Kentucky

A representative in Washington tells this story to illustrate "the strenuous life" as it exists in certain parts of Kentucky:

A well-to-do farmer once invited an acquaintance from a neighboring town to dine with him. The recipient of this courtesy was a man well known in that region for his general crankiness and his propensity to use his gun at the least



—Maybell, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

NO SUBSTITUTE

evidence of what he considered an affront. The farmer, well aware of the touchiness of his guest, with whom, for business reasons, he desired to remain on good terms, always kept a wary eye on his visitor.

One afternoon the testy individual, in conversation with his host, remarked, "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses that come over me at times. Do you know, the first time I took dinner here I had as much as I could do to master the impulse, when one of your sons made a certain remark, to whip out my gun and let go."

"Oh, don't you worry about that," said the farmer. "I know all about your little failing in that line. My son Jake was standing in the hallway just back of you with a shotgun. You did well to change your mind. At the first motion toward your hip-pocket my son Jake had instructions to blow daylight through you!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Woman with the Hammer

Giles—"My wife can drive nails like lightning."

Miles—"You don't mean it?"

Giles—"Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Chicago News.

The Business World

"One half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business."

"Yes; but it's the other half that causes the most trouble."

"What's that?"

"Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Being Good

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," said she, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many of Like Ideas

Nordy—"I hate purse-proud people. Now, I wouldn't join a millionaires' club. Wouldn't care to join one, would you?"

Butts—"I don't know that I'd care to join, but I'd like to be eligible."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tainted Money

To our way of looking at it there is something artistically beautiful about a piece of money. Take a thousand-dollar bill, for instance. We have read descriptions of it, and the mere word-portrayal charmed us. Having such an appreciation of the beautiful even in a five-dollar bill, we shrink from any language which demeans either coin or bill. The recent Rockefeller incident has resulted in the term "tainted money," and we learn that money is habitually maligned in the vernacular of Wall Street. Here are some of the terms in circulation there, so we are told:

Polluted plunks plucked from the people's plum-tree. Tarnished tin. Guilty gelt. Penitential pesos. Malodorous mazuma. Reprehensible ready. Pestiferous push. Repentant rhino. Censurable coin. Sickening stuff.

We confess that we never had a dollar that we felt like designating either as a "polluted plunk," a "reprehensible ready," or "sickening stuff." So far from a sickening effect, the mere sight and touch of a ten-dollar bill, for instance, makes us feel better, cheers us deeply, and inclines us to a more hearty, optimistic view of the general upward trend and drift of the human race. In our bright lexicon there is no such word as tainted money.—Judge.

Recollections

"I'll scalp that reporter," growled old Weston Nurox, over the morning paper.

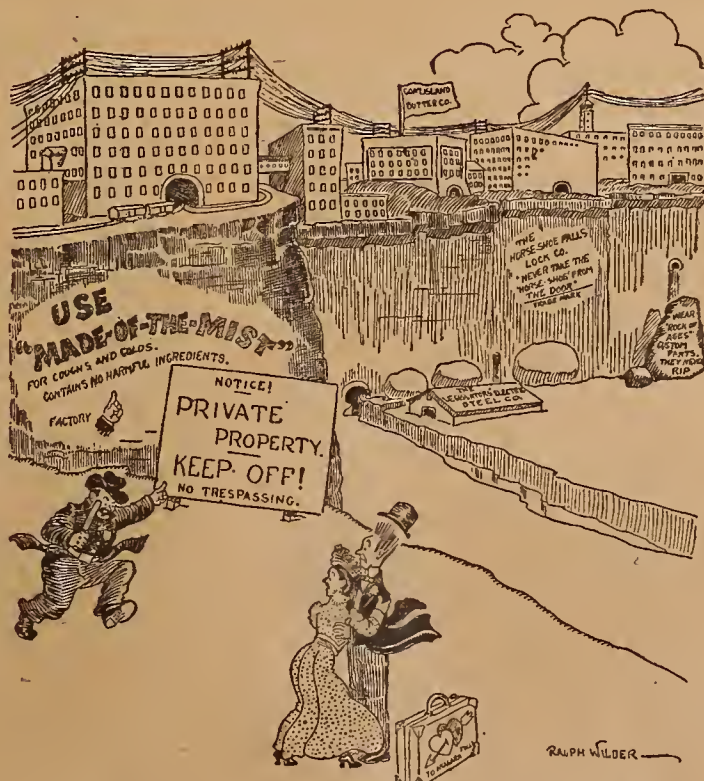
"Why, popper," replied his daughter, who had had her coming-out reception the night before, "I thought he wrote me up real nice."

"But he speaks o' ye as wearin' 'some soft, clingin' material,' an' that reminds me too much o' the time I was tarred and feathered out in Montanny."—Philadelphia Press.

A Worker

"Anyhow, you can't deny that Hewlignus is a self-made man. He worked his way through college."

"He certainly did. He worked nearly every student in the institution."—Chicago Tribune.



—Ralph Wilder, in Chicago Record-Herald.
NIAGARA FALLS—AS THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE WOULD HAVE THEM

A General, Sure

"I declare," sighed the young wife, "we are greatly disappointed in you."

"In what way, ma'm?" demanded the new girl.

"Why, you came here to do general work. All you do is to order the entire household around."

"Well, ma'm, isn't that general work? The work of a general is to order."—Chicago News.

That "Play Party"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

"Cage the queen!

"Right hand to pardner, and grand right and left!

"Gent to the right, and lady do-si-do!

"Gent to the right, and lady to the left!

"Three hands round, three hands round!

"All swing!

"Everybody dance!

"Cheat or swing, cheat or swing!

"All run away to your seats!"

Away you danced to your seats, with crimson faces and quickened pulses, panting for breath.

At some time in the evening you were apt to slip into Her hand candy "kisses" in bright-colored squares of tissue-paper, each containing beside the candy a narrow strip of paper on which were such couplets as

"The rose is red, the violet blue;
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

Then the pies and doughnuts and big fat ginger cookies were passed, and Billy's father set a bushel-basket of big red apples in the middle of the floor, with a hearty invitation to all to "help themselves."

You remember how you and She counted the seeds of your apples to the old rhyme

"One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
And five I cast away.

Six he loves,
Seven she loves,
Eight they both love.

Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts,
Twelve he marries."

Then came the preparations for going home. You remember how some of the boys "got the mitten" when they said "May I see you home?" to the girls at the door. And perhaps some boy was base enough to "cut you out," and in the event of his doing so you had to endure the odium of having "got the mitten."

This sometimes led to the "cut out" swain "laying" for his dastardly rival after he had escorted the fickle maiden home, and they would "fight it out" and appear at school next day bearing marks of their combat.

It was all very childish and foolish and delightful—so delightful that when the cares of the workaday world, of which you are now a part, weigh heavily upon you, and the burdens of life vex and fret your soul, you look back to those old foolish days with something of a mist before your eyes and a vain longing for that which can never again come into your life.

A Japanese View

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, has a new story which he tells with great glee. He says that

a short time ago he heard two women discussing the people of his nation.

"The Japanese," said one of them, "ought to be excluded from the country. Their young men come here to school, and no sooner do they arrive than they begin a systematic course of cheating."

"How is that?" asked the other.

"They only pay tuition for one," said the complainant, "and they learn enough for two or three."

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co. 193 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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Passing of Joseph Jefferson

"Here's your good health and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper!"

RIP VAN WINKLE is dead." Joseph Jefferson, the dean of the American drama, passed away at 6:15 o'clock Sunday evening, April 23d, at his home, "The Reefs," at Palm Beach, Fla. The end came after an heroic struggle of days, which had exhausted his vitality. He was aged seventy-six years, having been born in Philadelphia February 20, 1829.

Closely linked with the brightest traditions of the American stage, the name

in one of the productions, but none of them had been successful.

STUDIED IN A BARN

But Mr. Jefferson was determined. He started for the city, and in about a week, before he had prepared a line of the play, he had his costume completed. He got together three old printed versions of the drama, and set to work to rearrange here and readjust there. In the seclusion of a barn he studied, and by the end of the summer was ready to appear in the part. He presented "Rip Van Winkle" for the first time at Carusi's Hall, in Washington, under the management of John T. Raymond.

The character was satisfactory to him, but the play was not, so changes were made, and finally the "Rip Van Winkle" which has gone down in history to ages yet unborn as one of the brightest traditions of the American stage, was given to the people of this country, to be accepted gladly, and fondly associated with this rugged old artist, who made the vagabond of the Catskills what he is.

HIS GREATEST WORKS

Successful as Mr. Jefferson was in his long career as an actor, it is undeniably true that his Rip Van Winkle in Irving's play and his Bob Acres in "The Rivals" are regarded as his greatest works, and were the most eagerly sought by the play-patrons of this country. Of course, of the two Rip was his greatest. Joseph Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle—mention one name, and it suggests the other. Where is there one but would gladly travel far to come once more within hearing of that toast of toasts, "Here's your good health and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper?"

OF A FAMILY OF ACTORS

Joseph was the name of Mr. Jefferson's father and grandfather, and all were actors. The lives of the three were similar in that their early careers were struggles for recognition, and almost for a livelihood. Up to 1857 Mr. Jefferson is said to have merely attained the standard of a respectable stock-actor, but in that year he became associated with Laura Keane's theater, in New York City, where he for two years appeared with the elder Sothern, William R. Blake, Charles W. Coudock and Dion Boucicault. Mr. Jefferson here became prom-

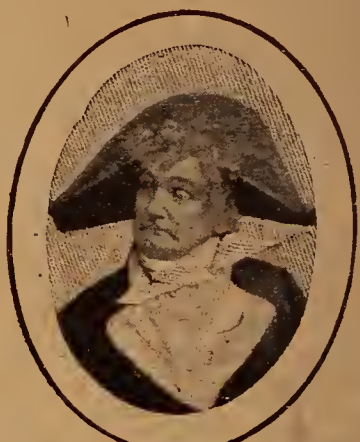
York in 1866. Since 1867, when he married his second wife, Miss Sarah Warren, he confined himself to a few favorite parts, of which Rip Van Winkle was the principal one.

A PAINTER AND A FISHERMAN

For a number of years past Mr. Jefferson and Ex-President Cleveland have spent a week or two of each year together fishing in Florida. It was on his return from one of these fishing-trips



MR. JEFFERSON AS CALEB PLUMMER



MR. JEFFERSON AS BOB ACRES

of Joseph Jefferson* has long been one looked up to and honored, and for a longer time will it remain a recollection cherished and worthy of emulation of the best. He was the last example of the school of actors of his time. His methods, his beliefs and his presentations were his own. Not upon modern device or latter-day elaborateness in stage-craft did Mr. Jefferson depend for appeal to his audiences. Rip, the vagabond, or Bob Acres he played during his last performances just as he did at the zenith of his brilliant career.

AS "OLD RIP"

The story of how Mr. Jefferson came to play Rip Van Winkle is doubly interesting as told by the veteran actor.

It was in the summer of 1859 that Mr. Jefferson and his family were boarding at a quaint old Dutch farm-house in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. It was on a rainy afternoon that Mr. Jefferson had

climbed to the loft of the barn, and was lying on the hay reading "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." Eventually he came to a passage which stated that the author had seen Mr. Jefferson at Laura Keane's theater as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin." The author declared that he was reminded of the elder Jefferson by the son Joseph "in look, gesture, size and make."

It was an incentive to him, he declared, to go on. As he lay there thinking of Washington Irving and his works, Rip Van Winkle came into his mind. He declared there was magic to him in the sound of the name as he repeated it. He asked himself why this was not the character he wanted. An American story by an American author he believed was just the theme suited to an American actor.

A few moments later he had "The Sketch Book" in his hands and was reading about Rip. To him the theme was interesting, but not dramatic. He found that the character of Rip spoke less than ten lines, and it puzzled him to know what could be done dramatically with such a simple sketch, and how it could be turned into an active play. Some attempts had been made to dramatize the story, Joseph Jefferson's father playing



"CROW'S NEST," JEFFERSON'S HOME ON BUZZARD'S BAY

inent in the rôle of Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." This play ran for one hundred and fifty nights. Other characters portrayed were Neuman Noggs in "Nicholas Nickleby," Caleb Plummer in "The Cricket on the Hearth," Dr. Pangloss in "The Heirs at Law," Bob Acres in "The Rivals" and Dr. Ollapod in "The Poor Gentleman."

In 1860 Mr. Jefferson visited California, but gave up that field for Australia, where he spent a profitable four years. London was visited against his own inclination in 1865, and at the Adelphi Theater he played "Rip Van Winkle" for a run of one hundred and fifty nights. After appearing in some of the larger cities of England, he returned to New

that Mr. Jefferson's illness developed. His principal pastime, however, was painting. His landscape work is considered extremely good. During the past few years he spent considerable time in his studio—so much, in fact, that his physician advised a change to the open air. He has painted almost three hundred canvases.

HIS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

On Sunday, October 16, 1904, the New York "Herald" printed an interesting page article called forth by Mr. Jefferson's announcement of his retirement. This article closed with the following characteristic expressions, which he himself declared were his message to the world:

"I'm leaving the limelight to go into the sunshine, and I leave a blessing behind me and pray for a blessing before me. It has been dear to me—that life of illuminated emotion—and it has been so magnificently rapid. If I could send an eloquent message to the world I would, but somehow words fail me when I try to say it. I have been doubly repaid by the sympathetic presence of the people when I was playing and the affection that seems to follow me, like the sunshine streaming after a man going down the forest-trail that leads over the hills to the lands of morning. I can't put it into words." Then a gleam of humor broke over the wistful face, and he said, "Perhaps it's a good thing to quit the stage before the people have a chance to change their minds about me."

"I belong to the stage from birth. My son 'Tom' is the fifth of the line of acting Jeffersons from the first, who played with Garrick. He's playing Rip. I saw him play it, and he does it very well—the pathetic parts particularly. I have had fourteen children, and seven are living, so I am every way blessed. I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But I leave my wider family behind me—those who came to see me at the theater—and I have a smile and a warm thought for them all."

"I should like to send them a tenderer message—better expressed, anyway. Perhaps you can do it better for me. Something chokes a little here when I think I am going to say it. God bless them all!"

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of the dress. All orders filled promptly. For ladies' waists, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT patterns, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

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To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape-measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

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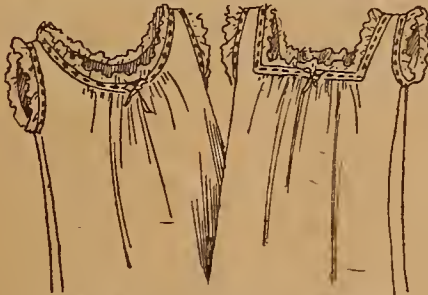


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Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 284.—STOCK, BELT AND CUFFS. 10 cents. Sizes, medium and large.



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No. 377.—EMBROIDERED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 347.—SUNBONNET. 10 cents. Sizes, medium and large for women, also misses' and children's.



No. 518.—WAIST WITH BOX-PLAIT. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 519.—SKIRT WITH TUCKED FLOUNCE. 11 cents.

Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 513.—WAIST WITH FANCY YOKE. 10 cents.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.



No. 401.—WAIST WITH DUTCH NECK. 10 cents.

Sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years.

No. 402.—SHIRRED SKIRT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years.



No. 380.—BROAD-SHOULDERED WAIST. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 4238.—CLOSED DRAWERS. 10c.

Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 528.—DOUBLE-BREASTED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 529.—TUCKED CIRCULAR SKIRT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 381.—TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.

Sizes, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 520.—WAIST WITH STRAP-TRIMMING. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 521.—SKIRT WITH FULL FLOUNCES. 11 cents.

Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 524.—BOX-PLAIED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 525.—BOX-PLAIED SKIRT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 371.—RUSSIAN SUIT. 10 cents.

Sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 443.—TIGHT-FITTING CORSET-COVER. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 531.—TIGHT-FITTING THREE-QUARTER COAT. 10 cents.

Sizes, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

No. 532.—FIFTEEN-GORED SKIRT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



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Sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust.

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Sizes, 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist.

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Farm Selections

Is Soil-Inoculation Necessary?

THE many inquiries which come to the station about bacterial inoculating material for clover and other legumes indicates that there exists amongst our farmers a widespread but erroneous notion as to what may be expected to result from the application of such materials.

Many highly extravagant claims for inoculation are being made by unscrupulous concerns advertising the materials for sale, and the farmer is led to believe that inoculating the seeds of legumes, or the soil upon which they are to be grown, with certain forms of bacteria is all that is required to make them produce enormous crops, besides wonderfully enriching the soil. These claims are in nearly all cases very far beyond the truth, and many farmers are being induced to spend money for something which will not produce what is claimed for it.

It is quite true that leguminous plants, of which the clovers are familiar examples, require large quantities of nitrogen for their proper development. It is also true that through the agency of certain forms of bacteria, which live on their roots, these legumes can secure their needed nitrogen from the air in the soil. The bacteria live upon the fine rootlets of the plants, and produce small tubercles, or nodules, in which the nitrogen of the air is elaborated into forms in which it is available to the plants. Each legume has a form of bacteria peculiar to itself. Whether or not this is present can be easily ascertained by examining the very fine rootlets for the nodules.

The introduction of the bacteria is called inoculation. Such inoculation, however, is necessary only in localities where the legume to be grown is new to the soil. It may be effected either by the use of pure cultures, such as are advertised (if they are genuine), or by scattering over the field a small quantity (one hundred pounds or more to the acre) of soil from a field where the particular legume to be grown has been successfully produced. When inoculation has once been effected, whether by Nature or by artificial means, that soil will always produce the crop so long as other conditions are right, even though the crop may be absent for years at a time; and furthermore, that soil can be used to inoculate other fields.

In Indiana, alfalfa, for instance, is a comparatively new crop, and the soil in most cases does not contain the necessary bacteria. Inoculation is therefore necessary wherever the crop is to be grown for the first time. In the case of clover, however, the crop has been so long and so widely produced in the state that the bacteria must be everywhere, and fresh inoculation is not necessary. Many farmers who find clover failing on their farms are grasping at this idea of inoculation as a remedy. They are spending good money for nothing.

Wherever clover has been successfully grown, and now fails or does not produce profitable crops, the failure is most likely due to a lack of mineral plant-foods in available forms, or an imperfect physical condition of the soil, or both. This has been brought about by long-continued systems of injudicious cropping, by the removal of all crops from the soil without making any returns in the way of manures or fertilizers, and by poor or improper tillage. The remedy must be sought for, not in inoculation, but in the use of manures or fertilizers, better crop rotations and better tillage.—A. T. Wiancko, in Bulletin of the Indiana Experiment Station.

Catalogues Received

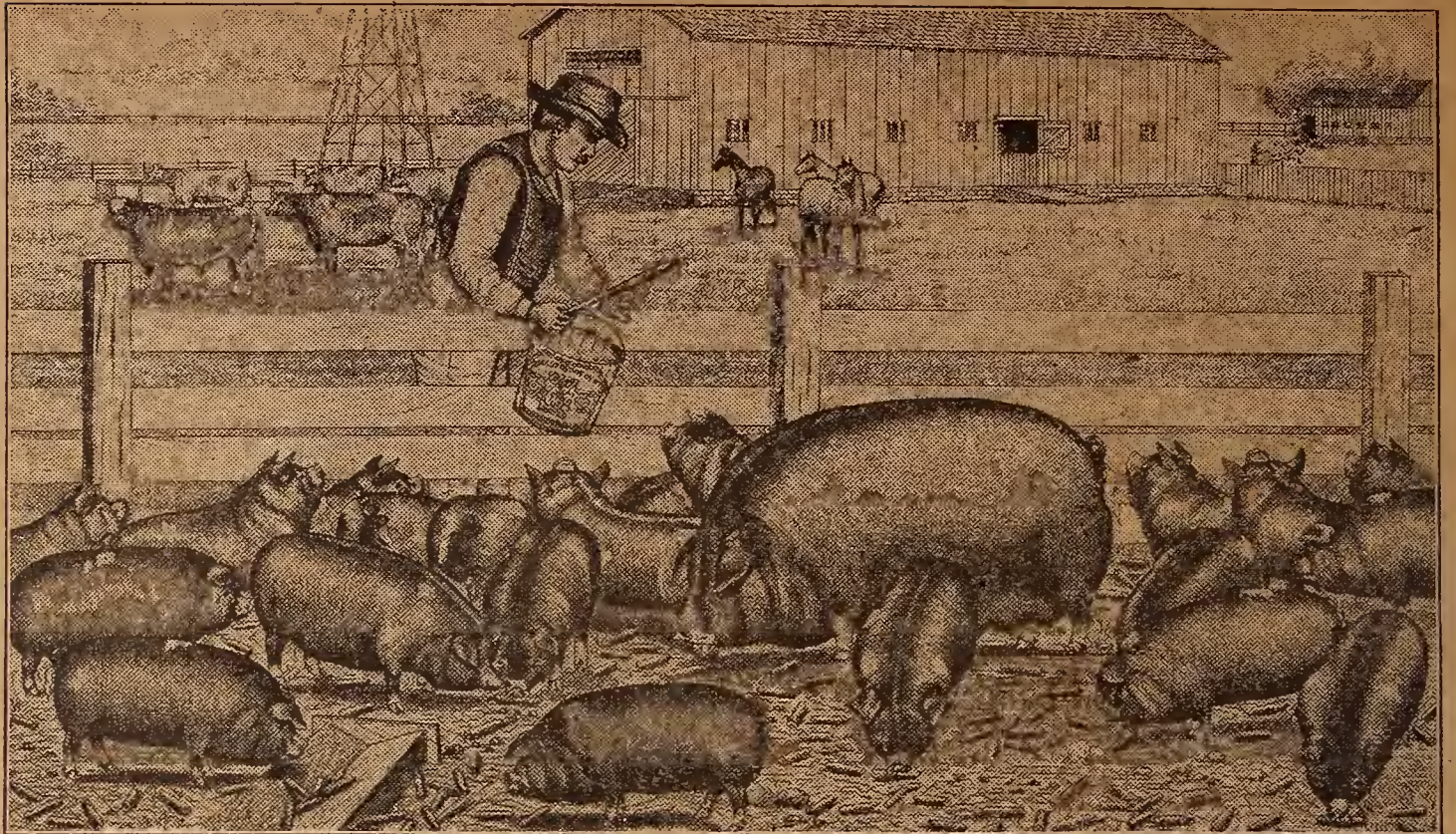
Ulrich Manufacturing Company, Rock Falls, Ill. Descriptive catalogue of improved hand-cultivators.

The Aultman & Taylor Machinery Company, Mansfield, Ohio. Illustrated catalogue of threshing-machinery.

Notes

The editor of the "Roller Mill" says: "The present reserve of wheat, with one exception, is the smallest ever recorded. Also, with one exception, the percentage of the reserve is the lowest."

That the farmers of Canada avail themselves of the annual distribution of seeds is evidenced by the fact that a steady improvement has taken place in the quality of the cereals produced, as well as a large increase in the output. The results are believed to be in a large measure due to the more general cultivation of improved and more productive sorts resulting from the annual distribution by the experiment station at Ottawa. *



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FARM FIRESIDE

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In "Ole Mississip"

By A. C. CHASE

THE state of Mississippi lies almost wholly in the "black belt" of the South, a section so known because its white population has been for many years, and still is, outnumbered by the colored element. The census of 1900 gives the proportion of the two races as—white, 641,200; colored, 907,630. In 1890 the preponderance of negroes was given as over 200,000; in 1880 it was 172,801, and in 1870, 61,305. This last was obviously one of the gross errors of that imperfect census, for the enumeration of 1860 gave 83,605 more negroes than whites.

Ranking first in the production of cotton by the aid of this large body of laborers, it was not strange that Mississippi felt that she had too much at stake to cavil at the wisdom of joining with her sister states of the South in the experiment of leaving the Union. The legislature adopted an ordinance for secession, and ratified the Constitution of the Confederacy, in January, 1861, without submitting either act to the popular vote, but how well its action fulfilled the people's will was shown by the eagerness with which the state's quota of troops was raised at the first threat of approaching war.

Terrible was the woe thus incurred. No state, except Virginia, was so devastated, so utterly crushed under the feet of the opposing armies. General Sheridan once pleasantly remarked that a crow following his army through the Shenandoah Valley would starve did it not carry its own rations along. In like evil case would a bird have been following in the wake of Grant's army. After the Vicksburg campaign, all central Mississippi was a scene of desolation. And after the war came the vultures of the carpet-bag era, whose mission it was to devour everything that the war might have spared.

Throughout central Mississippi, however, but few marks remain to-day to show the path of the war demon. Nature heals her own wounds, and the kindly touch of Time eradicates even scars. The homes are now rebuilt, the farms again tilled, the gardens planted where little more than three decades ago ruin reigned supreme.

Mississippi has never been held by Northerners at her true worth, commercially or otherwise. Nor has this been wholly because her loyalty to "the lost cause" kept her so long "unreconstructed." Partly it has been because her recovery from the ruin caused by the war has been slow; partly because of misunderstanding founded upon ignorance. Did the people of the North know Mississippi better, they would recognize the natural advantages that she possesses, they would perceive the worthy promise of her future, and hold her in higher estimation as a state.

No state in the Union has been so poorly advertised as this, wherefore the kindly notice secured through the Mississippi exhibit at the St. Louis Fair was no more than an instance of tardy justice. Never before did the state have a building at any fair, on account of the expense involved. It is the lack of wealth that has forced the state into its low position, so true is it that the destruction of the poor is their poverty. It was undoubtedly the result of the high cotton market of last year that the state was enabled to stand abreast of her sisters, as she should, in the display of her natural resources.

It was a display well worth the making. Missis-



TYPICAL NEGRO CABIN IN MISSISSIPPI

issippi received the grand prize at the St. Louis Fair on her cotton exhibit, and also on her exhibit of timber. She received a gold medal for her agricultural exhibit as a whole, and six gold and three silver medals for excellence of different items therein; also a gold medal for her fruit exhibit, and a whole bunch of silver and bronze medals for other displays of the state products.

Mississippi is preëminently an agricultural state, over three fourths of its inhabitants being engaged in farming. It has but one city of over twenty-five thousand people, and only within the last few years has it had any manufactures worth mentioning.

Mississippi is an old state—older than Illinois, nearly as old as Ohio. The new-comer here feels that he has not only changed his latitude, but has traveled backward at least a quarter of a century. In many customs, and especially in the use of implements and inventions, Mississippi is to-day where Illinois was at the time of the Civil War. Yet this quaint old state is virtually new in certain respects. Her enormous natural resources are not as yet half taken up. She has large forests that are almost untouched, and thousands of acres of land that are yet untitled. The average prices for land are lower than they have been in Illinois or Ohio for half a lifetime.

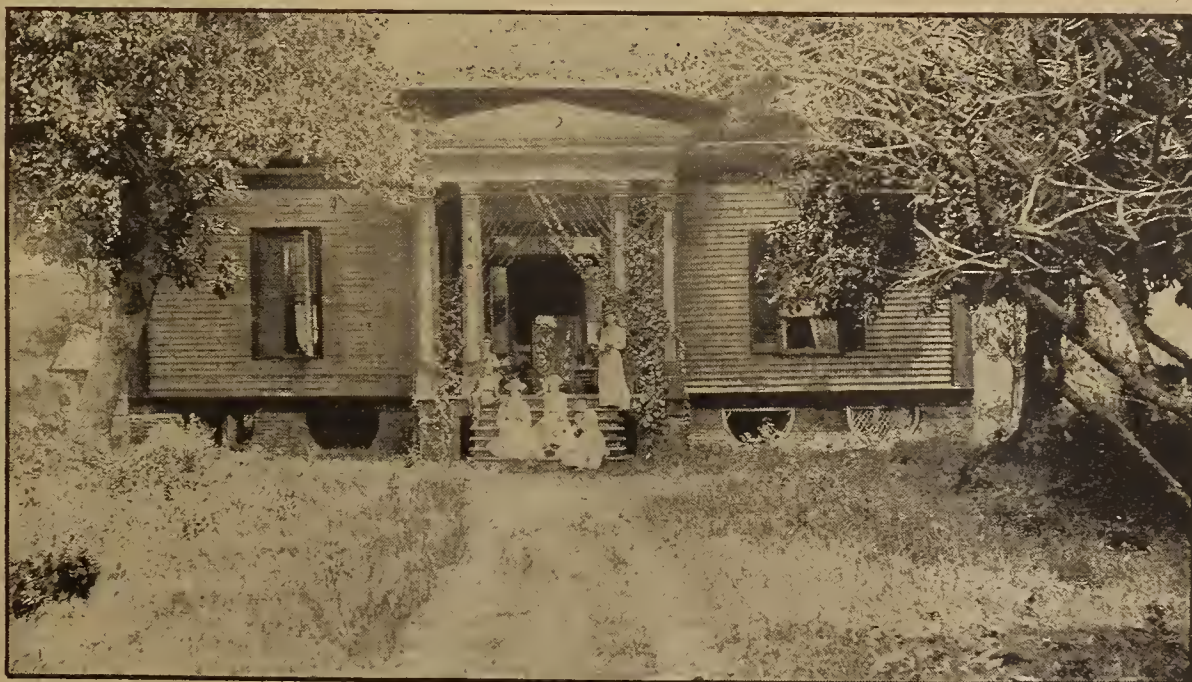
As a place of residence Mississippi is full of interest and charm. She has not the scenic attractions that belong to the mountainous states of the South, but her magnificent stretches of timbered land, her rolling hill country covered with grass or corn, her broad cotton-fields, the luxuriant growth of shrubs and flowers that line the valleys of her many fine streams—these have a beauty all their own. Furthermore, the quaint but handsome buildings in the little old towns are most interesting, and still more so are the old country homes, with their pillared broad verandas—they call them galleries here—their wide halls, and their lofty-ceilinged rooms with cavernous fireplaces. Very comfortable are these large, airy rooms in the spring and summer, but in the winter-time, in spite of the roaring backlogs on the andirons, they are as cold as the polar regions. There is not much winter here, but what there is has its own way in the houses while it lasts.

You cannot journey a few miles in any direction without seeing one or more of these old houses, many of them now untenanted and for sale. One of these is "Annandale," a magnificent old mansion, about which clings not only a charming romance of ante-bellum days, but a mythical tale of having entertained General Grant during the war. The mansion, with its plantation of some twelve hundred acres, has been in the market for several years, without finding a purchaser willing to attempt to restore and keep up its ancient grandeur. Though the marks of decay and neglect mar its beauty within and without, enough remains to show that tales of the wealth and luxury enjoyed by the planters of this state previous to the war are no fiction.

This deserted old mansion, with its nailed shutters, its decaying pillars, its once handsome garden overgrown with grass and weeds, illustrates the Old South, now forever passed away.

Ever since the war the planters of Mississippi have built their houses on an altogether different plan. No longer able to disregard expense, they have been content to forego altogether the roomy mansions of the old time, and to build on a much smaller scale, but still retaining the wide-hall extending through the house, and on each side windows to admit light and air. These houses, which are seldom more than one story in height, are largely built of design similar to the one shown—simple, yet in excellent taste. They are almost uniformly constructed of wood, weather-boarded without, and within "ceiled" throughout with narrow planking of hard pine, as the inner part of steamboats is finished. An oil finish is applied to the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 8]



A HOME OF THE NEW SOUTH

Mississippi is a large state, having an area of over forty-six thousand square miles. Naturally, it presents a considerable variety of soil, but from the fact that it has no mountains, the variations of climate in different sections is less than might be supposed. The southern half of the state has shorter and milder winters than the northern half. For the long summers the average temperature is perhaps lower in the southern than in the northern part, because the former is more advantaged by the cool breezes from the Gulf of Mexico.

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During the past few months FARM AND FIRESIDE has enjoyed the greatest increase in the number of subscriptions in all its history. This one fact alone speaks volumes of praise for this "Monarch of the World's Rural Press."

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THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

PRESERVING EGGS.—From the number of letters I have again received inquiring about preserving eggs in a water-glass solution, I conclude that I must try to make my instructions even plainer than before, if that is possible. Buy one quart of silicate of soda, or water-glass, a thick, mucilaginous liquid, which you can get at any druggist's; add to this nine quarts of water, which is best if soft and boiled; then fill an earthenware crock, a keg or some other suitable receptacle about one third or one half full of the solution, and drop the eggs in as freshly gathered day by day. That is all. Leave the eggs in the solution until wanted for use or sale. When rinsed off in clean water they look, taste and act like fresh eggs.

NEW PESTS.—From California now comes the report that the vegetable industry of that state is seriously threatened by the accidental importation of the cucumber-fly ("Dacus cucurbitæ") from Hawaii. This insect attacks melons, cucumbers, tomatoes and other vegetables of that class. With all the wonderful climate of those islands in the Pacific, it is said that people there now find it almost impossible to grow good tomatoes, while watermelons bring one dollar apiece, all on account of the difficulty of protecting these vegetables from the attacks of the cucumber-fly.

The insect has recently been found in large numbers in a shipment of crated cucumbers from Honolulu. When examined in San Francisco, their destination, every part of some of these cucumbers was alive with the maggots of the fly. The horticulturists of the state seem to be fully alive to the seriousness of the situation, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in preventing the insect from getting a foothold in California. We have about all the insect pests that we care to have, and are obliged to keep fighting one pest or another all season long. This new one seems to be an especially serious one, although it is by no means certain that it can stand the severe winters of the Northeastern states.

ENSILAGE AND MILK.—A "housekeeper" in Randolph, N. Y., asks me to give my opinion of the effect of feeding silage on the milk. Her experience is that the milk from it is not so good, as it "sours in the stomach, and its peculiar acidity prevents the proper digestion of other foods, leading to dyspepsia." It is true that milk is very easily affected by the food given to the cow. If the silage is poor, musty or acid, the milk will be liable to be poor, also, and cause trouble in the stomach of those who use it. But properly made silage should not be sour or half rotten. It should be perfectly sweet and wholesome, and only such silage should be fed to cows, whether the milk is to be used in the family or sold. To make good milk and good butter the food must be clean, as well as the milker and every person who handles the milk. Filthy habits in the milk business are so common and firmly established that it will take a long and determined fight against all this nastiness (including the use of unwholesome silage and other foods, disgusting habits in milking and caring for milk and butter) to make much headway. But in the interest of the users of cows' milk, and especially of innocent babes and children, such a fight should be waged and continued relentlessly.

GARDENING IN THE TROPICS.—During the past winter I received from time to time letters and circulars urging me to take stock in a company that was developing the rubber industry in Mexico. Enormous profits were promised as a sure thing. Indorsements by prominent people, various "reverends" among them, were inclosed. Of course, I threw all such communications into the waste-basket. This spring I have had a number of persons ask me about the chances of profit in growing vegetables in the Isle of Pines (Cuba) for American markets. One young man wanted to give up a fifty-dollar-a-month position to go to the island. Even that would be more sensible than to pay ten dollars once or each month to some speculators as an investment on the strength of the promoters' glowing accounts of the numerous opportunities for great profits in vegetable-growing in that glorious climate and inexhaustible soil. For any legitimate enterprise that holds out sure and big profits plenty of money can be had for investment without calling on the poor man's ten dollars. The example of Hawaii, with its cucumber-fly, which makes tomato-growing almost impossible and raises the price of a watermelon up to the one-dollar figure notwithstanding that wonderful climate and productive soil, shows that sometimes there are drawbacks in tropical countries which the would-be investor should know before he parts with many of his ten-dollar notes for the benefit of scheming promoters.

CELERY IN MONTANA.—J. W. W., Montana, asks why all her celery went to seed last year. She sowed the seed in the house early in February, transplanted the seedlings into boxes, and set the plants in open ground May 20th. With this treatment I would expect nothing else than to see most of the plants go to seed. Celery will almost invariably do that here if seed is sown earlier than the end of February, and especially if the plants are stunted or held back during any of the earlier stages of their development. Any time in March would be early enough to start the plants from seed. I always prefer to sow seed in boxes or flats, even when growing celery for winter use. The plants may be transplanted to open ground when yet quite small, and they will do better than if we let them grow very large in the seed-bed and then transplant to the row. Our reader says she thinks it is not safe to plant garden-seed before May 10th in her locality, and that it would not be possible to raise celery outdoors in her short seasons. But celery is quite hardy. I used to sow seed in open ground just as soon as the soil was in fit condition to work, and raised good fall and winter celery. The plant likes fairly warm days and cool nights, but plenty of moisture at all times, of course with good drainage. There is no reason why she should not succeed, with proper management, in growing good celery, and as she lives fifty miles from a railroad, she must, of course, raise her own vegetables or go without. The latter is a proposition which I should not consider.

BLACKBIRDS AND BUZZARDS.—In a number of local weeklies I find pleas, usually written by kind-hearted ladies or members of the Audubon Society, for the protection of blackbirds, saying that this bird is a great insect-eater, and far more useful than injurious to the soil-worker. It is true that the blackbird has a good deal more to its credit than the robin, especially as a grub-eater, and in a general way I wish this bird no harm. Yet about three years ago, when flocks of blackbirds numbering thousands of individual birds practically destroyed for me several acres of corn that promised to yield more than one hundred bushels to the acre, I confess that the crack of the hunters' guns aimed in the direction of passing flocks sounded like music in my ears. I imagine that we shall get over our sentimental spells after a while, and see things as they are, not as we feel they should be. Some of the species of buzzard in Germany were for many years protected and praised for their habit of preying on field-mice. It was claimed that they did a great deal of good, and much more than they did harm by catching an occasional small bird or young chick. Since it has become more generally recognized

that the buzzards make but little headway against the mice pest when mice have once become very numerous, and that unfavorable weather conditions or some infectious disease can alone be depended upon to check the increase of the little rodents, hunters have been given a free hand in regard to shooting buzzards. As for me, I consider the spray-pump and the plow far better safeguards against insect-depredations than any bird that flies between heaven and earth.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BORDEAUX MIXTURE.—We may take it for granted that the best fungicide has not yet been invented or discovered. Bordeaux mixture has some drawbacks, or weak points, which will not show in the standard fungicide of the future. But even if we should retain our common lime Bordeaux mixture, probably the manner of preparing it will still be improved upon. Experts still hold that only the mixture made freshly from fresh stone lime gives the full effectiveness, and that the mixture should be made by greatly diluting the copper-sulphate solution as well as the lime, and then pouring both these weak solutions simultaneously in a small stream into a third vessel. A West Virginia firm now offers a new way of making Bordeaux mixture. In a circular it says: "Pouring one of the liquids into the other liquid will not give the right results, as it is always necessary that one part of the copper sulphate should act on an equivalent part of the lime. This can be done only with the help of two men, and meets with many difficulties, therefore very few fruit-growers succeed in making the right kind of Bordeaux." Undoubtedly the manner of making the mixture may account for all the variations in the effectiveness of different makes. Ready-made mixtures are on the market under various trade-names. It may be a question whether they are as effective in killing fungus-spores as is the freshly made article. The firm already mentioned now offers a "quick Bordeaux" in dry form. It comes in a sack, the powdered copper sulphate in the bottom, and powdered lime, both in just the right quantities for fifty gallons of water, on top. These materials are separated by an oiled paper. The sack is to be hung in a barrel filled with water, and manipulated with the hands, when the water will quickly dissolve the contents and give the very best chances for the lime to act chemically upon the copper sulphate, changing the latter to the desired precipitated copper hydrate. All this sounds reasonable, yet is a matter for trial. Possibly we might act on this suggestion in our own home-preparation of Bordeaux mixture—namely putting the copper sulphate and freshly slaked lime powder, in about the proportions of four to six, in a coarse bag, and hanging this into the barrel of water. We cannot get this task too simple or too convenient. It is one that many farmers dread anyway.

SODA BORDEAUX MIXTURE.—I still have various inquiries about this mixture and how to combine it with arsenate of lead, personal replies being asked for in half a dozen cases. A reader in Richmond, Va., wants directions for mixing ten or fifteen gallons, using disparene instead of Paris green, and asks whether this can be safely used on bush-fruits, on squash and melon vines, etc. I asked the New York State Experiment Station at Geneva whether they have tested this mixture, and if so, with what results. Prof. F. C. Stewart, the station botanist, replied as follows: "We have tested the soda Bordeaux mixture only on potatoes, which was done last year. We now have in press a bulletin containing an account of this experiment. Our results were not favorable to the soda Bordeaux. The yields were as follows: Rows sprayed with the regular Bordeaux, one hundred and seventy-six bushels to the acre; rows sprayed with soda Bordeaux, one hundred and fifty-nine bushels; rows unsprayed, one hundred and eight and one half bushels. I shall repeat the experiment the coming season. As for the use of soda Bordeaux on fruit, we have not favored it for the reason that it is so difficult to neutralize the mixture accurately. The only way it can be done is by the addition of a little lime at the last, and that makes extra bother." If these tests could be relied upon as showing an average result (and a single test on a small scale hardly ever can), it would show some very good results in favor of the soda Bordeaux, only slightly inferior to the regular Bordeaux. The former increased the acre-rate by over fifty bushels of potatoes, the latter by sixty-seven and one half bushels. Possibly some of this difference may be due to the natural variations in yields in hills and rows even when all the conditions seemed to be exactly alike. In the tests of soda Bordeaux made some years ago in Ireland this soda Bordeaux gave even better results than the mixture made after the old formula, with lime. I have used the soda Bordeaux for two seasons, and incline to the opinion that it is just as effective as the other. Combined with disparene (arsenate of lead), it has kept my potato-vines and egg-plants free from blight and potato-bugs, has saved my squash, cucumber and melon vines from disease and bugs, and without the addition of poisons has protected my grapes from serious injury by the various fungous pests which regularly ruin the crop on my unsprayed grape-vines. Even with a slight difference in results in favor of the lime Bordeaux mixture I believe I would use the soda Bordeaux oftener than the other, for the simple reason that we can easily prepare it at any time. We do not have to rush for fresh lime every time we want to make a little of the mixture, and can spray it in any of our pumps without danger of clogging the nozzles. I do not believe that there will be any great difficulty in neutralizing the mixture properly so as to make it safe on foliage. It certainly sticks well to the leaf, and I have yet to see the first injurious effect from its use. For fifteen gallons of mixture dissolve two pounds of copper sulphate in about half the quantity of soft water, and two and one half pounds of washing-soda in the other half, then, gradually and under constant stirring, pour the soda solution into the copper-sulphate solution, and finally add from one half to one pound of disparene; then spray.

Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

DRY EARTH CLOSET.—Not long ago a friend built a neat little cottage in a near-by village, and invited me to call around and "see something worth looking at." A few days afterward I drove around to look at it, and at once decided that he had a very neat dwelling. Over in the farther corner of the lot I saw a man digging a hole, and I walked back there to ask him what it was for. He had dug a trench about four feet long, three feet wide and eight feet deep, and was just putting the finishing touches to it. I asked what it was for. He said a closet was to be built over it as soon as he got it bricked up.

"How does he intend to clean it out?" I asked.

"Clean it out!" exclaimed the man. "Why, I don't suppose it ever will be cleaned out while he lives. I've dug dozens of them in town here and in the country about, and I usually go about ten feet deep, and you're the first man that has mentioned cleaning them out. I never heard of one being cleaned out."

An hour later I met my friend, and told him that I had been out to look at his house.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It is a pretty little place," I replied, "but you are making one bad botch."

"What's that? I thought it was all tiptop."

"It is, all but that miserable cess-pool you are putting in the back corner of the lot. Why don't you adopt more up-to-date methods?"

"Why, that's the way everybody fixes them. I had an idea that it was not a good plan, but what else can I do?"

I told him to arrange his closet so that a large box made of two-inch plank could be slipped under the seat, either from one end or at the back. Have the door through which the box is passed to fit snugly and button. The box may rest on bricks laid flat on the ground, or on rollers. I have used the former method for years, and have no difficulty in drawing the box out or sliding it in. At one end of the box a strong ring is fastened, and when it is to be emptied a horse is hitched to it, and it is drawn to the field and the contents scattered. In town a man can be engaged to empty it about four times a year for a small sum. About twice a week we scatter a few shovelfuls of fine ashes or dry, pulverized earth in the box to deodorize and solidify the contents, and this makes them easily handled and scattered. A closet managed in this manner is always clean and free from offensive odors, and not a source of danger to the health of people using it or living near it.

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DO THINGS AT THE RIGHT TIME.—Reading between the lines of a letter sent me by a FARM AND FIRESIDE reader who says he has not made a success of farming, I can come very near guessing what is the matter with him. He simply fails to do things at the right time. He does them, but not when they should be done. Good judgment and promptness are as necessary on the farm as anywhere in the world. To get ahead of his neighbors or to "rush the season" I have seen many a farmer plow when the soil was not ready for plowing. To hurry the work along and get it out of the way of other tasks that were coming along I have seen farmers plowing corn when they were doing much more harm than good. Instead of making a crop, they were actually ruining one. Then, I have seen many a farmer let the golden opportunity to do the most effective work pass because he had too many irons in the fire. I have seen the cultivators standing idle in the corn-field when a day's work with them meant a full hundred bushels to the crop, while all hands were busy harvesting a half wheat crop. If one is not making his farming a success, he should seek out the reason. It will not be difficult to find. Any successful farmer in his neighborhood will, if asked in the right spirit, point out the weak spots in the management of the farm and set the "unlucky" one on the right track. I well remember a farmer who frequently declared that he was the most "unlucky" man in his neighborhood, and if the season went wrong in any particular that he always got it in the neck worse than any of his neighbors. He did seem to be having a hard time of it. Two of his best horses died just when he needed them most. (They got into the oats-bin one night, and gorged themselves—the door had been left open.) Two milk-cows and three fine yearling steers died, and the loss amounted to about one hundred and fifty dollars. (They were turned into the stalk-field hungry just as soon as the husking was done.) Twenty fine pigs died of "cholera" when there was no cholera in the neighborhood. (They were given a full feed of new corn to start with just as soon as it could be husked.) I could mention a dozen other instances of his "bad luck," all similar to those given. A neighbor got out of patience with him one day while he was relating his misfortunes, and told him plainly that all he lacked was horse-sense, and that all of his losses were the result of carelessness and foolishness. This set him to thinking and acting, and in a few years he became known as one of the "luckiest" men in the neighborhood and a good one to go to for advice.

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PROVIDING AMUSEMENT FOR THE CHILDREN.—A lady member of the FARM AND FIRESIDE family asks a question which I at first laid aside because it sounded jokey. Then it occurred to me that she really meant what she said, and is entitled to an honest opinion, at least. She said: "Do you really think it pays to go to much trouble in providing entertainment or amusement for children?" To be brief, I rather think

All Over the Farm

it does! I believe in swings, teeter-boards, marbles, balls and bats, jumping-ropes, kites, and all the merry games children love so well, including the very excellent "merry-go-round" that I once saw in the back of a farm-yard. It was a home-made affair, but the youngsters were having just bushels of fun out of it. It was the axle of an old wagon set in the ground, with one end about two feet above the surface. On this end was an old wheel, and fastened across this wheel at right angles with each other were two planks, each two inches thick, twelve inches wide and sixteen feet long. There was a merry, shouting youngster on each end of these planks, and two sturdy little chaps close to the wheel. The two boys were the horses, and were sending the "merry-go-round" around at a dizzy rate, the axle being well greased and the wheel easy to turn. After a time two of the riders took



THE YOUNG FARMER

their places, and they took a ride. They were having a glorious time, and I think were getting more fun out of that simple contrivance than they could out of any outfit on the market costing fifty times as much. Every FARM AND FIRESIDE farmer should put up one of these contrivances if he has an old axle and wheel or can beg, borrow or buy one. One cannot go to too much trouble, within reason, to provide a happy time for the children. They will be children but once, and they should be made as happy as possible during that time. And it can be done for a very small outlay of cash if the cash is judiciously expended. I like to take kodak-pictures of the youngsters when they are having a happy time. When they are grown up and are a part of the busy world a glance at those pictures will bring back the happy times they then had, and the hand that provided them will receive another blessing.

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"Our Little Helpers"

Some twenty years ago a German scientist made the important discovery that the small nodules, or swellings, so often found on the roots of the clovers, beans, peas and other leguminous plants contained myriads of bacteria ("little helpers") that took nitrogen from the air and transferred it to the roots of the plants. More recently it has been ascertained that where the seed is artificially inoculated, bacteria especially adapted to the crop to be grown should be used. The bacteria-culture for each special crop is now put up in small packages not unlike yeast-cakes in appearance. After being put into water, these can be used to moisten the seed to be planted, or if preferred some fine, rich soil can be moistened with the culture-liquid, and can then be scattered over the land to be seeded and incorporated with the surface-soil. The formation of the nodules on the roots of the leguminous plants begins at once, and the subsequent growth of the crop is measurably increased—in fact, clover can be successfully grown where failure has previously been the rule.

The fact that the perpetuation of animal and vegetable life is entirely dependent upon bacterial influences has not heretofore been so apparent to agriculturists as it is at present. Bacteria exist in nature everywhere—that is, in soil, air and water. The study of plant-life, aided by the microscope, has resulted in some wonderful discoveries, especially those relating to bacteria, or more properly micro-organisms, because these are not discoverable with the naked eye. These organisms are now popularly called bacteria, of which some are beneficial and others injurious. The name is derived from a Greek word, meaning a little stick, which so many of the infinitesimal bacteria somewhat resemble in respect to their relative diameter and length. It has been demonstrated that the beneficial bacteria which exist in the soil have the power of fixing nitrogen, which is assimilated by the growing plants.

The discovery of the power of leguminous plants to assimilate free nitrogen from the air through tubercles on their roots, and the still more valuable discovery of the methods of inoculation of the soil with beneficial bacteria adapted to each legume, will undoubtedly tend very materially to reduce the amount paid out each year for nitrogenous fertilizers. It is therefore not at all improbable that the artificial inoculation of soils will soon become one in general use among progressive farmers, as it not only in-

creases the growth of the leguminous crops to which it is adapted, but when these are plowed under the soil will be permanently enriched. Successful, however, as this method of soil-inoculation may be, it should be kept in mind that it is not designed to take the place of the usual careful preparation of the soil, nor to be a substitute for all other fertilizers.

Hundreds of farmers who have made application to the United States Department of Agriculture for beneficial bacteria have already been informed that the supply of the packages of "our little helpers" is exhausted, and that no more can be distributed for this season's use. Applications for the cultures for use next spring should not be made before the first of September of the present year.

W. M. K.

Soil-Inoculation

I notice a criticism of soil-inoculation in the April 15th issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE. I think the writer is mistaken in his views when he says that the chances are against the method recommended of using soil known to contain bacteria for inoculating new fields.

The Kansas Experiment Station publishes a bulletin on this method, and it proved a success with soy-beans. The soil used had been shipped from Massachusetts, and was very dry, but when a small amount was applied to the soy-bean field it had the desired effect.

As I understand it, the soil used does not have to touch the roots of the plants, but the water passing through the soil and to the roots of the plants will carry enough bacteria to start the growth upon the alfalfa-roots.

Last year I sowed a small plot of alfalfa as an experiment, and after it got up some ten inches high I examined the roots for nodules, but none were to be found. I went to where some sweet clover was growing, and took a small quantity of dirt from about the sweet clover and scattered it over my alfalfa. In a few weeks I found plenty of nodules on the alfalfa-roots. Another plot was examined which had not had the sweet-clover bacteria applied, and no nodules developed upon the roots of the alfalfa during the entire season.

If the soil is in good condition to develop bacteria I do not think

that there is any danger of the old soil-application method failing. The only trouble is that we may get undesirable seed with the soil if it is taken from another farm or shipped from a distance. A. J. LEGG.

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To Kill Dodder in Alfalfa

When the dodder commences to bloom, cut the alfalfa close to the ground. Be sure to get every infected stalk. The dodder will die as the alfalfa dries. If none is allowed to seed, you will soon be rid of it.

J. B. ADAMS.

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Notes

Marseilles, France, is now the center of the macaroni industry of Europe. The main supply of wheat is procured from the port of Tangarog, a city situated on the sea of Asov, in southern Russia.

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It can be truthfully said of Secretary Wilson that he has a thorough knowledge of the wants and needs of American farmers, and has a get-up-and-get-there way of extending help wherever it is needed.

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Andrew M. Soule, dean and director of the Virginia Experiment Station, at Blacksburg, is putting his whole soul into the needed work of farm-improvement in that state. His enthusiasm is becoming contagious.

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The California legislature has acted wisely in appropriating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of a farm for the university of that state. This will afford students an opportunity to see science and practice allied. Agriculture will now become a leading part of the university course.

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Gardening

By T. GREINER

MONEY IN CUCUMBERS.—A Cornwall Bridge (Conn.) reader asks where he could dispose of cucumbers in quantities large enough to make it pay. That is always the chief question, and one to which every grower must find his own answer. It is usually easy enough to raise cucumbers and cucumber pickles. In order to make the business pay, however, you must have a near market, to save transportation expenses and losses. In various parts of the country there are pickle-factories which will be glad to make contracts for pickles in any quantity of a stated size (usually from three to six inches long) at a certain price. Large quantities may also be sold in the markets of large cities, but it is questionable whether it would pay to raise cucumbers and pickles when they have to be shipped to commission-houses.

THE NEW NOT NEW.—It is sometimes thrown in my face, usually by professional writers, that the method of onion-growing which was pushed to the front as "the new onion culture" is not new. It seems that there is nothing new under the sun. Even that statement of my critics is not new. In all my works on the subject I have always taken pains to state that the idea of transplanting onions was not a new one, and that onions have been transplanted in various parts of the known world for many years. Yet this confessedly not new idea has made more stir among gardeners during the last dozen years, and given to those who have applied it in their garden practices more genuine satisfaction, and often more profit, than any other new move or novel discovery in general gardening during all that time. If my gentle critics knew of that particular method of onion-growing and of its great value, why did they so long remain silent about it? It reminds one of Christopher Columbus' egg-story.

THE WELSH ONION, although seed of my own (last year's) raising was sown only early in August, and not, as is more usually recommended and practised, in spring, has again made an immense lot of green onions, and now, early in May, I am marketing them, and the merchants to whom I sell can hardly tell them apart from genuine Silverskin onions. The flavor of these Welsh onions seems to be such as to suit the average consumer. They are much milder, having more of the real onion taste than the Egyptian, tree, or winter, onion. It is true that if sown in August they are not much earlier than the Silverskin (White Portugal) sown at the same time. At this writing my Portugals, from seed sown about August 8th, already begin to bulb, and make most excellent green onions for bunching. They will be put on the market as soon as the Welsh onions are disposed of. By sowing seed of the Welsh onion in spring the crop will be ready next year even earlier, and will be much larger, as they multiply by division.

GROWING CAULIFLOWERS.—"What is the matter with my cauliflowers?" is a question just addressed to me. "I have had some nice heads," continues my correspondent, "but leaves would sprout from the top of the heads, and in a few days the plants would be unfit for use." Sometimes the trouble comes from careless selection of seed; then again it may be due to unfavorable soil and atmospheric conditions. Cauliflowers like the very richest kind of soil, rather cool and moist, and cool, moist weather. The hot sun is something this plant does not like. Buy the best kind of seed, then raise the plants so that you can make the crop either early, before the arrival of the hot days and nights of July and August, or late in the fall, after the real summer heat has passed. Mulching with coarse manure all around the plants, and the application of nitrate of soda and muriate of potash, are usually quite useful. When the heads are forming they should be covered in some way, even if by nothing else but some of the large outer leaves pinned together across the head. Always give the best of cultivation.

SETTING TOMATO-PLANTS.—I do not agree with those who advocate setting tomato-plants in open ground early—say by the middle of May for this vicinity—depending on covering the plants should some frosty nights occur after that date. We usually have rather cool weather during May, and sometimes a good deal of rain, which keeps the soil well soaked, and of course cold. Tomatoes will not do much under such conditions. I prefer to keep them in thrifty growth in boxes or in a frame, with plenty of room between them so that they can spread, bloom and set fruit, until the weather has become warm. I seldom put tomatoes in open ground before June, yet I just as seldom fail to pick some ripe tomatoes in July. When carefully planted out, with their roots but little disturbed, as they stand separately in plant-boxes, and set in warm soil, they seem to keep growing without interruption, and the fruits already set on them when transplanted to open ground will develop and mature all right. So I have learned not to be in a hurry setting out tomato-plants.

PLANTS FOR THE "NEW ONION CULTURE."—I am often asked how much seed it will take for an acre of Prizetaker onions when grown by the "new culture." When conditions are made most favorable I can grow about five thousand plants, or nearly that many, on ten square feet of greenhouse-bench or hotbed space. I have just set a little patch of one thirteenth of an acre, using ten thousand plants, so it will be seen that to plant an acre would require about one hundred and thirty thousand plants, and to grow these we need at least two hundred and sixty square feet of seed-bed. Seed has to be sown rather thickly in order to make sure of a full stand such as we must

have to make the most of our valuable bench or hotbed space. I usually sow nearly two ounces to ten square feet. This would mean about three pounds of seed for an acre. It seems quite a large amount of seed, too, but I find that even then the required number of plants can only be produced if conditions are right. Of course, we want good plants. We might obtain more plants on the same bench-space, but they would be spindling, and less likely to grow after being transplanted than the larger ones grown more thinly. The two hundred and sixty square feet of seed-bed represents about the space occupied by at least sixteen hotbed-sashes of ordinary size. But if you should raise plants enough to set an acre of Prizetaker onions under sixteen sashes you will do all that you could expect under most favorable soil-conditions.

AN EARLY GARDEN.—With some things it pays to try to be early. We can sow peas and lettuce and beets, and plant onions, cabbage, etc., just as soon as we can get the ground in proper working order, and this notwithstanding that we may expect to get some rather cold spells afterward. These things usually pass uninjured through the ordeal of even a stiff freeze, and we are sure to get some green things weeks before other more timid people have them. Sometimes I do not even wait until the ground is in best working condition to put in a little patch of peas. The latter will grow right along even if the ground is a little wet and cold, and I get my peas so early that it astonishes the neighbors. Of course, the Alaska is my first-early, and as good as ever—almost as good in quality as the wrinkled sorts. I have found nothing as yet to take the Alaska's place, not even the Gradus or Prosperity. With some other things, especially radishes, however, I am not always so fortunate. The seed and plants are hardy enough, but in order to make real nice tender radishes they should grow quickly, and I can usually do better with them if I wait at least long enough to have the soil in the very best working order. The earliest, if sown before late soaking spring rains and frosts, usually get tough and wormy. With the advent of nice warm weather in May, and of plenty of sunshine, all garden crops seem to be running a race for maturity, and the unskilled in gardening operations will usually find it safer and more satisfactory to wait until such time before "making garden."

COST OF SETTING ONION-PLANTS.—When the soil is nice and mellow—in short, in best condition for setting plants—an experienced planter can easily set six thousand onion-plants in ten working-hours. In order to do it, however, he will have little time for talking or fooling. I have timed myself repeatedly. The other day I planted five hundred plants in just half an hour. I doubt, however, that I could keep up this rate (one thousand plants to the hour) right along. It would tell on my back, I believe, although I might get used to that work, as we usually do to any kind of work that we must do regularly or continuously for some time. I got a lad of fourteen years to plant most of this little patch, however, and he was setting about three thousand plants a day. I paid him seventy-five cents a day, and was well satisfied with the outcome. The expense of setting this patch, therefore, was about two dollars and twenty-five cents, which brings the acre-rate of cost for plant-setting to only about thirty dollars. I usually have allowed more for it, and will always be satisfied if I can keep the cost of setting an acre of onion-plants down to within thirty-five dollars, or even forty dollars. It is the chief work connected with growing this very profitable crop. I would be very much disappointed if the one thirteenth of an acre of Prizetaker and Gibraltar onions would yield less than eighty to one hundred bushels, and I expect to sell them in early fall at one dollar a bushel. There are a few things in the garden that, especially in a small way, pay better than "Spanish" onions grown by this so-called new method, but the latter give satisfactory returns.

LETTUCE EARLY AND LATE.—A subscriber in Elwood, Ind., asks why his lettuce refuses to head. He has been told that it must be transplanted, and he has done it, but the lettuce regularly goes to seed. Lettuce, to head well, requires a cool season, and of course plenty of moisture. I have not the least trouble in getting good heads from the early crop, and this whether the plants are transplanted or not. Often I secure far larger and better heads from the plants that were started from seed sown in the open ground in early spring, merely by thinning and without transplanting, than from the plants started in February in the greenhouse, transferred to the cold-frame, and finally moved out to the open ground. Much, however, depends on the variety. There are loose-heading sorts and solid-heading ones. Grand Rapids makes only a large bunch of nice crisp and curly leaves, and does not head up. Then there are a lot of very thrifty-growing sorts, such as Prizehead and New York, making more or less solid heads, and still others, such as Black-Seeded Tennisball or Perfection Salamander, Hanson, Deacon, California Cream Butter and others, which form heads resembling a cabbage in solidity. All sorts, of course, have this tendency to go to seed on the arrival of real hot summer weather, still there is a great difference among them in this respect. A few of the varieties are much slower to go to seed, and seem better able to endure the summer heat, than the rest. Among these sorts are particularly New York, California Cream Butter, Mignonette, Stubborn-Seeder, etc. For quality few sorts are equal to the Half-Century, New York, Golden Queen, Deacon, Mignonette, California Cream Butter, etc. The United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a most excellent bulletin on "American Varieties of Lettuce" (No. 69). It came from the pen of W. W. Tracy, Jr., assistant in variety trials, who may well be considered an expert in this line. The bulletin is beautifully gotten up, having a large number (twenty-seven) of plates showing the different varieties of lettuce in half-tone. The information given in its pages seems to be strictly reliable, and every American gardener who is interested in lettuce and lettuce varieties should try to secure a copy.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

GRAPE-VINE LEAF-HOPPER.—S. L. U., New Paris, Ind. The leaf-hopper is one of the most troublesome pests on grapes and roses, and one of the most difficult to reach. It sucks the sap out of the leaves, turning them brown, and later on kills them. There is no satisfactory insecticide. Perhaps kerosene emulsion is the best insecticide, but I have not found it entirely satisfactory. The best remedy I have ever used for this trouble was to make a frame about four feet square covered with burlap. On this burlap put a coat of what is known as tree-ink, or coal-tar will answer, or thick kerosene emulsion. Let two persons handle this screen, and as they pass through the rose-bushes stir them up a little, when the hoppers will fly out and get caught on the frame. Sticky fly-paper has sometimes been used for this same purpose, but I think the arrangement given above is much more satisfactory.

STRAWBERRIES NOT BLOOMING.—S. E. M., Coolidge, Kan. It is a very difficult matter for me to state in a limited space what the reasons might be why your strawberry-beds have not bloomed. If you have the true Bubach, and have not had frost during the time when the plants were in flower, you certainly should have had some fruit, and since you have had no fruit at all, I am inclined to think that it is possible that you may not have this variety, but have a pistillate sort under this name, in which case you would not get much fruit. For instance, if in place of the Bubach you received the Warfield or Crescent, you would fail to get any considerable amount of fruit. Late frosts, that come when strawberries are in blossom, will often destroy the crop. If your strawberry-plants are in blossom when you receive this answer, and you will forward me some of the flowers, I will at once let you know whether your flowers are such as need pollenization from some other variety, or whether they are bisexual.

PUMPKINS NOT POLLENIZING—CUTTING OF SMALL SQUASH—ROLLING ONIONS.—A. S., Saskatoon, Canada. It is common to have complaints that pumpkins and squash do not set fruit on our Western prairies and those of Canada. There are very few insects in such places that visit these flowers, and as the pollen is distributed entirely by means of insects, they fail to fruit. A very good way to remedy this defect is to select the staminate flowers, which are those that are sometimes called the false flowers—that is, those that have no small squash beneath the flower. Tear off the flower part, commonly called the corolla, and leave only the little column in the center. When this is rubbed on a piece of black cloth it will leave a train of yellowish dust after it if in the right condition; if not quite ripe, it may lie in the sun and dry for an hour or so, by which time the pollen will probably shed. If the center of the pistillate flowers (which are those with the small squash formed under the flower) are nicely dusted with this portion containing the pollen, it will take the place of the work usually done by the insects. It should be applied until the dust is seen on the column of the flowers.—It is a good plan to pinch off the ends of squash and melon vines, or at any rate to remove the fruit that has not time to mature. This should be done during the latter part of the season, and it will assist the early set fruit in maturing.—I do not think anything is gained by tramping or rolling down the tops of onions that do not die down naturally. I know that there is a common impression that this assists them in so doing, but as a rule the trouble is in the seed, and the first step to overcome this difficulty is to obtain seed of onions that have been grown from well-matured bulbs. Next sow the seed early, just as soon as it can be gotten into the ground in good condition. If the onions then show a tendency to continue green, and do not die down, the best way to do is to pull them and leave them on top of the ground until the tops have dried, and then cut the stems off close. While such onions will not keep very well, yet they are all right for early use.

Apples in Cold Storage

The best cold-storage apples are the Gano, Ingram, Clayton, Jonathan, Ben Davis, Winesap and Willow Twig, in the order named. The only apples of which we had specimens of 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 were the Gano. We had these apples of the above four years' growth on the table during the whole of the month of November. Quite a record, indeed.

Of the twelve hundred barrels put into storage in October, 1903, the Gano and Jonathan came out best. These apples (as all our exhibits) were kept at a temperature of thirty-two degrees—just freezing. There was no day from the opening of the fair until its close that we did not have apples of 1903 on the table in great abundance. Oftentimes we had tables filled with apples of 1903 and 1904 of the same variety so nearly alike that they could not be separated.

Gano, Jonathan, Winesap, Ben Davis, Willow Twig, Janet, Ingram, Huntsman, Clayton, W. W. Pippin, Rome Beauty, Pryor's Red, Black Twig, Gilpin, Lansingburg, Limbertwig and others of the crop of 1903 were on the tables on December 1st in a perfect state of preservation. Maiden Blush gave out in June, Wealthy in July, Grimes in August, York in September, Rome Beauty in October. Other varieties followed in one or another of these classes.

We feel sure that as a general rule apples must be picked as soon as ripe, well colored, while still firm and hard, handled carefully, put at once into cold storage, cooled down as quickly as possible, held at thirty-two degrees without variation, and if held until late in the season, then wrapped in paper, and if for show purposes than double wrapped.—L. A. Goodman, Secretary Missouri Horticultural Society.

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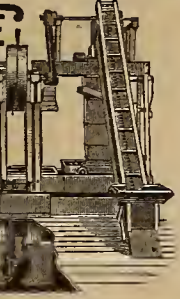
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BY P. H. JACOBS

Advantages of Keeping but One Breed

UNLESS one wishes to make a specialty of pure breeds and is willing to devote considerable time to their care, it is better to keep but one breed, as less fencing will be necessary, the liability of mixing the breeds will be avoided, and the fowls will be uniform in color, general characteristics and hardiness. It is claimed that two breeds permit of keeping one breed for laying and the other for sitting, but one breed will answer for both purposes as well as will two, for the reason that there is but little difference between the various breeds when their work for a whole year is compared. The non-sitter does not excel the sitter as a layer if both breeds are rightly managed, while even the non-sitter will become a sitter under certain conditions of management.

Sudden Losses of Turkeys

As the turkey forages over a wide area, and is not very fastidious in its diet as an adult, it is liable to eat substances that are injurious. Sometimes when in a potato-field it greedily devours both adult beetles and their larvæ, but it has happened that the birds ate the adult beetles without first killing them, with the result that the bugs remained alive in the crops long enough to cause the death of the turkeys. A reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE mentions that he cut open the crops of some of his drooping turkeys, and took from the crop of one bird as many as twenty-one cockle-burs. While all flocks are not alike in peculiarities, and admitting that turkeys are also careful, instinct prompting them not to eat that which is injurious, yet there are individual birds that are exceptions. It will not be a mistake to open the crops if they are greatly distended, especially if any of the birds do not appear to be in good health.

Poultry and Insects

Eggs may not be high in summer, but as the hens can forage over an orchard and eat grass and insects, there is little or no cost of egg-production. Leaving the matter of egg-production out of the estimate so far as profit is concerned, the number of insects destroyed by a large flock of fowls from May to October is enormous, and in orchards where the turkey and guinea can assist the

trees are daily jarred the hens will secure the depredators that fall to the ground. In some sections a single flock of turkeys has been known to thoroughly protect a field of tobacco against the large green worms, searching every leaf closely, and they are willing to eat all kinds of bugs or worms. In fact, it is difficult to find a flock of turkeys or guineas that do not keep in motion from early morning until late in the evening, and they fill their crops several times during each day. Even the geese and ducks assist in protecting from insects. The production of eggs in summer gives the farmer a large profit, not only because the eggs cost almost nothing, but also for the reason that the fowls perform services that sometimes more than exceed their value as live stock on the farms.

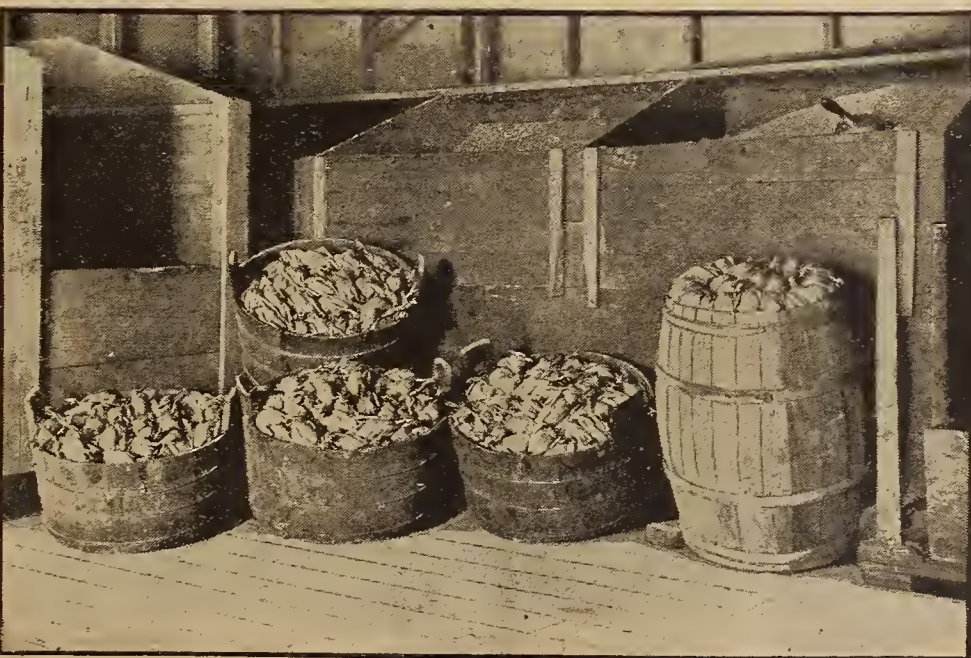
Buying Pigeons

As there is much interest being taken in pigeons for market (in reply to several inquiries), it may be mentioned that the Homer is preferred, the pure-bred being claimed to be superior to any cross-bred or other variety. When buying pairs it is not sufficient that they be male and female, but the pair should be mated. Any breeder who is reliable, and who understands the habits of pigeons, will have no difficulty in selecting mated birds. If he sends out any others, he is not reliable if he promises to ship mated birds. The mated birds will at once begin to make nests and bring off their young, thus saving time and labor to the buyer. The feeding of pigeons may be given by stating that they should have a variety, such as cracked corn, wheat, sorghum-seed, animal-meal, bone-meal, buckwheat, or other foods that may be acceptable, but no new corn or wheat should be used. A salt fish should hang where they can get to it, pure water should be within access, and a sod of grass should be placed in the yard (which should be wire-covered) for them to pick.

Inquiries Answered

SOFT EGGS.—M. M. W., Macon, Ga., asks "cause of hens laying soft eggs and sometimes small ones." It is probably due to the hens being overfed and very fat.

DOG EATING EGGS.—"Subscriber" requests "method of preventing dogs from eating eggs." A reader recommends im-



No. 3—ONE DAY'S MARKETING

The illustration shows the squabs after removal of the feathers, and just before shipping to market. View taken from large pigeon-establishment near Hammon, N. J.

hens the benefits derived cannot be easily demonstrated. The hen has keen sight, and is also a scratcher, working the ground over well, while the turkey and guinea not only search the ground, but also look carefully over the trunks of trees and around them close to the soil. If the hens are penned in the orchards with movable fences they will be compelled to work over a small area at a time, and they should be kept at work, the changing of the fences inducing them to be more industrious, as new fields are thereby presented to them. Insect-destruction is really one of the profits that is not credited to poultry, yet the benefits derived from a flock may be equal to the sum expended for materials and the labor of spraying. One of the best safeguards against the borer is to keep fowls near the trees, and if plum-

mersing each egg in a decoction of bitter apple, which disgusts the animals.

WORMS IN INTESTINES.—D. M., Erie, Pa., asks a "remedy for worms." Give no food for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that period mix a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine with a pint of corn-meal, feeding it to six hens. An hour after give a full meal of varied food. Repeat the remedy every other day for a week.

DESTROYING THE GERM.—T. J. A., Elgin, Ill., desires to know "how to prevent eggs from hatching, as he wishes to protect his regular customers who buy eggs of pure breeds." There are several methods, such as dipping the small end of each egg in boiling water for a few seconds, inserting a fine needle into them or removing the male after filling all orders.

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Live Stock and Dairy

How an Indiana Farmer Found that High-Class Horses Pay

ABOUT eight years ago Mr. John A. Day, of Henry County, Indiana, started in the business of breeding and raising high-class Percheron horses. The horse business was then at a low ebb practically all over the country. The country seemed to be full of a low grade of horses, for which there was no demand. Discouragement was on all sides, and the time certainly did not seem to be opportune for starting into the horse business. But Mr. Day had notions about the way the horse business should be conducted, and did not hesitate to make the start. His start was so modest that it will appear almost too trifling to merit description, and yet his circumstances at that time were very much like the circumstances of a great many farmers in the country to-day who would like to improve their condition.

Now, the example of Mr. Day is taken precisely for the reason that what he has done almost any farmer may do, and that without incurring any risk. Mr. Day is not now ashamed of the fact that when he started into the business of raising high-class horses about eight years ago he was not financially able to raise the purchase price of the first horse he wanted to buy. A friend helped him to borrow the money, and he bought an old stallion whose breeding was almost ideally perfect. This horse cost three hundred and fifty dollars, and the only reason he was secured for this comparatively insignificant sum was because his age was supposed to have incapacitated him for the stud. This proved to be incorrect, however, for the animal remained in service for three years before he was sold, and is actually in service to this day, at the age of twenty-three years. The first year Mr. Day kept his horse in a small barn in the village, but meeting with an opportunity to buy a farm of one hundred and twenty acres within a mile of the village, he made the trade, and moved to the farm. He mortgaged the farm for practically all it was worth, but felt encouraged to do so from the profits his first year in the horse business had made him. He advertised the high qualities of his horse, and argued with his neighbors upon the advisability of breeding for more and better horses. He preached one doctrine at all times, and that was "blood and a specific class." He originated a rule for all horsemen, no matter how high or humble, and that is, "Never breed a mare out of her class, but strive to exalt her degree." There is justification now for his personal determination to practise what he preached, for the mortgage has been paid off long ago, and he possesses other property worth considerably more than the farm.

As a breeder Mr. Day remained faithful to the heavy draft Percheron. He admires their kindly disposition, their compact build, their intelligence, their adaptability and the faithfulness with which the kind is preserved in cross-breeding. But he has never committed himself to the theory that farmers should breed Percherons only, nor that they should confine themselves to the heavy draft-horse. His theory is that the breeder should have an ideal in his mind to breed to, and that he should always have a definite notion of what he wants. A man usually does best that which he likes to do best, and if he has any preference in the breed of horses, that breed should be sought after, whether it be draft, harness or coach.

To return to the details of the methods pursued by Mr. Day, the second year he was in the business he purchased a pair of heavy draft grade mares of excellent breeding. The price he paid was twelve hundred dollars. He borrowed every dollar of the money, but he had faith in his "system," and the outcome showed his wisdom. Both mares were with foal when he got them. One of these colts was sold at weaning-time for three hundred dollars on account of an accident. The other was kept until it was three years old, and sold for a thousand dollars. Both mares were bred again, and at two years old the colts brought fifteen hundred dollars. Again the mares were bred, and the colts sold for twelve hundred dollars at the age of two years. The mares were then sold for one thousand and fifty dollars. The total sum of money received from the sale of the colts and mares was five thousand and fifty dollars. The first cost of the pair was twelve hundred dollars, which sum deducted from the total selling price leaves three thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars produced by the

two mares in three years. In addition, there was the very considerable item of the work done on the farm by the two mares. They made an ideal team, strong, gentle and reliable. No load was too heavy for them to move, and the work of pulling the plow was no test of their ability. Altogether the experiment was found to be a most agreeable and profitable one, and has been duplicated a number of times in Mr. Day's experience. He is in the horse business for the money there is in it, and as that purpose actuates practically every other person engaged in the same line, his success may well be regarded as an incentive to every man who is ambitious to produce high-class horses.

To give another instance of the actual figures involved in the business of Mr. Day, the case of a two-year-old stallion bred and raised on his farm may be described. When this colt was a yearling he was shown at the fairs, and weighed one thousand three hundred and eighty pounds. At two years old this colt, which is the black shown in the illustration, weighed eighteen hundred pounds, and was by no means in condition when he was weighed. Two thousand dollars has been offered time and again for the colt, but Mr. Day prices him at three thousand dollars, and he is sure he will be brought to weigh more than a ton when in condition. The gray colt shown in the illustration with the black is another high-class animal whose value is more than one dollar a pound. There are a number of such animals on the farm, every one of which represents a handsome profit on the outlay, and whose actual cost has been no more than would have been that of inferior animals.

In addition to the actual business of breeding and educating the heavy draft-horses, Mr. Day carries on the work of practical farming, using as teams the high-class animals kept at the farm. Every year he averages no less than one thousand dollars' worth of hogs, and all of the feed that is consumed on the farm, except some ground food and straw, is produced there. A great deal of oat straw is used in bedding, and not enough is raised on the farm to meet the demand.

The theory that will make a success of the horse business has been explained many times, and horsemen understand it, but the average farmer—he who, after all, produces the great majority of horses raised in this country—should lay hold of the principles involved and strive to meet the demand. The presumption is not made that the farmer does not know how to care for his horses, nor how to handle them to bring out their best qualities; the fact is urged that the definite-type horse is the one that gets the price. It is the experience of Mr. Day that the buyers come eagerly to him with the money in their hands. He does not go out after purchasers—they come to him, and in almost every case pay the price asked. Old methods will no longer prove profitable. Distinct types must be raised for the market, for the market demands such, and not the generally all-round useful horse. When it is learned just what is the type that one would rather produce, would take the most pride and pleasure in producing, then one should work toward the production of the best specimen of that type. Breeding for a specific class is the one kind that pays to-day. The man who breeds on the old lines is doomed to failure. His horses will bring so little in the market that there will be little left for profit. It is now known that the reason why horses became such a drug on the market ten years ago was because farmers and breeders produced a surplus of horses which had no definite characteristics. They were not specially good in any line. Then a demand slowly grew up for horses which would excel in one particular class, and this demand has steadily increased until it has become universal. The evolution in breeding has thus made it necessary for the farmer who raises only two or three horses each year to know his particular class of horses thoroughly. Promiscuous breeding does not pay, but special class, or type, breeding does. Every horse must be bred for a particular purpose, and if at the beginning the animal does not promise any good points for a particular purpose, the sooner that one can be disposed of, the better. The small horse and the horses of mixed qualities and virtues are gone forever, and their day will not return. Breed the large horse that is useful for particular lines of hauling, the coach-horse that can travel well with a fair load, or the trotter that can make speed.

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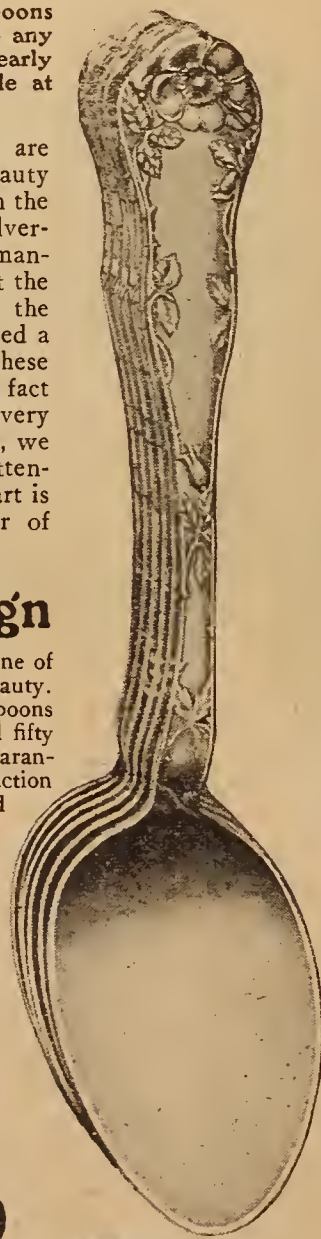
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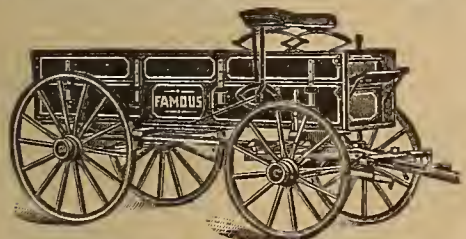
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The saddle-horse is growing in popularity every day, and this special type, if properly educated, brings even fancy prices in the city markets, it being not unusual for one thousand and fifteen hundred dollars to be paid for such animals. Premiums are offered in every market for the best animals in any class.

Mr. Day has a few simple rules which he follows invariably that serve to keep his horses in uniform health. He very seldom has a sick horse on his farm. One of these rules is to give the horse water five or more times a day, never allowing him to become thirsty. At every feeding-time a pinch of salt such as can be caught up between the thumb and two first fingers is given with the feed. This keeps off colic, and conditions the animal's bowels. Corn and oats are usually fed together, and once a day in addition to the grain ration a mixture of cut hay, bran and salt is given. Two gallons of cut hay, and a quart of bran properly salted and wet down, is the amount.

C. M. GINTHER.

Contagious Foot-Rot

One of the diseases of sheep that yearly entails great loss is contagious foot-rot. Breeders who have not had experience with this persistent evil do not adequately realize its harrying effect upon a flock, nor its liability during the summer season to bring on complications that result in actual loss. Usually the careful observance of precautionary measures will protect the flock from infection. Sometimes when actually contaminated prompt and thorough treatment may successfully be employed to stamp out the trouble before it has reached the chronic and virulent stage so difficult to contend with.

The disease is caused by a parasite that first attaches itself to the hoof of the animal when it is walking over infected ground. The first evidence of the disease is slight lameness, and upon examination the appearance of small pimples and pustules between and above the horny parts of the hoof. The inflammation spreads from this point, and ultimately results in the complete destruction of the horn and sole of the foot. Lameness becomes more evident as the horny integument of the hoof gives away, and exposes the sensitive underlying

occurs in flocks infected for the first time, before the farmer has acquired information and experience on the subject, and before he fully appreciates the extent to which the disease may advance.

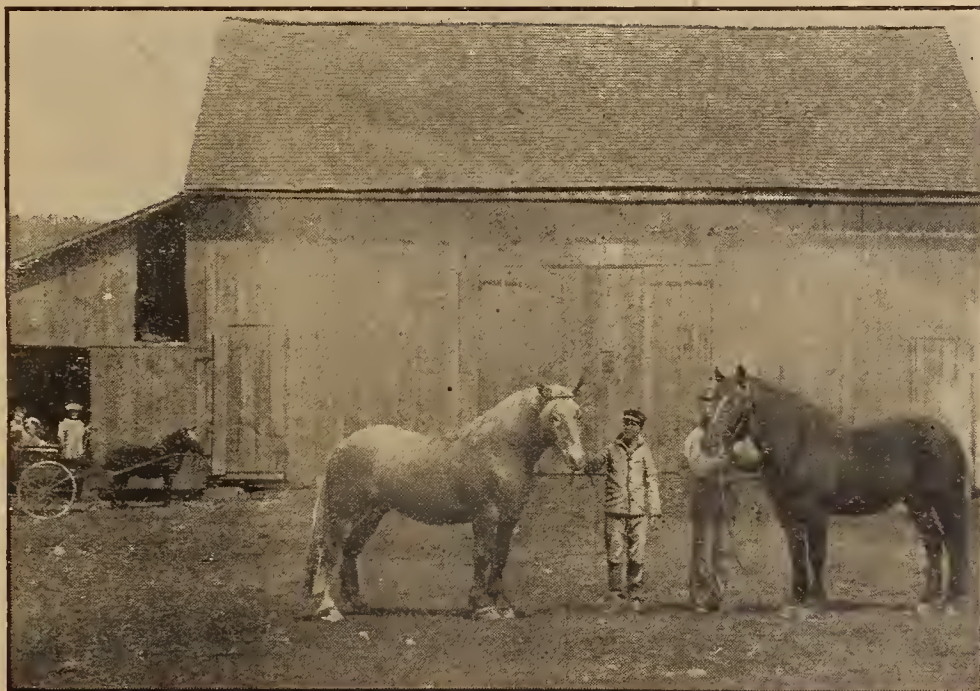
The sooner the trouble is taken in hand, the more encouraging and the more rapid will be the results. If the horn has not been attacked, the foot should be dipped in a solution of copper sulphate—one ounce of sulphate to one quart of water. If the flock is large, the solution should be prepared in greater quantity, and for convenience should be placed in a trough, through which the sheep may be caused to walk.

In case the horn has become loosened by disease, the loose portions should be fearlessly cut away, in order to lay bare the diseased parts to the action of the germicide. The treatment of copper sulphate may then be applied. At this stage of the disease some prefer the following compound: One pint of linseed-oil, one pound of copper sulphate (pulverized), half a pound of verdigris and one quart of pine tar. Such a preparation has the advantage of being more adhesive. Fungous growths, if they appear in old, chronic cases, may be destroyed by a few dressings of butter of antimony.

To derive the best results, the treatments should be applied on dry days, that the remedies may remain in close contact with the diseased parts until fully absorbed. If the sheep be allowed to run out in wet grass immediately after the application, the solution will be largely diluted and rendered ineffective.

After the first or second treatment a change of pasture should be effected. It may become advisable later to remove the flock to a third pasture if the ground in the second seems to have become infected with the parasite. These infected pastures are supposed to be free from the germs in six months from the time diseased sheep are turned out. We have preferred to keep all sheep out of them for a year. Some regard three months as sufficient for pastures containing no low ground—low, wet soil remains infected longer than upland.

In treating this disease, as well as any other due to germs, the infecting organisms must be systematically and thoroughly destroyed, and subsequent infection strenuously prevented. To



A PAIR OF TWO-YEAR-OLD COLTS THAT WEIGH ALMOST A TON EACH

tissues. In the advanced stages of the disease the sheep often stand on their knees or walk on three legs.

The cavities between the diseased horn and the underlying tissue become the seat of aggressive ulceration. If neglected at this stage during the fly-season, maggots promptly infest these places of corruption, and greatly aggravate the condition. Such a state must have prompt attention, or serious loss will soon follow. When the sheep lies down, the diseased front feet come in close contact with the body behind the shoulders. In bad cases the fetid matter from the hoof contaminates the wool at this point, and the maggots quickly follow, and spread rapidly over the body. In assisting to treat foot-rot at this virulent stage the writer has sheared half the wool from the sheep before the maggots thus introduced could be removed. This latter affection is not caused directly by the original hoof-parasite, but results incidentally from neglect in only the most aggravated cases. It usually

effect this end no haphazard or happy-go-lucky methods of applying even the best remedies will be sufficiently effective; neither will the most careful and painstaking applications accomplish the desired end if the remedy employed contains no potent germicidal qualities. Care in both these phases is essential.

GEO. P. WILLIAMS.

Idaho Wool Sales

L. L. Ormsby has just sold this year's clip of wool, which consists of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, at twenty cents a pound. This is the highest price paid so far for wool in Idaho. The clip is an excellent one, which accounts for the high price paid.

The largest single sale of wool ever made in Idaho was made in Boise last week, when a representative of Eisman Brothers, of Boston, Mass., sold to Cecil Caverley, of Boston, one million eight hundred thousand pounds of wool, for which he received eighteen cents a pound.

O. I. ELIS.

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Muck-Lands and How to Make Them Pay

EVERY country contains considerable swamp-land, much of which is covered with a formation of muck or peat. The size of these formations varies from a fraction of an acre to tracts containing several thousand acres. In many states of the Union, such as Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Florida, these formations are so large and numerous that their aggregate areas amount to from one thousand to five thousand square miles in each state. So general is the distribution of these lands that nearly one half of the American experiment stations have devoted attention to them. They are known under various local names, such as swamp, muck, peat, marsh, tamarack, hackmatack, muskeg, alkali and bogus. The last two names are applied to those that are unproductive. The term "alkali" is not properly applied to such lands, as the unproductiveness is not due to alkali in the usual sense of that term. These soils have been formed from water-plants of various sorts, which have been partially preserved by the water covering them. Genuine peat is formed by a moss which dies below while continuing its growth above.

Most of these lands fall into two general classes: First, beds of comparatively pure peat or muck surrounded by and resting on marl or clay formations, sometimes with sand or gravel layers; second, areas of black humus alternating with low ridges of sandy soil, and mixed to a greater or less extent with sand.

These lands are not well suited for the production of small grains, but when properly handled become of the highest value for the production of corn, potatoes, onions, celery, peppermint, millet, pasture-grasses, buckwheat, and in Europe they are also used for the production of sugar-beets. The first thing to be done is to drain them. The drainage should be as deep as possible, since these soils compact a good deal when the water is removed. The permanent water-level ought to be reduced below forty-two inches from the surface for the best results. Especial attention should be given to cutting off the water which may flow from surrounding lands and to springs near the margin of the formation. By doing this the water-level may often be reduced without using much tile in the muck itself, the lower brown layers of which are very apt to close up the joints and pores of the tile. A ditch around the marsh and one open ditch through it is often all that is necessary.

After these lands are drained they will generally produce two or more very good corn crops, but after a time the corn becomes chaffy, and on some of the lands not even stalks will grow. Coarse manure can be used to increase the yields, but the characteristic and valuable ingredient of the manure, the nitrogen, is not needed, and the manure can be used to much better advantage on higher lands.

Field-tests and chemical examinations of these soils agree in pointing out that the element always lacking in these soils is potash. Where the land will produce no sound corn, two hundred pounds to the acre of muriate of potash should be used. Where a moderate crop of corn can be raised, one hundred pounds to the acre will be enough. On the muck-lands that contain considerable sand it often pays to use some phosphoric acid in addition to the above amounts of potash. This can be obtained by using one hundred pounds of acid phosphate or of steamed bone to the acre. When it is impossible to reduce the water-level to more than two feet below the surface, the use of two hundred and fifty pounds of muriate of potash to the acre has resulted in profitable corn crops.

On the L. G. Nice farm, in Tippecanoe County, the use of two hundred and fifty pounds of muriate of potash to the acre on muck having a water-level at planting of fourteen inches and at harvest of twenty-four inches, gave forty-two and three tenths bushels of corn to the acre, while the plots on which no potash was used gave sixteen and two tenths bushels. On potash plots ninety and two tenths per cent of the corn was sound, while on plots to which no potash was applied only sixty-nine per cent was sound.

HOW TO USE THE FERTILIZER

The muriate of potash should be applied broadcast before plowing, or after plowing and before harrowing. Do not apply it in the hill with a fertilizer attachment, since it is so concentrated and so soluble that it may retard or prevent germination unless it should rain very soon after the crop is planted.

While it is not customary to apply potash salts to such lands until their productiveness is reduced, some experiments conducted last year on lands that were plowed for the first time proved that it was profitable to use it on the first crop,

the increased value of the crop on the fertilized plots over that on the unfertilized being nearly three times the cost of the fertilizer.

With onions the results have been even more remarkable. With this crop, however, it is advisable to use some quickly available nitrogen in addition to the potash and phosphoric acid. There is plenty of nitrogen in the muck, but during the early stages of the growth of the onion-plant the soil is so cold that nitrification does not take place rapidly enough to supply soluble nitrogen to the plants, and growth is retarded.

An experiment with onions on muck-land at Nappanee, Ind., gave the following results:

No fertilizer, three hundred bushels to the acre; four hundred pounds of sulphate of potash, four hundred bushels to the acre; four hundred pounds of bone and two hundred and forty pounds of blood, five hundred bushels to the acre; one hundred and sixty pounds of sulphate of potash, four hundred pounds of bone and two hundred and forty pounds of blood, seven hundred bushels to the acre, while five hundred pounds of a mixed fertilizer containing its nitrogen and phosphoric acid in more soluble forms and the potash in the same form as before gave a yield of seven hundred and ninety-five bushels to the acre.

These results indicate that for onions and truck crops on these soils a complete fertilizer containing in soluble forms two to three per cent of nitrogen, six to eight per cent of phosphoric acid and eight to ten per cent of potash will be found profitable. The average amount used to the acre has been about five hundred pounds, but two or three times this amount could be profitably used. The most successful growers recommend one thousand pounds to the acre.—W. J. Jones, Jr., in Bulletin of the Indiana Experiment Station.

Three Hundred Million Dollars Lost to American Farmers by Insects Every Year

An expert connected with the Department of Agriculture said recently that insects injure American fruits to the amount of three hundred million dollars annually. It is well known among farmers that every spring thousands of grapevines and newly set fruit-trees are killed. Sometimes the farmer swears at the man who sold him the fruit-trees or the vines. He gets red in the neck every time he thinks of the nurseryman from whom he made his purchases. He thinks he has been infamously swindled. The trouble, however, is often caused by what is known among farmers as the cutworm, which usually makes its trips to orchards and vineyards at night in order to eat the luscious buds. When daylight appears, it is said that the cutworm hides in the soil.

It has been said by a talented writer upon the subject, in substance, that if the farmer will take a lantern some night after the fruit-buds have begun to swell he will find the cutworm, and that many people hunt and destroy it in this way. It is lucky, however, that this destructive worm has many enemies. The worm is esteemed a great delicacy by cat-birds, chickens, robins, and even toads and spiders. The farmer, however, should help these friends.

Many methods of fighting cutworms have been invented, but as a writer upon the subject has wittily said, the best way is to "fence them out" with a small barrier of paper. He says: "Cut some stiff tar-paper into strips about nine inches long and two or three inches wide. Put a strip around a tree-trunk, tightly lap the edges one inch or more, and push the lower half of the circle into the soil, to anchor it and to prevent worms from easily burrowing beneath. It takes but a short time and only a few cents to thus protect several hundred newly set trees."

For cabbage-plants, etc., a smaller band may prove convenient. All that is necessary is to have the paper at least one and one half inches away from all parts of the plant or tree, to have the edges lapped tightly, and to make sure that no worms are hidden in the soil between the paper and the plant. Any kind of stiff paper or wood veneer or tin will do. I prefer tar-paper because it is lasting and cheap.

An orchard or garden thus protected is safe for many weeks—until cutworm danger is mostly over. Just why the worms do not "climb over the fence" is a puzzle, but they very rarely do. The writer of this article has watched them in his own orchard at night, and has seen them climb up the paper fence on

In the Field

the outer side, crawl all around the top, reach inward in a vain attempt to touch the encircled tree, and then sullenly and disgustingly crawl down on the outside the way they had come. That they do not often crawl down on the inside is a curious fact.

HENRY HARDWICKE.

No Water Needed to Grow Crops

The most wide-spread movement in the history of the country for the development of unirrigated lands in the West is in progress this spring in Colorado. Hundreds of thousands of acres are being brought under cultivation as the result of government and other irrigation projects, but aside from this a plan far greater in its scope has been started for the successful use of Colorado farm-land without water.

There are ten million acres in eastern Colorado which can never be irrigated by water from the rivers of the Rockies, and these vast tracts, at present absolutely arid and unfruitful except for grazing purposes, it is proposed to put under cultivation by the Campbell system of dry farming. This system, adapted from the German by Prof. H. W. Campbell, is purely the substitution of cultivation for irrigation. Experiments have shown that seven inches of rainfall a year will produce more and better crops of cereals under the Campbell system than can possibly be grown on irrigated land where water is cheap and plentiful.

To prove this to the satisfaction of the farmers of the world, more than thirty experimental farms will be established on the plains of eastern Colorado this year, most of them under the personal direction of Professor Campbell. Four will be operated by the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads, both of which still own several million acres remaining from their government grants.

The state agricultural college at Fort Collins is establishing ten in various sections of the arid district; Boulder County is arranging for one, and a dozen or more will be started by individual land-owners and immigration companies. At the present time about five thousand acres of land within the state are cultivated with only such water as rainfall provides, usually about fourteen inches a year, and the crops grown thereon are the finest and most prolific raised in the West.—Colorado Press Bureau.

Value of Legumes

So much has been said and written on the value of the legume as a soil-enricher that it is generally recognized by the tiller of the soil that leguminous crops have the power, when grown on land, of adding fertility to the soil. Some make the mistake of expecting too much of the legume, and they conclude that if the legume has the power of enriching the soil that it is useless to add fertilizer. They do not understand that only nitrogen is added to the soil by the leguminous crop, and this only when the plants develop nodules, or tubercles, on their roots. If there are no tubercles on the roots, the legume must depend upon the soil to furnish nitrogen, and the crop becomes a nitrogen-consumer rather than a nitrogen-giver to the soil. The remedy in such cases is soil-inoculation, which may be done by adding a small amount of soil from a soil known to contain bacteria. But when this is all considered, the practical farmer wants to know how much nitrogen is likely to be added an acre by growing a leguminous crop, and how much it is worth compared with the commercial article. The average of sixteen experiments in the United States showed a gain of one hundred and twenty-two pounds of nitrogen an acre; this calculated at fifteen cents a pound—the value usually given to nitrogen in commercial fertilizer—would amount to eighteen dollars and thirty cents, or compared with nitrate of soda, which contains about fifteen per cent of nitrogen, it would be worth from eight hundred to one thousand pounds of nitrate of soda.

A. J. LEGG.

In "Ole Mississipp"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

surface of these wooden walls, which prevents the accumulation of dust thereon, and gives a rich dark background peculiarly effective for pictures, and much more restful to the eye than paper of any kind. This mode of finishing houses is chosen because it is cheaper in this "land of the long-leaf pine" than lath and plaster, though, since the boards warp more or less in the heat of the summer suns, it is a less effective protection when the sharp north winds of the winter blow.

However, the winters are very short, and the true Southerner would scorn to be more sensitive to the cold than his father was. Generally he depends for heating almost wholly upon open fireplaces; this preference, being inherited, yields very slowly to the superior comfort of stoves.

The new settler from the North in Mississippi finds it very hard to accustom himself to the great number of negroes here. There is not a little pathos in the fact—patent to every observer—that the Northerner, though long supposed to be the especial friend of the black man, becomes, when brought in contact with him, less his friend than his old masters in slavery. It is use that breeds tolerance and charity, after all. The Northerner has never been accustomed to have negroes around him, their mere presence annoys him, while their ignorance of his methods of work—more exacting and strenuous than those of the South—infuriates him. This is unfortunate, since it seriously militates against the prosperity of the Northern colonies that are now springing up all over the Southern states.

The Southern negro has unquestionably advanced in some particulars since his emancipation, while in others he has palpably retrograded. This retrogression is no doubt owing to inborn faults that under the stern rule of bondage were held in check, but are now left to a rank and baleful growth. Immediate emancipation was a mistake; emancipation with suffrage was little less than a crime toward a race utterly unfit for it. That its evil effects were far less pronounced and far-reaching than they might have been, the history of the last thirty years shows, and this history plainly proves that the slavery system, wrong and unjust as it certainly was, was neither as cruel nor as debasing as its opponents believed it to be.

As a class the negroes live very poorly, and are no better fed and clothed than they were under the old régime. Their cabins are poor and small, and often in a most dilapidated condition. But no negro ever cares enough for appearances to keep his cabin in repair. If he rents, it is not his business to drive a nail in the ripping boards; that should be done at the expense of the white man who had the cabin built. If he owns the place, it is nobody's business but his own if he lets it fall to pieces. As a matter of fact, very few negroes do own their homes. I once heard a lady ask a land-owner here whether it would not be a good plan to build some small houses on lots of a few acres each, and sell them to negroes on monthly payments. He replied that it was doubtful whether the cabins would be bought. A negro, he said, very seldom cares to work and struggle and save in order to buy his home. When he does buy his place he is apt to consider his lifework done, and fancy that he has nothing more to do but to sit down and think how much smarter he is than his neighbors.

I had a young negro working in my sweet-potato patch last summer who charged me sixty cents a day—which was considerably more than he was worth, by the way—and he assured me that in two days he could earn enough to keep him for a week. Generally speaking, I noted afterward that two days was his limit of a week's work; there was likely to be something the matter with him the other four days. It is the invariable rule among Mississippi farmers never to pay negroes for any work that has been done during the week until Saturday afternoon, and the employer who is shrewd never pays up even then. When a negro goes away with all you owe him in his pocket the chances are that he will not show up again unless you have him bound by a contract.

Nevertheless, the negro farm-hand in Mississippi is a useful fellow. Get hold of him by the right handle, and you can get a lot of good work out of him. During the heat of summer he is simply invaluable. Wherefore, it is most unfortunate that the increase of factories and mills in Mississippi, as well as in other Southern states, and the building up of towns are steadily depleting the number of farm-laborers. Italians and Mexicans are now being brought in tentatively to supply the deficiency. But it is certain that no other class of workers will ever prove quite as satisfactory here, after all, as the darky has been and still is. Idle though he may be in inclination, and needing as constant supervision and direction as a child, he yet brings to his work a cheerful, contented spirit that can belong only to the laborer native to the soil—the loamy brown and yellow soil of "Ole Mississipp."

Please do not allow your subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE to run out. It must be good, or it would not continue to grow faster than any other similar journal in the world. Renew early, and do not miss any of the numbers. Get your neighbor to send along with you.

The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

Forging Ahead

It is often declared impossible for a young person to forge ahead in the grange. There is some truth and some error in the statement. One who works in the grange or in any other thing that means anything in the world will have the eyes opened rather unpleasantly at first, but the requisite qualities—pluck, zeal, integrity, the habit of hard work, determination to succeed whether the whole power is against you or not—will win in the grange and in every other place. "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead" is a splendid motto. This, from Browning, has ever been a comfort:

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go.
Be our joy three parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang;
Dare, never grudge the throe.

And this, also, is an ideal that will help in times of trial:

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake."

Do your work as God tells you to work. Scorn all that is low or mean. Have no traffic with those whose steps are not upright. Keep your eyes open to truth. Mingle with mankind. Retire now and then into solitude, and hold communion with your own soul; then go forth, and work. Learn to read men and women. Believe in them until they shall prove themselves unworthy of confidence, but let not your belief lead you into confidences. Be honest, be true, and it will be impossible for any to overwhelm you. Time is sternly, awfully, beautifully just. No one can wrong the universe, try soever hard. The act will rebound on themselves. If you have the qualities that will win, if you feel it is worth the while, go in and win. And remember that holding office is not winning. The great mass of office-holders have faded into oblivion. But doing something that the great struggling, throbbing world wants should be done will bring the laurel wreath. If it is office you seek, it is easy enough to get if you want to go after it. The methods are known. If that is your measure of success, this is not for you.

Interest in Rural Schools

S. K. Mardis, superintendent of the Liverpool, Ohio, schools, writes: "I read the excellent write-up in the February 1st issue on the Federated Teachers. I want to thank you for it. There must be more interest in country schools. I do not think that we will ever have as efficient rural schools as we should have until there is competent supervision. This must be county supervision. The township has not the necessary tax-duplicate to support it in every part of the state. The new code makes it possible to combine two or more townships, but this will not thoroughly reach the case. A county superintendent will create educational interest, and will be an educational leader for the people. This is what is needed. I feel that with the coöperation of the grange and other rural educational agencies the Federation will be able to accomplish much."

"I am particularly interested in what you say about the discussion of educational problems at grange meetings and farmers' institutes," says Superintendent Martzloff, of New Lexington, Ohio. "I believe that farmers should have the best education obtainable for their children. That education should not lead away from, but toward, the farm. So long as our country boys are sent away to get an education in the elementary and secondary studies, just so long will they be dissatisfied with rural life and will leave the farm. When farmers see that it is possible to have as good schools in the country as in the city, then will the boy and girl stay on the farm. The rural high school must come, and the farmers ought to be awake to its importance. Keep the good work going."

Country schools do not as well serve the needs of the youth as did those of half a century ago. It is idle to speculate and tell how interested we are in better schools. Whenever there is a very general desire for better schools we will

have them. The country has better advantages for good schools, and at less cost, than the city. When the present condition becomes intolerable to even a minority they will make such a fight for better schools that even the indifferent will be compelled to action, and the opponents will have to flee. What we want is a few leaders in each community who feel the call to do something for school-betterment to rouse the people from their iron-lidded sleep. It requires effort, courage, steadfastness and a very true love for humanity, but he or she who becomes such an apostle will receive the welcome plaudits of those who have been bettered. What are the organized farmers of your community doing about this very important matter? Do you complain of lack of interest, nothing to do? The trouble is that there is so much to do that the energies will be taxed to the uttermost. But the reward is great. Go to work. Get a school man or woman who is full of enthusiasm and eager for the best interests of the school to come and address you. Create an enthusiasm for better schools. That is the only way that you will ever get them. "Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man." "Success treads on the footsteps of every right effort."

Let some Moses appear in each community who can render available the latent energy of the interested, arouse the interest of the indifferent, give a little backbone to those who think schools are poor, but cannot be bettered, and convince those who say that the schools are good enough that they are poor enough. Then will the schools receive the attention that they should have had long ago.

Answers to Inquiries Concerning the Educational Work of the Ohio State Grange

Many have asked questions in regard to the new educational work undertaken by the Ohio State Grange. I will attempt to answer them here. Read the booklet carefully, and you will find the answers to most of them.

In the first place, there seems to be a misapprehension as to who are eligible to take the course of study outlined. It is provided by the Ohio State Grange for the benefit of its membership, and the expenses are paid by the state grange. For years there has been a call from the membership for systematic work.

There are no expenses connected with this course of study, save the purchase of text-books. It is a good thing to buy the reference-works, as well. They are books that will be standards in their various lines for many years.

Order the books through the superintendent of the work, where a discount of twenty per cent may be obtained, or through the booksellers.

The work is not intended to take the place of a college education. It offers to those desiring to study at home an opportunity to do so.

Several have asked me if it would be a preparation for the young men and women entering agricultural college. It will be a help, but will not be accepted as a substitute for work done in the class-room at the college.

Persons desiring to take the course of study will enroll as members of a class; the lecturer of the subordinate grange will send the list of names to the superintendent, who will keep an accurate record with each grange. The list of names must be signed by the master and secretary of the local grange, and must have the seal of the grange attached.

Booklet explaining the work will be sent to any one interested.

Address all inquiries to the superintendent, Mrs. Mary E. Lee, New Plymouth, Ohio.

OUTLINE OF STUDY

The first outline deals with soils, and Brooks' "Soils" (\$1.25) is the text-book. "Fertility of the Land," "The Soil," King's "Irrigation and Drainage," "The Chemistry of the Soils and Fertilizers" and Vivian's "Principles of Manuring" are references. On domestic science, Richards' "Home Sanitation" has been selected as the text-book (price fifty cents); references, Waring's "How to Drain a House," Burrage's "School Sanitation and Decoration," Pounkett's "Women, Plumbers and Doctors." A discount of twenty per cent is allowed on most of these works. Richards' is net. The study in domestic science deals with sanitary matters. A lesson is given for each grange meeting, with questions and topical references.

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This rifle uses no powder—just air. There is no smoke, no noise.

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A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA



SOMEBODY ought to take a poke—that is the way people talk nowadays—somebody ought to take a poke at the college professor who said last week that people should use the word "agriculturist" when referring to tillers of the soil, instead of the word "farmer." Never mind what college he is connected with, the college means well, and should not be blamed. A man ought not to be blamed if he gets seed labeled "turnips" and horse-radish springs up. Colleges usually hire men with letters after their names, and when the plants come to maturity they are liable to find only common greens where they expected spinach.

So this college professor thinks the word "farmer" should be dropped and the word "agriculturist" substituted. He says it is a better word. Somebody ought to take a poke at him.

If there is a better word than "farmer" it is not in the dictionary. These thin-shanked professors may know how many joints there are in the backbone of an angworm, but they do not know everything else. What is the matter with the word "farmer?" There are enough definitions of the word in the dictionaries to fill a column in a newspaper, but there is in life but one definition of it.

A farmer is a man who lives on a farm and cultivates the land, and attends to his own business, and produces something that is of some account—something else besides scandal and gossip and trouble. A farmer is a man the politicians cajole and the merchant courts. He is the fellow who keeps his feet on the ground and soaks up whatever there is of inspiration in Nature. He is the man who is not afraid of work, who has a hired man to help him, not to wait on him, and the one who feeds the world whether the world pays for its keep or not.

College professors are all right, in a way. They know a heap of things, some of which are not true, as Artemus Ward used to say. They earn their pay, probably, and the world does not want to get along without them. Still, the college professor who suggests another word for "farmer" might be more profitably employed chewing food for sick parrots, or something of that sort.

Why is it that when some people show a friendliness toward you, you instinctively feel like putting your hand upon your pocketbook?

The best way to buy a farm is to wait until the farmer gets into a lawsuit. It is only a question of time then until he will need money worse than he needs the farm.

If three boys are no more trouble than one boy, it is because nothing could be any more trouble than one boy.

Soaking up sunshine is more pleasant than patent-medicine, and more effective. It beats any infants' food on the market for putting life into the children. It is an enemy of torpid livers, a friend of laughter, and whips into a trot the blood of old and young.

Sunshine never caused a death in all of its existence. It never hatched a disease-germ nor rode in a hearse. It dances with joy and walks with contentment. There is not an unkind thought in it, nor a frown, nor an ache or pain. It is a tonic and the true elixir of life. It heals wounds, even wounds of the heart. It plays with children, tickles the fat sides of maturity, and smiles with old age. It creeps through every tiny crack of a fellow's disposition, and chases discontent around the corners and into the darkness. It is the best friend of the mother and the only companion fit for children. It gives all that is good, and asks nothing in return.

If a hen laid an egg as big as a goose she would never get through cackling over it.

The runt isn't to blame for being a runt, but that is no reason why the other pigs should refuse to grow until the runt catches up.

Did you ever notice that we speak of a man "accepting a position" and "getting a job?"

Someway it doesn't seem possible that there could be much fun in automobilizing—any more than in street-carring, for instance, or in traction-lining. It's bound to be a tame sort of sport to a fellow who has lived in the country. It is just about as much kin to riding as going after the doctor is related to a pleasant jog along the road with a neighbor—or, what is better,

with a neighbor's daughter. Of course, it's getting over the ground, but that is about all.

Even buggy-riding is not in it with the ride on the top deck of a horse. That's the only thing fit to be called riding. Give the average boy a red-wheeled buggy and a new linen lap-robe and a pair of yellow-colored lines and glass initials on the side of the bridle, and a girl—give him all of them, and he can have a tolerably fair sort of time along the country road; but ask the old fellow over there in the corner, with the paper about four inches from his eyes, what about the rides he used to have when he went to church. Ask him about the times he used to get his girl up behind him on a sorrel plug and canter down the road. And then watch his face.

Still, there isn't any use calling up those ancient matters. The old fellow over in the corner will not be here much longer, and when he is gone there will be none left to tell about the horseback ride, and those who are left will not know what they have missed. Maybe, too, the automobile will do for the coming generation, since sentiment is not so plentiful as it once was, and country roads are scarcer—can't hardly get out of sight of a house now.

Some people are not opposed to marriage until afterward.

When you see a hidebound old miser you are bound to admire Nature for limiting the span of life.

It is pretty hard to convince the average man that the average woman doesn't strike below the average when she is making her guess as to what the average man is like.

The politician is about the only fellow who really appreciates the farmer. The politician is a wise bird, anyway—an early bird that catches the voting worm. These politicians, though, are not keeping pace with the farmer. Time was when a politician could plow a round or two for the farmer, and thus convince the son of the soil that he, the politician, was the whole wheat-field, but that old game doesn't work any more. The farmer has come to such a point in life that he knows when he pays his taxes that somebody has been lying to him about the tariff, or free silver, or the Panama Canal, or the Philippines, and he is growing wary of the politician.

Still, the politician knows the farmer better than anybody else, and it is going to be several years before the farmer learns enough to tell the politician that he is out of a job. Farmers are sort of good-natured, anyway, and do not always have the moral courage to tell a man to his face that he is of no use to the community. Otherwise, a whole lot of the politicians would be out of business before November.

People who join a secret society believing it will help them, never help the society any.

Because a potato has a dozen eyes is no sign it sees more than one with only nine.

If farmers didn't have any more sense than ordinary folks they would be the biggest fools in creation. That's not Irish, either. If it were not for the fact that the farmer is a well-posted man, capable of telling poison-ivy from dandelions, they would be spoiled by some of the inane stuff that alleged farm journals print.

The average farm journal is edited by some fellow who couldn't tell the difference between cockle-burs and cabbage, and the business office is the whole thing in such shops. A cheap guy with a few intellectual bumps is employed to do the writing, and with an encyclopedia which the firm got for advertising, this succulent young thing, that wouldn't make good nibbling for immature goats, is turned loose to furnish reading matter for the farmer.

Some people firmly believe that farmers are a separate breed of cattle—something different from the rest of humanity. They see the funny pictures in the papers about Farmer Corntassel, with his scraggly whiskers, and they think that all farmers are alike. They serve up such a lot of bosh as would drive a farmer to drink if he didn't have any more sense than have the aforesaid succulent ones. There is not a class of people on earth who have to thresh more straw to get a few kernels of wheat than the farmer, and the wonder is that they do not put out of business about half of these sun-baked agricultural papers, just as they would any other weeds that grow in the furrows:

HERE is something about a country girl that is different, and in her favor. It would be ungallant for anybody to say anything about the city girl. She does manage to get herself up in fetching style. For a quarter she can buy paint and powder and ribbons enough to make a fellow feel like heaven without her would be a barren field, but somehow she is not in it with her sister from the country when you come to take in the whole situation.

Farmers' sons, as a rule, come out all right when they go to the city to live—in fact, the successful men of all cities are farmers' boys—but it takes a boy longer to get the green off of him than it does a girl. A boy takes polish only by being rubbed hard; a girl drops off her rough corners when nobody is looking.

There are several years between the country boy and the city banker, but there is a much lesser time between the milkmaid and the queen of the ball. To begin with, the country girl has blood in her veins, and luster in her eye, and gray matter in her head, and virtue and sentiment. She may be attracted to some shallow dude because of his well-fitting clothes—even a girl ought not to be expected to know everything—but it does not require many moons in the city for Miss Country to outshine them all. Indeed, if she happens to marry a man with more than an ounce of brains, she will not only make herself, but she will pull her husband out of the fence-corners and set him out in the sunlight, where he will bloom and blossom and bring forth fruits of pleasant forms.

And then in adversity, if that comes. The country girl has seen storms. All was not sunshine on the farm. Rainy days there were, and blizzards, and cruel weather. She has learned the graces of the drawing-room, but she has not forgotten the utility of the kitchen. She has demonstrated that she is a lady of ease, but she still remembers the cows and the pans and the cooking utensils. She had believed that she was divorced from them, but she has never scorned them. In adversity, if it comes, she can still take hold of the implements and do things—she can even turn out spotless linen from soiled cotton. She does not want to do it—she had hoped that she would never have to go back to the heat of the stove—but when it becomes necessary, she can do it. And she does it with a grace and an ease she never knew before. And the failed husband, the man with whom she had hoped she would always sail on sunny seas, she can nurse him, too, if necessary. She whines not, neither does she reproach him for his shortcomings. She took him for better or for worse—and the worse is here. She makes the better of it.

A man doesn't make any mistake when he marries a country girl.

You can't learn farming from books, any more than you can learn to swim from diagrams.

It isn't always the biggest toe that has the corn.

A farmer may get more out of life than any other man, but he gets it himself. He doesn't wait for some fellow to bring it to him.

People are like little boys, and little boys are certainly all right. You will recall that when you were a boy it used to be the custom for the gang to take out as hard as it could when within about a hundred yards of a fence, and then for some one of the crowd to holler, "Last one over's a nigger baby."

Well, it's the same now, last one over is a nigger baby—that is something the white boys do not want to be. Last farmer through with his work is a nigger baby. Last one to accomplish something, last one to learn that life is what he makes it, last one to get out of the world what the world has for him, which is peace and contentment—last one over is a nigger baby.

The only way some people find out there is a hole in the pavement is by tumbling into it, and it is the same with some people and sin.

Why is it that the look that comes out of the corner of a woman's eye is different from any other kind of look?

Some of the wise things that men have said seem so simple that a fellow actually gets mad to think that he didn't think of them himself.

As Henry always said: "The stubbornest calf on the place has a good pair of boots in its hide."

A Worker of Eighty-Two Years

THIS is the day of remarkable mental and physical vigor among aged men and women who have obeyed God's law of life in regard to right living. There are many men and women beyond fourscore years of age who are still most useful in the world. Julia Ward Howe sometimes speaks five or six times a week, and she will be eighty-six her next birthday. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's voice may still be heard nearly every week pleading for some good cause, and she is eighty-five years of age. Edward Everett Hale may be seen in his office every day, and he is now eighty-three years old. A man a little less widely known, perhaps, is still working faithfully in the good cause he espoused many years ago, and he is now eighty-two years of age. His name is George T. Angell, and every reader of that most useful publication, "Our Dumb Animals," may not know that he is its founder and editor. It is no doubt true that this little paper has done more to secure kind and humane treatment for our dumb animals than any other influence in the world, unless it may be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and this very useful society owes its existence to Mr. Angell.

One day about forty years ago Mr. Angell read in the daily papers an account of two horses being driven in a prolonged race until one of the poor creatures fell dead, and the other one died a day or two later. This aroused the indignation of Mr. Angell, and he then and there determined to do something to awaken public sentiment to the cruelty, the inhumanity of such an occurrence. He was at this time a young lawyer with a lucrative practice, but he became so interested in the cause he had espoused that he determined to devote his life to it. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized, and while there were not lacking those who called it a "sentimental organization," there were others who believed it to be a good and wise society, and they gave it their encouragement. Out of this organization grew nearly fifty thousand Bands of Mercy, the members of which pledge themselves to treat all the animal kingdom kindly and to do all that they can to secure kind treatment of animals on the part of others.

Many thousands of boys and girls belong to these Bands of Mercy, and the dumb creatures of our country have been saved much needless suffering because of them. Mr. Angell has not limited his efforts to his own land, for he went to England, and established many humane societies there. He has visited many of the states of the Union in the interest of humane societies, and has done well and faithfully that which he felt to be his duty.

Many of you may have read that charming little story called "Black Beauty," and if you were fond of horses before, you must have been still fonder of them after reading that book. Mr. Angell has distributed more than two million copies of this book simply because of the good he felt it might do in securing kinder treatment for horses, and no doubt many horses have been saved from neglect and cruelty because of the story of Black Beauty.

No one has circulated so much literature about animals and our duty toward them as has Mr. Angell, who, at the age of eighty-two, is as enthusiastic over his work as any young man could be. Living a good life is always conducive to longevity if one has the good fortune to bring into the world with him that heritage of inestimable value, a good constitution. Lacking this, it is still more imperative that one should obey all God's laws of right living if one would have length of years; and when length of years means continued work in a good cause, life takes on a new beauty and a higher value as one grows older. H.

The Finest Home for Cripples in the World

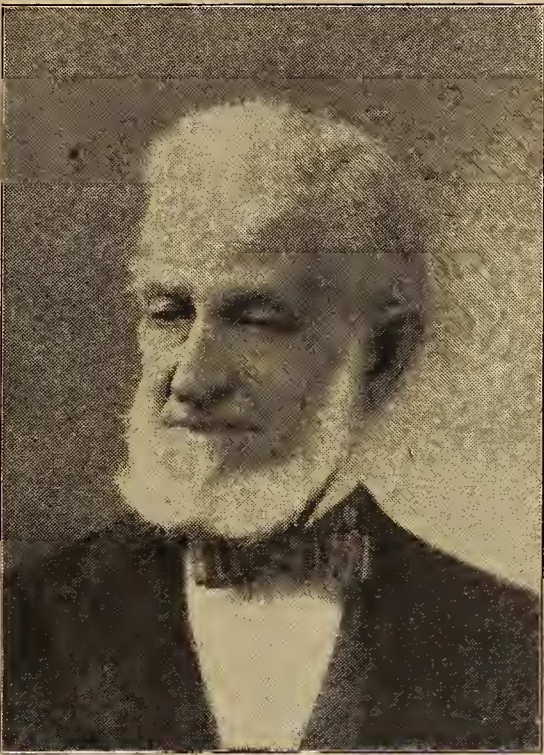
It is good to know that so many of the very rich men and women of the present day have a great sense of responsibility regarding the use God expects them to make of their wealth. Every year the list of gifts to schools, hospitals, churches and charitable institutions of all kinds grows larger.

Last year these gifts amounted to a little more than sixty-two million dollars, or \$172,564.25 for every day in the year. Nine persons gave gifts of one million or more each for educational or charitable purposes. Mr. Carnegie gave away nearly twenty million dollars last year; Miss S. C. Tracy, of New York, gave five million to different charitable institutions; Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, gave five million to the Field Museum; Dr. T. W. Evans gave more than three million to Philadelphia for a museum of dentistry; a Western philanthropist, Mrs. Reed, of Pasadena, gave two million for educational purposes, and a Mr. J. A. Woolson, of Boston, gave twelve hundred thousand for education in the East; Mrs. Sarah Potter, of Boston, gave more than a million to different charitable institutions in New England. Colleges and schools have received more than eighteen million in gifts from individuals.

Of all the noble gifts of the year that has gone, none will appeal more to those of warm and tender

Around the Fireside

sympathies than the gift of a home and school for destitute crippled children. Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, is the generous giver of the finest home for destitute crippled boys and girls in the world. When completed it will cost more than one million



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GEORGE T. ANGELL

dollars, and no one can estimate its value to the unfortunate boys and girls for whom it has been built.

It is the intention to receive into this home crippled boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen years, and to give them the best of instruction in the things it is possible for them to do. Some of these children will have but one leg, some but one arm; others will be unable to walk at all, and all will be sadly handicapped by the stroke of misfortune that has made them cripples for life. The institution will be both a hospital and a school, for everything will be done to lessen the deformities or the cause that makes the child a cripple. The most skillful surgeons, the best of doctors and the most intelligent of nurses will be in attendance to give their services to the children, and care and skill and patience will help many of the boys and girls to overcome in part the physical limitations that keep them from doing the things done by other boys and girls.

Every boy and girl will be taught a trade or some occupation within his or her abilities. An effort will be made to make the children entirely self-supporting by the time they leave the home. Girls will be taught drawing, dressmaking, embroidery and all kinds of needlework. They will be taught to make full use of the powers left to them. Boys will be given instruction in the arts and crafts and in anything for which they show ability. Children will be paid wages for their work even while they are in the home, but after

arranged for a careful and kindly "mothering" of the children by good women who are in tender sympathy with unfortunate childhood.

The group of buildings comprising this home is surrounded by thirty-five acres of ground, so there will be plenty of "breathing-room" for the children. It is Mr. Widener's intention to beautify the grounds in every way possible. The buildings cover a tract of ground about four hundred feet square. There are playrooms, bath-rooms, reading-rooms and a "gym" for both boys and girls. There are elevators, and wherever it is possible to have them, there are inclined planes for the children to use instead of stairs. All of the buildings are so connected that the boys and girls can go from one to the other in the most inclement weather without being exposed in any way.

Indeed, everything that money and human kindness and ingenuity can devise may be found in this wonderful home, in which so many of the crippled boys and girls of the great city of Philadelphia are to be cared for and developed into useful men and women. One could not well give to the world a more useful building than this, nor one from which there will go forth so much helpfulness and happiness into the world. The good that men do shall live after them, and we have the promise of the Master that they who are kind and loving to his helpless little ones shall have an exceeding great reward.

J. L. HARBOUR.

Secret of Japan's Military Strength

Mr. F. A. McKenzie, writing in "C. B. Fry's Magazine," says the Japanese are the cleanest-living and the most sober soldiers in the world. They have no camp-followers; they take very little drink; their diet is simplicity itself; their one luxury is the incessant smoking of cheap cigarettes. The Japanese soldier is not a vegetarian, as many suppose. His main article of diet is rice, but to this he adds, as part of his regular rations, pickles, dried fish and tinned meat. In peace-time instruction begins at 6 A.M., lasting until eleven, then rest and dinner, then four more hours of work. The military lectures, especially on sanitary matters, tactics and patriotism, continue whenever the men are resting, even in campaign-times. Avoidance of luxury is a point of honor. All know the story about General Nogi, who, when during the Chinese War he was presented with a costly cloak, sold it for the benefit of the sick, declaring that he had one cloak already, and there were many soldiers without any.

Birds to Dominate the Earth

Within three million years (a long way off) birds instead of men will dominate the earth, according to a lecture delivered by Prof. Samuel Williston, to a body of students of the University of Chicago. "It will be a natural course of events that will ultimately drive man from the dominant sphere on earth," said Professor Williston. "First came the fishes. They were dominant for a while, and had to give way to the amphibians. Then came the reptiles, and soon they yielded to the mammals. Now the mammals are weakening, and the newest clan, the birds, is growing to prominence, and in time, I sincerely believe, will be the dominant inhabitants of the earth. Each of these classes developed to the highest degree of specialization, and then began to wane. Man is developed to the highest degree now, and little more can be expected of him."

Model Use of Wealth

N. O. Nelson, a millionaire of St. Louis, who built the town of Le Claire, Ill., where he conducts a mammoth profit-sharing business giving work to four thousand employees, recently made the following remarks before a Chicago audience:

"Getting rich is merely a habit—a bad habit. Wealth piles up a load on the shoulders of the captain of industry.

"Wealth is a menace to children and grandchildren, who had no hand in its accumulation. There is no comfort in living in a mansion with half a dozen or more servants.

"I saw a two-hundred-thousand-dollar mansion the other day built from the proceeds of a cotton-corner. It will give the owner no comfort, and cost the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of cotton-mill operatives.

"You know and I know that the hardest job a man can have is living up to a big income.

"Try living with the poor. Hire a room for one dollar and fifty cents a week, and eat ten-cent breakfasts. It won't hurt you. The microbes of disease are no more likely to harm you there than in a steam-heated room for which you would pay from three to five dollars a day.

"Now, I have ceased to take any dividends from our business. Although it is operated in my name, the employees all get dividends on their wages, amounting during the last ten years to from four to ten per cent. This goes toward buying an interest in the business and paying for houses, except three tenths of it, which is devoted to philanthropies."



THE MAGNIFICENT WIDENER HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN, LOCATED AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

acquiring a degree of efficiency to make their work of value the boys and girls must begin paying for their board. This is a wise and fair arrangement, and one to which no right-minded boy or girl will object. No doubt it will be a great satisfaction to them to feel that they are earning their own living.

The small children in the home will be "mothered" in the way that all little people should be "mothered," and most particularly helpless crippled children. The smaller children will be divided into little groups, and there will be a "housemother" over every group, to give each child personal attention and to so far as possible take the place of the real mother in kindness and tenderness and sympathy. It is the earnest wish of the generous founder of the home that the institution be given the home atmosphere, and he has

Draping the House

THE most essential part of furnishing a house is the treatment of the windows and doors. The draperies for them will either destroy or add to the beauty of the room, consequently color and effect should be carefully studied when considering that part of the room. In almost every room simple white draperies for the windows are the most appropriate and pleasing, but at the present time *écru* is very popular, and figured muslins are used especially in the bedrooms.

A bedroom in almost any style or color can be draped in white swiss or muslin. Make the covers for the dressing-table and dresser to fit the tops, and finish them with a narrow ruffle of the same. For the windows cut the curtains to fall just below the sill, allowing for the hem at the bottom and a flounce at the top. When hung they are pushed back at either side, and the center of the pole is finished with a flounce eight or ten inches deep, or the same depth as the one on the curtains, if one was allowed. Cut the flounce deeper than required, to allow for the hem and a casing at the top. When running the curtains on the pole, run on one curtain and then the flounce before putting on the second curtain. This is also a pretty arrangement for dining-room curtains. If the figured muslins are used for the windows the color should correspond with that of the wall-paper and general color-scheme of the room.

Colored tapestries are popular for dining-rooms. A dining-room which had been decorated in deep red was effectively draped in red tapestry of very light weight. Lace and net curtains gracefully hung are always in good taste for the sitting-room, and in fact the most satisfactory for a living-room, as they do not soil as easily as the muslin.

The most effective and inexpensive materials for furnishing an open door are denims and burlaps. Denim comes in all colors, in plain, designs and blocked. Plain denim or burlap can be made into effective portières. Cut them the desired length, allowing enough for a hem at the bottom and a casing through which to run a pole at the top. Trim them with an Oriental braid or trimming of harmonizing colors. This may be purchased in different widths, but a one-inch to two-inch trimming will be found the most satisfactory. Stitch the braid down one side and across the bottom of the portières about two inches from the edge. For a single door one of these portières will be sufficient, but for wide double doors a pair will be necessary.

The figured denims and burlaps are made up in the same manner, but without trimming. In all cases the color of the portières should harmonize with the furnishings of the rooms. These materials are also used for covering window-seats and cedar chests, and even a trunk will be found convenient and not unattractive in a bedroom if hidden by a cover made from the denim.

Striped scrim makes a very attractive summer drapery. This may be purchased by the yard, and also comes made up ready to hang. It is largely used at the windows and for summer portières.

Numerous varieties of curtains and portières are shown in the stores, but when limited in purchasing, some of the suggestions given will be found helpful and satisfactory.

Many are compelled to spend the warm summer months at home, making summer resorts of their own homes. The absence of draperies at that time lessens the care and responsibility, and the house will be more comfortable without them. MARIE WILKINSON.

One of the New Collars

Among the latest collars are those in linen crash, like the one illustrated. A grayish tint distinguishes this linen from the usual cream-color. The shape is cut with two front tabs, and the base is finished in shallow scallops. Coarse cream or white Battenberg braid is set on to outline the top and divide the collar into sections for decorative purposes. This can be distinguished in the illustration.

Some of these parts are filled in with couching-stitch, the thread used being white luster cotton or linen. This couching is done by laying threads diagonally across the space in both directions, catching them down at intersecting points with short stitches straight across. In some places only a small portion of this couching is used, the edge of it being outlined where it does not touch the braid.

Daisy-like figures form the remainder of the embroidery. The petals of these are made in bird's-eye stitch. The needle is brought up through the material at the base of the petal, and the thread pulled through. The needle is then thrust back just beside the place where it came up, and the point is brought out where the tip of the petal should be, the thread being thrown around the point, much as in common chain-stitch. Pull the needle through, and thrust it down a short distance in advance of the tip, making a short stitch to hold the petal in place. Proceed thus for each petal, and finish the center with a French knot. In making this, bring the needle up at the desired point, coil the thread around it two or three times, hold the coil in position while pushing the needle back beside the starting-point, drawing the thread through the coil and pulling it into a knot. MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

Piqué-Darning on Net

The models shown in the illustration are intended to be suggestive of the possibilities of piqué-darning. This is such a simple stitch, and capable of such varied uses, that it is greatly appreciated by needleworkers, particularly at this time, when filet-net articles are so popular. The net may be purchased ready to use,

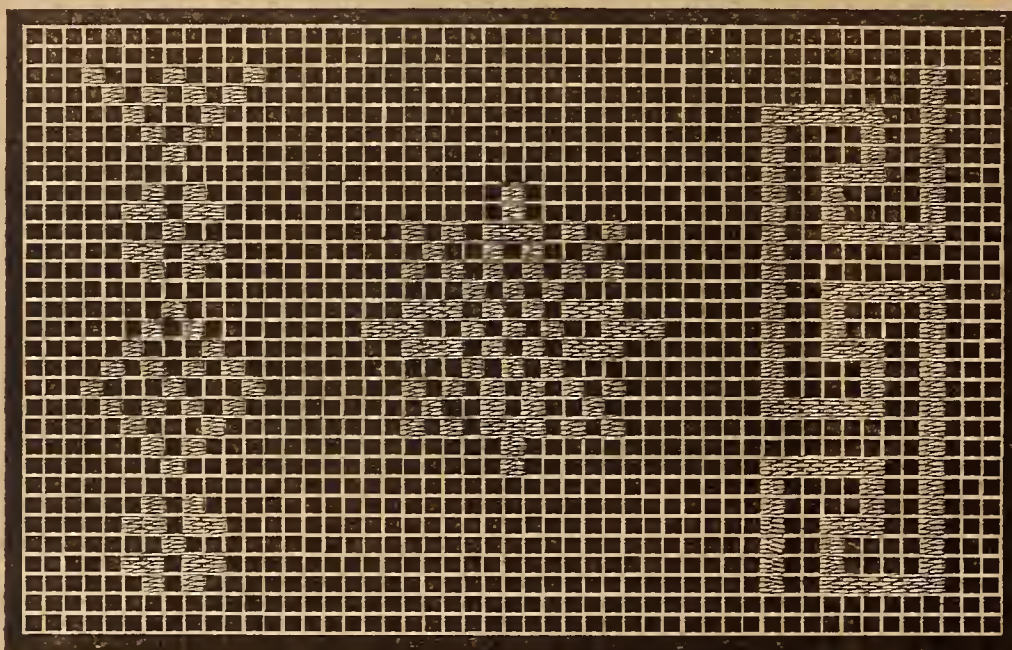


The Housewife

being of square mesh, even and smooth, of sufficient width for pieces as large as bed-spreads; or those who are familiar with the old-time netting process may make their own background-net. This old-fashioned fancy-work has come into its own again, and is being enthusiastically taken up by the present generation. It furnishes the foundation for the lovely filet-guipure work now seen on many elegant gowns, and is made use of as a foundation for other stitches.

The ready-made net comes in white and cream ordinarily, but is sometimes obtainable in other shades. It is used for bedroom-draperies, door-panels, borders or runners for table-covers or lunch-cloths, centers and doilies, for collar-and-cuff sets and decorative purposes generally. In fact, entire waists are made up of the net, elaborately decorated, and worn over silk linings, white or colored.

The piqué-darning stitch is simply weaving the



PIQUE-DARNING ON NET

working-thread—either silk, linen or luster cotton, white or colored—in and out of the meshes, placing five rows in each mesh, the stitches alternating under and over the mesh-threads. Two band designs are shown in the illustration, which will be very attractive for collar and cuffs, or as insertions in waists or panels for skirts. When used for the latter purpose they may be enlarged if preferred.

A unique and handsome lunch-cloth is made of pure fine white linen squares united into a large square by an insertion of ragged robins done in shades of blue on a white net. The exquisite beauty of this cloth when spread on a polished surface must be seen to be fully appreciated.

For medallions a pretty little design is shown, which will look well as a dress-garniture or as insets for dainty lingerie.

When it is necessary to hem the edge of the net, two or more rows of the holes are turned under and



ONE OF THE NEW COLLARS

caught down by squares of the darning or by over-and-over stitches.

One will find that in piqué-darning much more satisfactory results are obtained by running the stitches all one way of the net rather than using them at right angles part of the time. The work is done by counting the mesh-holes or by basting the net over a pattern, the design being plainly discernible through the net.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

A Girls' Luncheon

June, the month of roses, is also the month of sweet girl graduates, queens for the time being of the extensive rosebud-garden of girls, and the two—roses and girl graduates—are inseparably associated. This being the case, it was but natural that in planning a luncheon for these same queens the rose should have been chosen as the floral motif of the decorations, and as the class-colors were pink and green, the pink rose, with a setting, or background, of green, was decided upon, and sounded the key-note of the color-scheme. The luncheon was given by one of its members to the graduating class of 1904 from a girls' school in special honor of its valedictorian, and was so dainty and charming that a description of it is well worth while.

Roses, roses were in luxurious evidence everywhere throughout the house, but the decorator—who in this instance was the sweet girl graduate herself—concentrated her artistic fancy and skill in the transformation of the dining-room into a veritable rose-bower. Lengths of trailing vines and branches of fresh green foliage were first massed against the wall, over the doors and across the windows, each vine and each branch being allowed to adjust itself—that is to say, take its natural trend. It is when one attempts to "fix" Nature's draperies that they become ungraceful. Against this background, on the wall, the figures "1904" were wrought in pink rosebuds over a foundation of green cardboard, to which the flowers were sewn. The mantel was completely hidden beneath its lambrequin of green and its bank of rosebuds. A large bowl of roses stood on the sideboard, and smaller ones occupied other available positions. The entire arrangement formed a beautiful, harmonious setting for the table which strongly contested for honors with the mural decorations.

After the thick silence-pad had been spread, the table was covered with a cloth of pink silkolene, which in the artificial light used could not be distinguished from silk. In the center was a square of lace, on which stood a silver epergne of rare pattern, with cut-glass

bowls filled full with pink roses and festooned with smilax. Runners of rosebuds and smilax extended from the centerpiece to the four corners of the table, where each terminated in a wreath encircling the base of a pink-shaded banquet-lamp. Lace doilies matching the centerpiece were used under the individual plates. The place-cards were tiny pink paper fans, with green cord and tassel attached. The souvenirs were tiny baskets of spun sugar filled with candied rose-petals. Paper napkins with a border of pink roses were used. The meal was served à la Russe, thus leaving the decorations undisturbed. A wreath of rosebuds was suspended on the back of the chair of honor. The girls, in accordance with their hostess' desire, wore white dresses, pink sashes and corsage-bouquets of pink roses, and when seated around the table their presence added the finishing feature to a very charming picture.

The menu was tempting and dainty. For an initiatory course, strawberries "au naturel" were served in tiny pink baskets, with their own leaves for a garnish.

Then followed a delicious tomato bisque, served in green bouillon-cups, and wafers. The substantial course consisted of chicken croquettes in pink paper frills, creamed asparagus arranged for individual serving on pink plates, potato roses tinted a delicate pink with vegetable coloring and garnished with sprigs of parsley, hot rolls, with individual pats of butter molded to simulate a rosebud and tinted pink. The relishes were radish roses and olives served in pink paper cases. A delicious nut-and-celery salad was served in lettuce cups, which in turn rested in pink salad-saucers. The sweet course was especially attractive. Pistachio ice was served in pink paper-rose cups, with pink wafers as an accompaniment. Coffee was served in small pink cups.

The dishes comprising the whole menu were all familiar ones, and such as may be prepared in the home kitchen by the cook of average ability. Recipes for them may be found in any of the numerous reliable cook-books on the market, one of which should be in every kitchen, so it would be needless repetition to give them space here. The touch of distinctiveness and novelty was imparted by the manner of serving, and at little expenditure, too, save of time and labor; but no hostess whose hospitality deserves the name takes these into consideration when she provides entertainment for invited guests.

The paper cases, cups, frills and fancy baskets may be bought of a dealer in table-novelties at a trifling cost. The molds for the potatoes and butter may also be bought for a few cents, and are useful accessories in a kitchen.

KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

The Day-Lily

As a permanent plant for the lawn or garden I have found nothing more satisfactory than the Funkia, or day-lily. On account of the fine character of its foliage it is a thing of beauty even without its large, fragrant, lily-like flowers, which add to its fine effect.

I obtained a root of the day-lily several years ago, and now my plant measures more than sixteen feet around, and each summer it sends up over a dozen large stalks containing from fifty to one hundred blooms each. My plant has quite a tropical-looking appearance, and is the finest specimen I have ever seen.

A great many people make a mistake in its treatment. It should be planted in a moist, partially shaded place, and should be watered frequently with soap-suds and given an occasional drink of dish-water. In the fall cut off the dead leaves, and dress with stable manure. Since it is perfectly hardy, it will need no further care until spring.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

Well-Merited Popularity

The fact that FARM AND FIRESIDE has made a most remarkable gain in the number of subscriptions received during the past few months is ample proof of its great and well-deserved popularity. The number of subscriptions can be doubled if every subscriber will send just one new subscription. Will you please do this much for FARM AND FIRESIDE? It is such a small matter to you, and such a great one to FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The Discontented
Country GirlBY HILDA RICHMOND
IV.—SAFEGUARDS

IT IS astonishing how many working-girls might be surrounded by the safeguards home girls enjoy, but who are not. It may be carelessness or ignorance that causes parents to neglect these vital matters, but whatever is responsible for the evil, it should be eradicated at once. Instead of shedding tears because your daughters are determined to go to town to work, do a little careful work, and make some sensible plans. Tears do more harm than good, and they are worse than useless if they consume valuable time that should be used in protecting innocent young girls.

First of all look to the boarding-place where your daughter is to live. If you have a responsible, motherly relative in town, place the girl in her care, for in that way she will have almost the same sort of home she is leaving. But be sure she lives in the right locality. If a girl must work late certain evenings it is important that she does not live at the edge of town, for fear she must go alone part of the way. If a boarding-house is chosen, make sure it is the best that can be found for the money. A few boarders in a private home usually fare better than a crowd in a large house, though sometimes the reverse is true. Make it understood that the lady of the house reports everything to you as one of the conditions of allowing your daughter to be with her—not in a faultfinding or spying way, but as a matter of safety. A sensible girl will soon see the wisdom of the plan, and a foolish one would be foolish on a desert island, so be sure beforehand your child is trustworthy. Of course, there are cases where girls reared in Christian homes, surrounded with all advantages, have gone wrong; but generally speaking, home training is everything up to a certain age, while most of the lessons cling through life.

Urge your daughter to early place her church-letter with the denomination she wishes to attend, and to be regular in attendance at services. The various societies for young people furnish the nucleus for a wider acquaintance, and the young girl finds herself in a group of active, earnest people who will inspire and help her to better things. Not that she should join the church for social purposes, but she should take advantage of everything to secure a sure place in life. It is well for every girl to have influential friends if possible, for many advantages come to the girl well connected or under the care of some sensible woman. It is not necessary, however, for many girls succeed alone and unaided except by their own exertions. Influence and position should never be despised by the ambitious girl, for the pathway of many a worker has been smoothed by the help given by some friend who had "influence" and used it in behalf of the struggling young girl. While wealthy relatives cannot keep you in a place for which you are not fitted, they may assist you to better your condition, and give you a chance to show the best that is in you after the wider field has been obtained. If you are kind, courteous and capable you will make many friends who will help along with your advancement.

The greatest safeguard of all is the working-girl's manner. To talk and laugh loudly on the street, or to be seen with girls who commit those sins; to adopt a foolish, jesting way of speaking; to use slang, or to be anything but a lady on all occasions, is to place yourself in a false and dangerous light. It may seem easy and friendly at first, but in the end you will regret the day you called unfavorable attention to yourself. I have in mind one young girl who when she clerked in a store had the identical manners that make her so charming a hostess to-day, when she is the most conspicuous figure in a home of culture and refinement. She needed no one to teach her as she went to a wider field, for her modesty and grace made her proof against errors, and the friends she made in those old days are still proud of her success and fine manners.

Keep in close touch with the absent daughters, and let them know they are never absent from your thoughts and prayers. Write, telephone, visit, and do all the things you can to make their brief stays at home pleasant and cheerful. To lecture and scold will not bring them back, but the homesick girl will find it impossible to resist the longing for the cheery home life when things go wrong in town. Not all girls can stand the exactions of business life, and for them the home doors may well be flung wide and the welcome made joyous. If they decide that home is the best they will be satisfied the rest of their days, but if you compel them to give

The Housewife

up their long-cherished desires by force they will go down to their graves feeling that they have been cheated. Let them try the great world, but keep the lamp lighted to guide their feet homeward when the lesson has been learned.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Clover-Scallop Lace

The scallops are crocheted separately. Make the heading first. Crochet a chain of the required length.

First row—Put 1 d c into every third st, with 2 ch between.

Second row—*Shell, (2 d c, 3 ch, 2



CLOVER-SCALLOP LACE

d c) into first hole, s c in second hole*; repeat.

Third row—1 s c into each shell, with 7 ch between.

Fourth row—S c into each loop, with 7 ch between.

Fifth row—S c into each loop, with 8 ch between.

Along the top of the heading work a row of shells, putting one into every other hole and s c into the alternate holes.

For the scallops, fasten in fourth loop along edge, ch 13, s c into seventh st back of chain, *ch 5, s c in ring thus formed*; repeat twice, turn, (1 s c, 6 d c, 1 s c) into each lobe of leaf, 6 s c up the chain to border, s c in same loop you started from, ch 3, s c in next loop, turn, ch 5, d c in first d c of first lobe, ch 5, d c on middle d c, ch 5, d c on last d c of lobe, ch 5, d c on first d c of next lobe, ch 5, d c on middle d c, ch 5, d c on last d c, ch 5, s c in next loop of heading, turn, put 6 s c in each hole and 1 s c on each d c all around scallop; catch into heading with s c wherever it is required to look well, turn; d c on first s c, *ch 2, d c on third s c*; repeat all around, catch down and turn; d c on first d c, *ch 2, d c on next d c*; repeat all around, catch down and turn; put 3 s c in each hole, and 1 s c on each d c all around, catch down, turn, ch 1; **1 tr (throw over twice) in seventh s c, *ch 2, tr in same place*; repeat three times; ch 1, s c in seventh d c, ch 1; **repeat between double stars all around, catch down, turn; **s c on first tr; *2 s c in hole, ch 3, s c in same place*; repeat twice, 2 s c in hole, s c on last tr, s c on s c between scallops; repeat between double stars all around, catch down, and break thread. Fasten in fourth loop from scallop, and make another scallop. Join the scallops together by the picots in the last row.

JOYCE CAVENDISH.

Prophecies Concerning the Bride

June, the month of sunshine, the month of graduates, the time of roses, has become the month of weddings. Though May is the loveliest time of the year, it is regarded as unlucky. June, with her magic wand, makes the whole world passing fair with a profusion of roses; and roses are love's own flowers, which makes June a month of good omens for brides.

For the best day of the week the old rhyme says

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

After the day is set, it is considered very unlucky to change it.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" we quote almost involuntarily when the wedding-day is bright and clear, and all brides rejoice when the weather is fair. If the bride can squeeze a few tears, whether

they be of the crocodile variety or those of genuine sorrow at leaving the old home, it is said to insure her future happiness.

But before the joyful day dawns there is usually a long or short courtship. "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing," says the old proverb, and when a courtship extends over a year before it culminates in marriage, those who are versed in the knowledge of the omens affecting brides shake their heads with apprehension. Considerate brides wear as many pairs of garters during the ceremony as they have bridesmaids, as it is exceedingly lucky for a maid to receive as a gift a garter that was worn by a bride.

A bride who has an eye to her future happiness in the wedded state will not dress herself entirely until the time for the ceremony, and above all things, she will not allow a maid to assist in pinning on her veil—this office must be performed by a wife and mother. In dressing herself for her wedding she must remember to put on her right shoe first, unless she wishes to be ruled with a rod of iron in the hands of her future lord. The right glove must go on first if she wishes to always be first in her husband's affections. She must remember, also, that she must not allow her prospective husband to see her in her bridal attire until she meets him before the altar, as to do so is supposed to invite all sorts of bad luck. And no girl can safely promise herself that she will be a happy bride unless she shall have assisted in at least some little particular in the making of her trousseau or in the mixing of her wedding-cake. Few brides care to go to the altar who have not in all particulars complied with the old proverb about "wearing something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." The something new is always in evidence in the bride's fresh attire; the something old is usually the veil, which is often an heirloom in the family; the something borrowed is easily complied with, and may be a ring or a pin. The something blue may be a blue silk garter or a knot of blue ribbon hidden away.

To insure success for herself the bride must throw her bouquet to her bridesmaids, and the one who catches it will be the first one of the guests to get married. The wedding-ring must not be tried on before the ceremony nor taken off afterward. The prospective bride must not accept a gift of a knife or a pair of scissors or anything sharp from her lover without giving a pin or some article in exchange, lest their love be cut asunder.

As to what the bride shall be attired in there is an old rhyme:

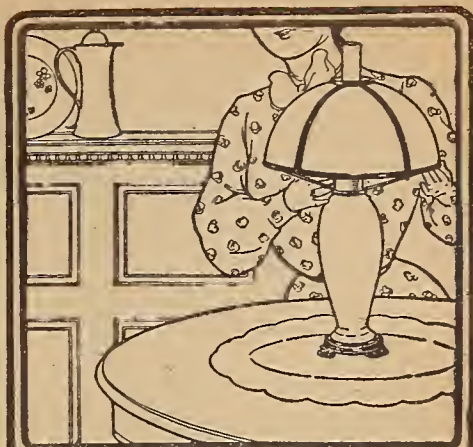
Married in white,
You have chosen all right;
Married in gray,
You will go far away;
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back;
Married in red,
You'd better be dead;
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue,
You'll always be true;
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl;
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow;
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town;
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink.

These are only a few of the thousand and one good and bad omens affecting June brides. MRS. W. L. TABOR.

White Cake

An old subscriber who used to contribute to The Housewife department under the pen-name of "Sweetie" sends the following recipe for a good white cake: Three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and the whites of four eggs well beaten; mix all together, and bake in three square layers. Ice with chocolate or any other icing.

The rapid growth of FARM AND FIRESIDE is truly wonderful, but what is still better, it is well deserved. Good reader, will you help to double the list by sending just one new subscription?

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How the Boys Got Even

ACROSS the rough, uneven field jolted the tipsy little wagon, and a little black boy and a little white one felt very proud indeed when they drew up before the office of the big poultry-house where hundreds of chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys were making a great noise over their dinner. The little black boy straightened the bit of ragged carpet that hung over the soap-box, and carefully arranged the bits of stove-wood for the hundredth time, for they would jostle out of place when the wheels went around.

"We've got two of your ducks, mister," announced the little white boy, proudly, to the manager of the poultry-yard. "We found them way back by the creek, and we brought them to you right away."

"Well, dump them out, and be off," said the man, rudely. "We don't want boys hanging around here."

"If we had known that you wouldn't even be polite enough to thank us, we wouldn't have brought them," said the little white boy.

"Take them back where you found them, then," said the man. "Our ducks always know enough to come home at night if they happen to get out, and I want you boys to let them alone. Do you hear?"

It was hard work keeping the cover on the box all the way, so the boys concluded to leave them with the man in spite of his gruffness, so presently they started back home, leaving two warm, tired ducks to hunt the refreshing pond. They walked soberly down the dusty road and across the big rough meadow, and when they reached the little white boy's house there were long streaks through the dust on their faces where tears would trickle down in spite of all their efforts.

"That is the meanest man in the whole world, mama," said the little white boy, as he ate the nice cookies and drank the cool milk his mother brought out for them. "I wish every one of his old ducks would get out and never, never come back."

"And I wish all the chickens would go, too," said the little black boy.

"Why, boys!" said mama. "Is that the way to talk?" Then she told them how much nicer it is to be polite ourselves even if others are rude than to try to return evil for evil. The little white boy and the little black boy would not say they were sorry, though, and both of them wished a great many times that something bad would happen to the ducks and all the poultry as soon as mama went into the house and left them alone.

But the very next week the little black boy's mama came to work at the big white house again, and she brought the little black boy with her for the day. The two children were playing in the garden, and they heard voices on the other side of the fence talking about stealing the poultry at the yard as soon as it was night. The wicked men told how they could break a few boards off the fence and take a lot of chickens without ever being caught, for they were to leave that night in their wagon for another town.

"I'm just glad of it," whispered the little black boy, as they sat very still under the apple-tree to listen.

"So am I," said the little white boy. "I wish they'd take every one."

Then the men walked away to where their wagon was hidden in the bushes by the river, and the boys went on playing, but somehow they didn't have a very good time any more.

"I'm going to tell mama," said the little white boy at last. "I don't want those wicked men to steal the poor chickens."

So they trotted off to the house, and mama telephoned for an officer to come and get the men. The officer found a lot of stolen goods in the wagon, and the men went to jail, where they belonged. The manager of the poultry-yard went all the way to the little white boy's house to thank him for what he had done, and then he found out that the boys were the same little white boy and little black boy he had been so rude to a few days before.

"I am glad you are gentlemen, if I wasn't that day," he said to the two boys. "Those robbers are safe in jail now, but if you had minded what I told you the other day they would be stealing something else by this time. It pays to be polite, and I'm not going to let two little lads outdo me in politeness."

"I'm glad we did tell," said the little white boy, looking at the shining dollar the man put in his hand. "I'm going to buy a pony with my money. What will you get?"

"Lasses candy and watermillion," said the little black boy, rapturously, turning over the big coin in his dirty little hand; "that's what I'm gwine to git."

HILDA RICHMOND.

For Busy Hands

Every girl should try to cultivate a taste for pretty things for her personal use which, without being luxuries, are yet dainty, useful, and most of all, inexpensive to make. For a commencement let us take her gloves, veils and handkerchiefs. Sachets for these are rather out of fashion, and as a cabinet is the correct thing in Paris, let us see how one can be contrived. We shall require a small upright box as a foundation. The lid must be taken off—it is not needed—and then you must procure three smaller boxes—the wooden ones used for chocolate will do. These must fit one above the other into the larger box, which stands upright. In case the small boxes do not exactly fit at the sides of the upright box, you must take off the top and bottom of one side of it, cutting the former down to the size necessary for the smaller boxes, and



The Young People

Little Margaret's Story

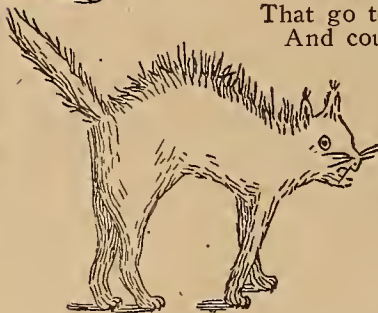
BY FRANKIE C. WILSON



I want to speak a little piece
If you will show me how;
I want to wear my pink striped dress
And make a little bow.



I want to tell about the birds
That sing their little song;
That go to beddie-by at night,
And court the whole day long.



I want to tell about the cat
That played the whole day through;
That stored the meat,
And ate the soup,
And licked the milk up, too.

I want to tell about the dog
That barked at grandma's cat,
That scared the hens, and chased
the calf.
Now what do you think of that?



I want to tell about the boy
Who was known all over town;
Who tied the pig's tail to the door,
And his mama spanked him down.

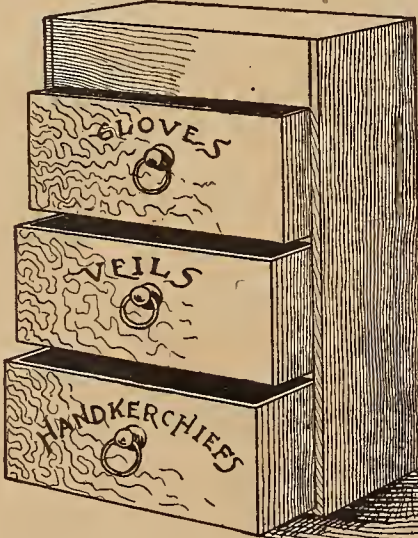
Mama says I talk too much
When I've anything to say,
But if I'd tell you all I know
It would take me all the day.



then nail the pieces together again. The height does not matter, nor does a little space showing at the top if the boxes are not deep enough to fill all up.

The large box is now enameled a deep ivory-white (do not forget to sandpaper it well before commencing to enamel), the back and sides of the smaller boxes are also enameled, and the insides lined with Japanese paper. The fronts are composed of silk. On one is worked, in bold lettering, "Gloves," on the next "Veils," and on the last "Handkerchiefs." The silk is fixed on the wood with a strong solution of isinglass, and the rims are gilded.

Little gilt picture-rings are screwed in the middle to serve as handles, and the topmost box must have a lid, which can be either enameled or covered with silk. The under boxes need no protection. They are kept in place by tiny wedges of gilt wood glued inside the big box. The whole thing looks very pretty when completed, and you will find it most compact and useful. Of course, your own ingenuity and taste can suggest further schemes of decoration practically without limitation.—Melbourne Leader.



When the great American people say a thing is good, that settles it. By the increased number of subscriptions that have been received by FARM AND FIRESIDE it has been proved that they consider this journal the best of all; but it deserves one new subscription from every subscriber, and that will double the list. Please grant this small favor, and watch the result.

Jane Ann

"Well, I do declare!" and Mrs. Butterby peered out cautiously between the slightly open door and the casing at a basket some one had put on the front porch during the night.

Now, the Butterby home stood in the suburbs of Lawrenceburg, for the town had kept building their way each year until the solid old brick house that had been the pride and the farm home for many generations was now in the city limits, and the present owners, Hezekiah Butterby and his good wife, Hannah, were classed as well-to-do retired farmers, and, as Hezekiah said, "The last generation of the Butterbys to live in the old house," for the good Lord had not blessed them with children.

Yet, owing to the habit of former years, on this beautiful spring morning they were up with the lark. Hezekiah had gone out to the barn to feed Black Bess, the pony, when Mrs. Butterby, going into the parlor to raise the windows to let in the pure morning air and sunshine, heard a noise—half cry or wail, she could not determine which—and peering out on the front porch, discovered the basket.

"I don't see how they could have done it and me not hear them," she kept saying, as she carried it into the house and cautiously raised the covering. She nearly dropped from surprise, for in the basket lay a tiny bundle, from which a pair of little eyes looked up wistfully into her own, and the lips moved as if to say, "Oh, keep me with you!"

Going to the kitchen door, she called, loudly, "Hezekiah! Oh, Hezekiah! Come here right away, quick, and don't wait a minute!"

On his arrival a hurried consultation and an inspection of the basket took place.

"We'll keep it, Hannah?"

"Sure, Hezekiah! Ain't it a dear?" and Mrs. Butterby gave one little ear a motherly pat.

"It must be named, Hannah, and I think Tom would be a good name—short, and no nicknaming to it—or maybe Harry would be better."

"Well, now, Hezekiah Butterby! I should think you'd know better than to name a—it Tom or Harry. Don't you say a word, but I'm going to name it Jane Ann—Jane for my sister that's down East, and Ann for your ma, who's dead and gone, and there'll be no let off on either name for short."

So Jane Ann it was named, and with the care lavished no wonder Jane Ann grew. Mrs. Butterby wrote to her sister about the finding and naming of Jane Ann, a letter that told, or meant to convey, volumes in the lonely woman's terse way.

As months passed by, and Jane Ann learned many little things that endeared the precious mite to the worthy couple, they wondered how they could ever think of getting along without her again.

"I believe you've gone daffy over Jane Ann," wrote the sister from the East, "for there is never a word about you two any more—just Jane Ann from A to Z."

Jane Ann had been in the Butterby home nearly three years. It would be three years in May, and this was March—raw, blustering March—and Jane Ann had taken a severe cold, and lay still in that sleep that knows no awakening. No more would her little feet patter over the floor or the pleading eyes look up into those of her benefactors.

It was five days after the death of Jane Ann when Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Butterby's sister from the East, came unannounced. "So Jane Ann is dead? Well, I came all this distance to see the little being that could upset two old people like you and Hezekiah have been. Got a picture of her, so I can see what she was like?"

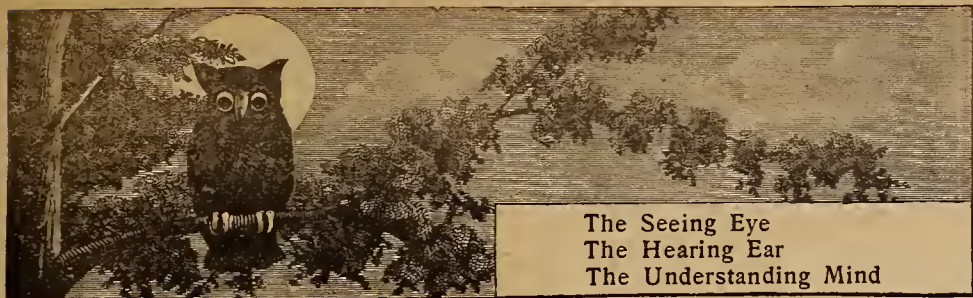
"Yes, such as it is." One of the neighbor boys took it with his camera, and Mrs. Butterby took a small picture from between the leaves of a book and handed it to her sister.

"Well, if I ever saw such old— The idea! nothing but a measly, shaggy dog," and Mrs. Brown endeavored in vain to hide her chagrin.

MRS. H. L. MONTY.

A Young Hero

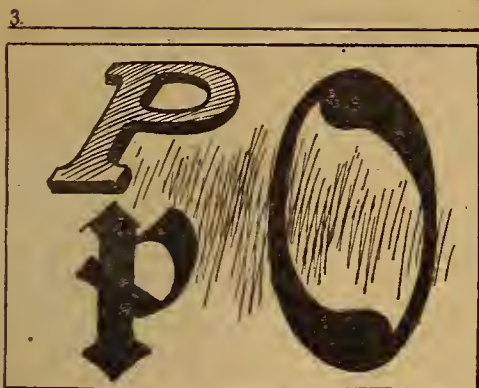
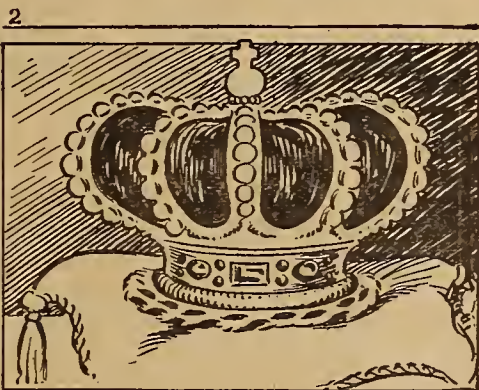
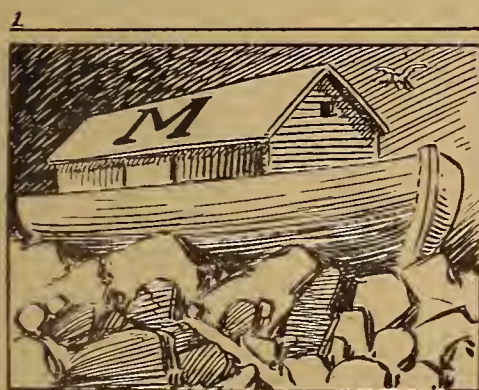
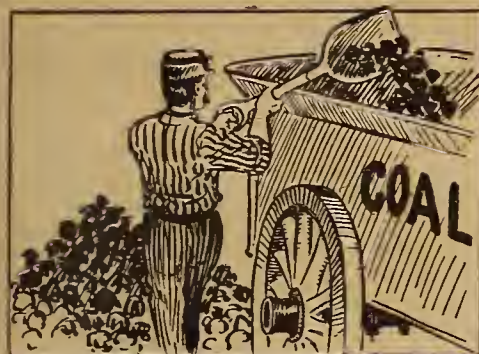
One of the most unexampled illustrations on record of self-possession in a boy is that which occurred in New England several years ago. The accident resulted in a suit at law by the boy's father against the Boston and Lowell Railroad Company, and a verdict of ten thousand dollars was awarded the plaintiff. The plaintiff was the father of a child then between five and six years old. He and his brother, three years older, were crossing a private way maintained by the railroad for the Essex Company, and the younger boy, while walking backward, stepped between the rail and the planking of the roadway inside, and was unable to extricate his foot. At that moment the whistle of a train was heard within a few hundred feet, and out of sight around a curve. It appeared from the evidence that the older boy, finding himself unable to relieve his brother, ran down the track toward the train; but finding that he could not attract the attention of the trainmen to his brother's condition, and that he must be run over, ran back to him, and telling him to lie down, pulled him outward and down, and held him there until the train passed. Both of the little fellow's feet were cut off, or mangled so that amputation was necessary. The theory of the defense was that the boy was not caught, but fell while running across the track, and was run over. It would be difficult to match the nerve, thoughtfulness and disregard of self displayed by this boy, who at that time was not nine years old. By his brave act he saved his brother's life at the cost of the use of his limbs.



The Seeing Eye
The Hearing Ear
The Understanding Mind

The World's Coin Puzzle

A study of the various kinds and denominations of money in use in the world is always interesting. The six pictures below represent six pieces of coin in use and circulation in as many different countries. Can you name them? There will be no prizes awarded for correct solutions. The answers will be printed in the June 15th issue.



5.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN THE MAY 1st ISSUE

- 1—Old Hickory.
- 2—Rail-Splitter.
- 3—Fighting Joe.
- 4—Old Rough and Ready.
- 4—Mad Anthony.
- 6—Poor Richard.

Prize Awards

Prizes of two dollars cash were awarded to each of the following:
Mrs. M. A. Newell, Paris, Ontario, Canada.
Louise Hance, State Road, Delaware.
Allan Shepherd, Millboro, Virginia.
Robert J. Davidson, Cherry Fork, Ohio.

A copy of the book "Dick Onslow" was awarded to each of the following in accordance with our offer:

- Alabama—Mrs. Mary M. Cluxton.
Arizona—Mr. Hugh Larson.
Arkansas—Mrs. R. E. Dillworth.
California—Margaret M. Alltucker.
Canada (Ontario)—Herbert C. Rochester.
Colorado—Ross R. Gill.
Connecticut—Miss Janet E. Hyde.
Delaware—Mrs. Homer M. Lewis.
Florida—Dan B. Leigh.
Georgia—Mrs. F. H. Cook.
Idaho—Orville D. Ellis.
Illinois—Norwena Horton.
Indiana—Mattie Turner.
Indian Territory—J. Dallas McGuffin.
Iowa—Miss Alice Goldsberry.
Kansas—Ralph Laird.
Kentucky—Mrs. Lulu H. Parker.
Maine—Mary L. Tobey.
Maryland—Page Etchison.
Massachusetts—Norman Dunbar.
Michigan—Ray Wetzel.
Minnesota—Hattie Freeman.
Mississippi—Carl Mitchell.
Missouri—Laura B. Johnson.
Montana—James Dunlap, Jr.
Nebraska—Carl Scheidegger.
New Hampshire—H. Merrill Spaulding.
New Jersey—Miss Isabel F. Pancoast.
New Mexico—Frances Bonning.
New York—Clarence W. Cowan.
North Carolina—A. R. Phillips.
North Dakota—Wells Fadden.
Ohio—J. Albert Nave.
Oklahoma—Lena M. Taylor.
Oregon—Fannie Sanders.

- Pennsylvania—Robert Mueller.
Rhode Island—Robert A. McCaughey.
South Carolina—Miller Browne.
South Dakota—W. L. Pier.
Tennessee—Pearl Spencer.
Texas—Walter Cummings.
Utah—Mrs. David Kinnear.
Vermont—Emma Maranville.
Virginia—Mary C. Dersher.
Washington—Mrs. Julia Service.
West Virginia—S. J. Hull.
Wisconsin—Paul Shew.
Wyoming—L. Pearl Muzzy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY 15th ISSUE

- 1—Vanderbilt.
- 2—Armour.
- 3—Frick.
- 4—Belmont.
- 5—Gates.
- 6—Rockefeller.

Anagrams and Double Acrostic

G e n e r o u s
O r g a n i c
L i t h o g r a p h
D o m i n o
E m b r y o
N o c t u r n a l
V a d e m e c u m
A d e l p h i a
L u s t r o u s
L o y a l i s t
E m a n a t e
Y o u n g s t e r

Answer—Golden Valley, Schoolmaster.

Hidden Capes

- 1—Blanco.
- 2—Sable.
- 3—Wrath.
- 4—Flattery.
- 5—Canso.
- 6—Sambro.
- 7—Ann.
- 8—Howe.
- 9—Passaro.
- 10—Apsheron.
- 11—Slyne.
- 12—Beachy.

1—Charade

Answer—Headdress; he-address.

2—Charade

Answer—Hechtomb; he-cat-tomb.

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The Western College for Women

Fiftieth Year Oxford, Ohio Founded in 1855

Is It Worth While to Go to College? Yes, if you would keep step with the best in your own day and generation.

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The Western College for Women aims to make young women "masters of the situation everywhere and ready to do American women's work in God's world."

Intellectual A member of the Ohio College Association, The Western College ranks with the leading colleges of the Middle West. It gives a four years' classical and scientific course leading to the A. B. degree. Special attention is given to Music and Art, and courses in these subjects count towards the degree. It has a faculty of twenty-six specialists trained in the leading institutions of this country and in Europe.

Spiritual Undenominational but Christian in its life, The Western College aims to develop Christian character. A systematic course in Bible study and daily chapel exercises are required.

Physical The physical training is under the care of a special director. Courses in physical training are required each year in which special attention is given to individual weaknesses and defects. A campus of 232 acres situated in the mild climate of Southern Ohio offers unsurpassed opportunities for the outdoor sports of golf, tennis, basket-ball, walking, driving, and in winter skating and coasting. The health of the students is guarded by every sanitary precaution, by a supply of pure water and by an abundance of the best food. A large dairy farm and orchard furnish fresh milk, fresh vegetables and fruit.

Social Believing that the college woman should be able to grace the highest social positions, The Western College aims, by its social functions, by the organization of the family life, and by individual attention, to qualify its students to grace any social position.

Practical By its coöperative housekeeping and by courses in home economics The Western College aims to make its students masters of the situation in the home.

For illustrated catalogue and information concerning The Western College, address

LILIAN WYCKOFF JOHNSON, Ph.D., President The Western College, Oxford, Ohio

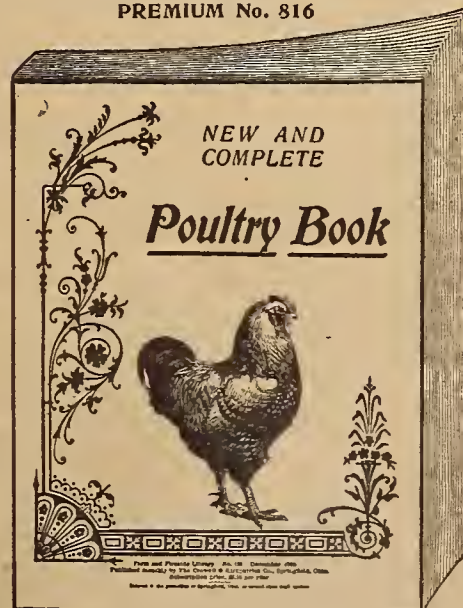


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PREMIUM No. 816

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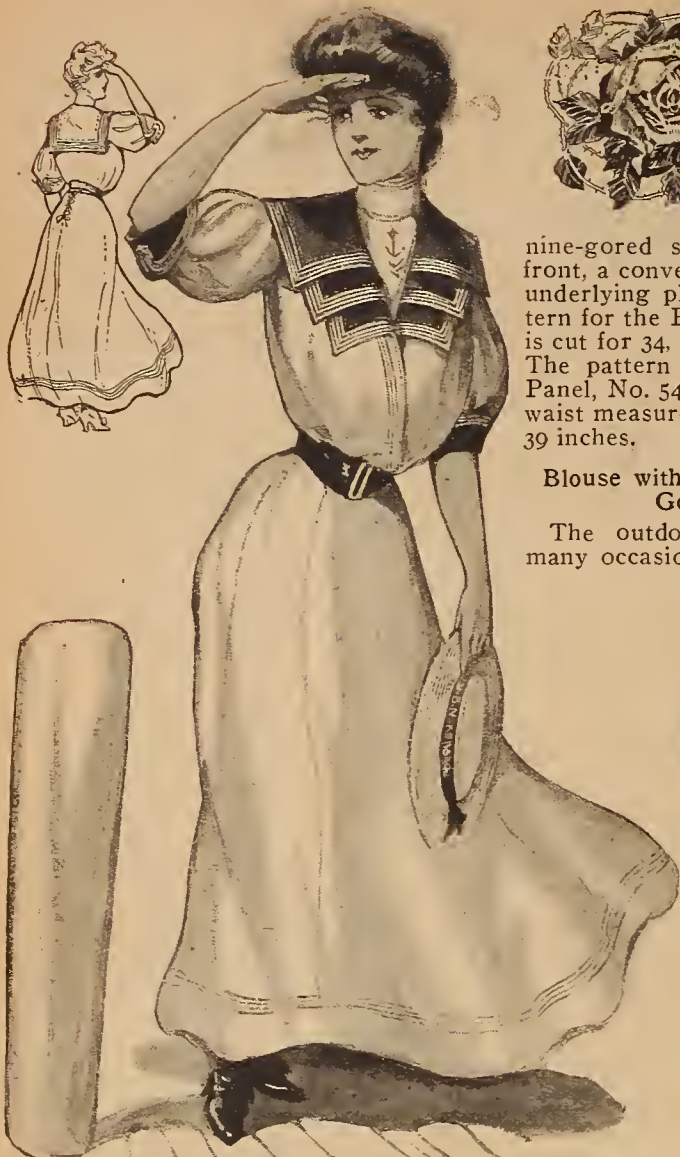
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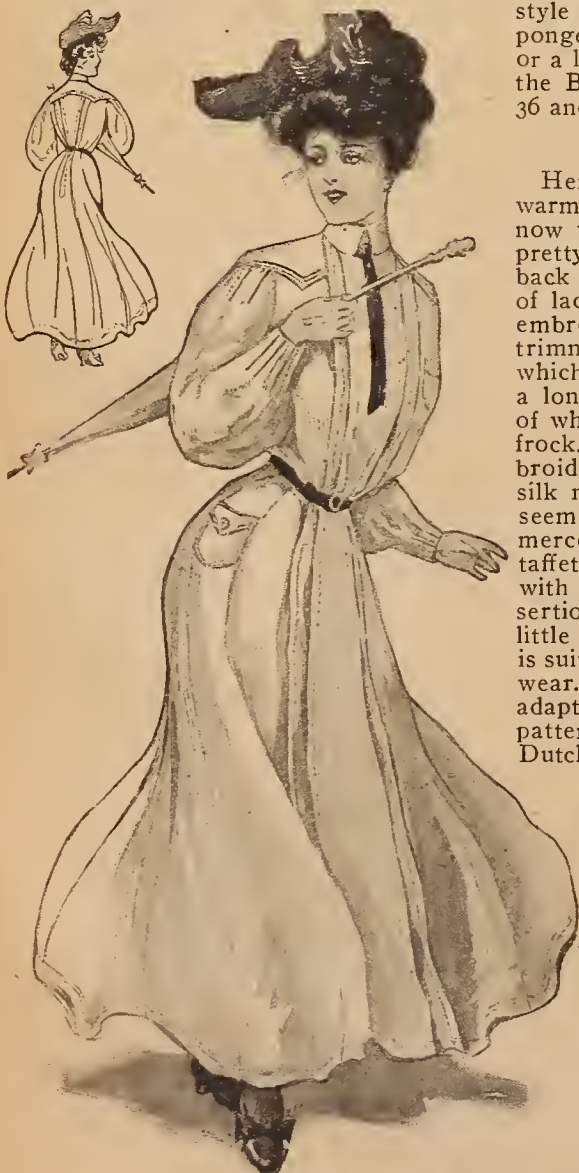
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BLOUSE WITH TRIPLE COLLAR AND SEVEN-GORED OUTING SKIRT

Plaited Shirt-Waist and Skirt with Plaited Panel

NO MORE practical gown can be added to the summer girl's wardrobe than this little frock. It is useful alike whether she spends the warm weather in town or off at the sea or in the mountains. As for materials in which to develop it, mercerized gingham may be used with good effect, chambray, or the new lustrous cotton taffeta which is seen this season in such a great variety of attractive designs. The shirt-waist is made with side plaits in front which simulate a double box-plait, and at the back there are side plaits gracefully tapering toward the waist-line. The drop yoke gives a good shoulder effect, and the one-piece sleeve is plaited at the shoulder and the wrist. The skirt flares prettily at the bottom, and is cut in the short length for walking. It is a



PLAILED SHIRT-WAIST AND SKIRT WITH PLAILED PANEL



How to Dress

nine-gored skirt with plaited panel in front, a convenient pocket at the side and underlying plaits at the back. The pattern for the Plaited Shirt-Waist, No. 540, is cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures. The pattern for the Skirt with Plaited Panel, No. 541, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures. Length of skirt in front, 39 inches.

Blouse with Triple Collar and Seven-Gored Outing Skirt

The outdoor summer girl will find many occasions when she can wear this



DRESS WITH DUTCH NECK



DRESS WITH SAILOR-COLLAR



SHIRT-WAIST WITH DROP YOKE AND CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH FLOUNCE

Loose Coat

Butchers' linen or one of the new rough silks like Rajah, Shantung or pongee are the best materials for this separate coat, which is made so that the shoulders extend over the sleeves, forming caps. The pattern for the Loose Coat, No. 542, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures.

In the Shops

Girdle belts of white butchers' linen of the heaviest grade, finished with a gun-metal buckle oval in shape, are popular. The smartest are about nine inches wide, inclined so that they crush.

A stock of white piqué with a square tab in front has another stock of blue linen of the same shape only half as wide fastened over it. The piqué stock may be unfastened to facilitate washing.

fetching sailor-suit, for though designed for sailing over the "briny deep," yet it is a practical costume for many outdoor sports. The triple collar and elbow-sleeves give a new touch to the blouse. Butchers' linen, duck, piqué, galatea or linen etamine are all good materials to use, introducing a contrasting color for the collar, cuffs and belt. The pattern for the Blouse with Triple Collar, No. 538, is cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measures. The pattern for the Seven-Gored Outing Skirt, No. 539, is cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures. Length of skirt in front, 39 inches.

Bathing-Suit

This bathing-suit illustrates that style, as well as comfort, is considered when costumes for the ocean dip are being designed. The Eton jacket gives a smart style to this suit. The material may be pongee, mohair, a good quality of taffeta or a light-weight serge. The pattern for the Bathing-Suit, No. 537, is cut for 32, 36 and 40 bust measures.

Dress with Dutch Neck

Here is a comfortable little frock for warm-weather wear. It is made with the now very fashionable short sleeves and pretty Dutch neck. The waist is full back and front, and trimmed with bands of lace insertion; or, if preferred, blind-embroidery bands may be used. The trimming-bands extend over the skirt, which is a full gathered model. There is a long list of lovely materials, any one of which may be used for this attractive frock. Among them is dotted swiss, embroidered batiste, handkerchief-linen and silk muslin. If these materials seem too perishable, chambray, mercerized gingham or cotton taffeta may be used, trimmed with bands of embroidery insertion. An advantage of this little gown is that the design is suitable for every-day or party wear. It is the material which adapts it to the occasion. The pattern for the Dress with Dutch Neck, No. 555, is cut for 4, 6 and 8 years.

Dress with Sailor-Collar

The mother who is clever with her needle can give this dress a smart touch of style by embroidering the collar, cuffs and belt. The dress is a one-piece model, made with wide plaits at each side of the front, forming a panel. The neck is cut square in front, to be worn with an adjustable shield. A deep sailor-collared has the effect of being fastened in front with an embroidered strap. The full bishop-sleeves are



BATHING-SUIT



LOOSE COAT

PATTERNS

To assist our readers, and to simplify the art of dressmaking, we will furnish patterns for any of the designs illustrated on this page for ten cents each. Send money to this office, and be sure to mention the number and size of pattern desired. Our new summer catalogue of fashionable patterns is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon request.



Sunday Reading

A Tribute of Love to Father and Mother
BY HATTIE HORTON JONES

Bright are your faces this fair summer's night;
Out from your eyes shines the blessed love-light,
For dreams take you back to the dear long ago
When one was the sweetheart, the other the beau.
How merrily onward the happy hours flew,
Laden always with pleasure and gladness for you,
For "Love" was the watchword, sly Cupid his dart
So deftly had aimed that it entered each heart.

Oh, the sun shone so brightly that perfect June day!
The songsters above you seemed never so gay;
The air with the fragrance of roses was rife,
When you each took the vows that should join you for life.

Ah, the memory is sweet and the picture is bright
As your dreams take you back to dwell with them to-night;
But the journey, though long it had seemed to you then,
Now is more than half traveled; how short it has been.
Though the years in their passing brought sorrow and pain,
Love helped you to see all the brightness again;
So the duties were done that for each day were sent,
And together you journeyed in happy content.

Now the autumn-time comes, when the toiler shall hold,
As reward for his labor, rare silver and gold;
But the wealth you are bringing is greater, we find,
Than all of the silver that ever was mined.
Though a fortune came not, yet you toiled not in vain;
Your children a heritage richer will gain
Than even the children of kings have possessed,
For through all the years have we ever been blessed
With your watchfulness, guidance and kind, tender care.
Ne'er was grievance too great for your tired hearts to bear,
No days were so dark that our eyes could not trace
Peering out through the shadows a sweet, loving face;
And what good that perchance in our lives we may do
Will be done from the lessons, dear ones, learned from you.

So dream, happy hearts, of the spring-time of life;
Recount all the pleasures, forget all the strife;
Let the love-light still shine as it shone years ago;
She yet is the sweetheart and he is the beau.
And the Master will say, when he welcomes you home,
"Dear children, the life-work is nobly done."

Poor, but Rich

ONCE, in New England, says a writer in the "Outlook," I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained:

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors, his word is as good as his

bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor.

Two Kinds of Reading

A young boy found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he heard some one say, "That boy is a great reader. Does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy until he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who had said his mind would run out, and asked him whether he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and when you have finished it come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books. Besides, his mind began to grow. He came to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books, and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—Christian Guardian.

The Prince of Peace

Carolina Huidobro, in the "Christian Herald," writes of what is possibly the most unique monument in the world. "The inauguration of a monument of Christ the Redeemer," says this writer, "on the Cordillera of the Andes has a grand significance at once political and social. The colossal statue, upon a pinnacle fourteen thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by peaks of perpetual snow, dominating, as it does, the two countries which stretch out on either side of the mountain range, is tangible witness of international brotherhood. Chile and Argentina have not only created a symbol; they have inculcated in the minds of men for all ages an idea of greater significance than any other in our contemporary age, by erecting that colossal monument to the Christ, with the inscription on its granite pedestal: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace, which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain.' On the opposite side of the base are the words of the angels' song over Bethlehem: 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' The statue cost about one hundred thousand dollars, and was paid for by popular subscription, the working classes contributing liberally."—W. S. H.

Rules for Killing a Church

Don't come.
If you do come, come late.
Come determined to find fault.
Don't for the world ever think of praying for your pastor or church.
Don't attend prayer-meeting, and if you do, don't take part.

Don't encourage your pastor, but tell his faults to others.

Don't come to Sabbath school; it looks childish.

Never speak to another about Christ; your pastor should do all that kind of work.

See that his salary is always behind.

Don't take your denominational paper.—Mary C. Griffith, in the Watchword.

Public Property

A FAMOUS REMEDY WHICH
HAS BEEN FAVORABLY KNOWN
FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS, IN
THE CURE OF THE DISEASES
OF :

WOMEN

Is not a "patent medicine" but a PROVED prescription of a graduate Physician who early made the diseases of women his specialty.

Dr. *Pierce's*

Favorite Prescription

Will hereafter have the ingredients in plain English on every bottle that leaves the laboratory. Made entirely of medicinal flowering plants, this prescription of Dr. Pierce does not contain a particle of alcohol or injurious drugs.

THE PROOF:

From long experience Dr. Pierce acquired the knowledge of how to combine the following ingredients in just the right proportion in his "Favorite Prescription" for disease of women.

This medicine contains the following non-alcoholic vegetable extracts:

Lady Slipper (Cypripedium Pubescens).
Black Cohosh (Cimicifuga Racemosa).
Unicorn Root (Chamaelirium Luteum).
Blue Cohosh (Caulophyllum Thalictrifolium).
Golden Seal (Hydrastis Canadensis).

THE REASON:

To meet the many outrageous and wholly baseless attacks of some scoffers, Dr. Pierce has decided to make public the ingredients of this medicine, which is the best tonic for debilitated and nervous women.



I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours
FREE

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 713, Watertown, N. Y.

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without a cent deposit. Write at once for
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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-83, CHICAGO

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This is an American movement watch, has
SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, engraved on
BOTH SIDES, correct in size, fully warranted
lifetime service. In appearance to Solid Gold Watch
GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it
FREE for selling only 20 pieces of handsome Im.
Gold Jewelry at 10c each. Send address and we will
send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us \$2.00 and
we will positively send you the watch; also GOLD
LAID CHAIN, Ladies' or Gents' Size. Write today.
RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. S73, CHICAGO

BED-WETTING CURED. Sample FREE.
Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.

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worth of plating in two weeks, writes M. L. Smith of
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A BLUE FLAG IDYL

By ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Loamwold is the farm of the wealthy Farvester family. Morris Harmer, a young neighbor educated to scientific farming, has been asked by Mr. Farvester to give his farm-help a lesson in spraying apple-trees. Harmer was in the act of spraying a tree directly in front of the room of Josephine Farvester, when the girl's sudden appearance between the draperies at the window startles Harmer, and he loses his footing and falls to the ground. A sprained ankle and a severe shock keep him in the Farvester home for three days. Morris' mother, ambitious for her son, who lacks sufficient funds for the carrying out of his scientific ideas, hopes for a match with Josephine, but Morris is averse because of the wide difference in their circumstances. During the fall Morris avoids Loamwold, but is asked by Josephine to assist in decorating the church for Christmas. While engaged in this work Josephine solicits a reason for Morris' continued absence from her home. Morris' explanation is unsatisfactory, and they both are left in a troubled state of mind. Morris next meets Josephine gathering blue flags in the lowlands of his farm, and is reminded by her of his promise to investigate why they grow on his land and not on her father's. Eager for her good opinion, he resolves to investigate the matter thoroughly and forward her the results, which he does, twenty pages in all. The next day Morris and his mother accept an invitation to dine at Loamwold, where Morris is asked by Mr. Farvester to be present at the removal of the Oak Corners school-house the following Monday, which he promises to do.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

MONDAY was as fair a day as ever dawned. Morris was at Oak Corners at an early hour, and before long between twenty and thirty others had gathered besides the men who were to do the work of moving the building. The new site was a mile away, but the road was broad and level, otherwise the work would not have been feasible. The opposition had not turned out as Farvester had expected, and so the work was begun without hostile demonstration. A half-dozen Oak Corners men mingled with the onlookers, but they were merely sullen when they were not angrily talkative. They were hopelessly in the minority, and their leaders were not with them, a thing that Farvester wondered at.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the line of action which the opposition had determined upon was suddenly revealed. Morris, with many others of Farvester's friends, had gone home, believing the work was to go on unhindered. A loud shout down the road, the furious driving of many wagons, and a great cloud of dust, heralded the onslaught of what seemed a mob already rejoicing in victory. Farvester had led the movement in favor of the union, and now awaited the attack with a calm wonder of what they would do. The seeming mob drew rein, parted, and the sheriff stepped forth.

"I have an injunction here restraining you people from going on with this work," he said, addressing Farvester and the foreman of the working-force. "Will you listen while I read it?"

So this was their game, thought the rich man, and he nodded his compliance without a word of comment. When the reading was completed he spoke to Harrison, who led the opposition, and there was impatience in his gestures, for it chafed him to be balked, if only for a time.

"You have stopped us," he said, "but you must know it can be only for a few days. We have observed every legal formality, and as soon as we have a hearing this injunction will be set aside. Don't think for a minute that you're going to keep the school-house here," he added, in a way that provoked anger.

"What! you defy us and the law alike?" cried Harrison's lieutenant, Schwartz, who had but an imperfect idea of the nature of an injunction. "Curse you, because you've got money you think you can buy your way to heaven, but I tell you you're bound for hell!" One end of a sapling used as a pry was still under the school-house; the other end was fastened back to a stake. It required but a touch to free this, and as he spoke Schwartz gave the stake a vicious kick. The thing was wholly unpremeditated, but none the less fateful. The lever, freed, swung about with tremendous force, striking Farvester in the small of the back, and he fell to the earth as if hit by a cannon-ball.

A chorus of exclamations rose from the crowd. A few thoughtless ones applauded the act, but most realized at once that the result was deplorable; then all rushed about the prostrate man, despite cries of "Stand back! Give him air!"

"My God, Schwartz, you've killed him!" exclaimed one of Farvester's followers.

"You lie! I didn't do it—the thing went off itself!" retorted Schwartz, frightened into a deathly pallor.

All was confusion for a time. Then they carried Farvester into the nearest house—Harrison's—and dispatched a man with the fleetest horse for Doctor Lyman, having first tried in vain to get him by the phone. The injured man showed no signs of consciousness, but he breathed, and all took hope from this. Desperate as his enemies were, none wished him serious bodily harm.

Doctor Lyman shook his head gravely the moment he saw his patient. "He may live, but he will never stand on his feet again," he said. "Has word been sent to his wife?"

"We have phoned her," answered Harrison, his voice showing genuine deprecation of the calamity. "Morris Harmer is on the way with her now. But, Doctor, tell us—it's not so serious as that!" he implored. "Good heavens! what will we do without him? I have opposed him in politics and in town matters, but we were friends and neighbors."

The doctor only shook his head, and murmured, "Poor Mrs. Farvester! Yes, poor, though she had the wealth of Rockefeller. It can avail her nothing to remove this blow. Harrison, you'll have to keep them for a time. He," with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the moaning form, "wouldn't live an hour if we tried to move him."

"Keep them? Lord! you can have my house for a year! I'd give my farm to have this morning back again and the chance to change events!"



"What! you defy us and the law alike?"

A roll of wheels outside, and then a hush, and it was reported in awed tones that Mrs. Farvester had arrived. Doctor Lyman hastened to meet her, making his countenance as hopeful as he dared. Mrs. Harrison joined him, and they led her to the chamber where her husband lay groaning, still unconscious, but improving, as the doctor averred.

Half an hour later Mrs. Farvester came from the room, walking as in a maze. Things seemed to clear a little when she discovered Morris. She came to him as if of a right she could count on his assistance. "Will you tell Josephine that I am going to stay here? And will you telegraph for Grant? He must come home."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a month before the doctor would allow his patient to be moved to his home; then six men carried the springs and mattress on which he was lying, and placed them across the easiest-riding wagon they could procure. The horses crept along at a snail's pace over the two miles which intervened between the Harrison farm and Loamwold. Josephine, standing on the great front porch, saw them coming, and waved her handkerchief, continuing long after the tears blinded her eyes. Her throat ached as though something were trying to burst through her ears, for it was known to all now that the father must remain a helpless invalid as long as he lived.

Grant was driving the slow-moving van. He had come at once in response to the telegram, and taken charge of his father's affairs; but Grant was not a

farmer, and the fact that his heart was not in the work caused his father more uneasiness now than ever before. Mr. Farvester had been very particular to leave his children to follow their "bent," as he was wont to designate natural liking for a certain occupation. Success was more certainly to be achieved in this way, was his firm belief. And Grant had long shown an interest in electrical research and engineering that amounted to a passion. The boy should not be obliged to give up his cherished plans now if the father could make any arrangement that would not sacrifice the interests of his other children.

This was the problem which weighed upon his mind from the moment he learned the doctor's verdict and his mind had cleared enough to grasp the first details of his business. They had put him in a plaster of Paris jacket, and as soon as he was able to sit bolstered up in bed he called for his papers and accounts, and questioned Grant minutely on the progress of the farm work. Only for an hour each forenoon was he allowed to tax himself, but they could not prevent his mind from dwelling on his business through much of the day, formulating plans for the future.

Morris was at work in his corn-field one forenoon, restoring the "dust blanket" which the heavy shower of a few days before and the succeeding hot sun had baked into a stiff crust, when Edwin Farvester approached through the long, rustling leaves that nearly reached the lad's shoulders.

"Good-morning, Mr. Harmer," he called. "Are you going to be busy all day? Father would like to have a talk with you when you have a little time to spare," he said.

"I'll come at once if you think he'd like to see me now," answered Morris, stopping his horse and leaning upon the handles of the cultivator.

"Well, I don't know about that. He said when you had a little time to spare," repeated the boy. "He's kind of worried about something, we think. He's got something on his mind, mother says."

"Yes. Well, I'll come at once."

Morris unhooked his horse, and led him back to the stable, leaving the cultivator where he would return to it in an hour. He walked over to Loamwold with Edwin, talking with him on the way of the changed conditions in his home.

Schwartz had not been arrested, for his hapless victim, satisfied there was nothing criminal in his intent, refused to prefer charges against him. Farvester's bitterest enemy had nothing but the kindest words for him now, and whenever two got together anywhere they were soon loudly praising his patience and humility, and bemoaning the fate which had overtaken their unselfish, public-spirited neighbor. The school-house had been moved, and the union building now nearly completed.

"It was doubly kind of you, Morris, to come at once," declared the helpless man, when his young friend was shown into the room. "Some business matters have rested heavily on my mind for a long time." He talked slowly, and with the feebleness of an invalid. "You know I shall never get over this—" Morris began some hopeful protest, but Farvester waved him into silence. "Please don't; I understand," he added, with a smile that was thanks for all his good wishes. "You know Grant's chosen line of work," he continued. "I would not interfere with that for a good deal. He is no farmer, and he has already taken a high position, for a young man, in the electrical world. I want him to be free to continue his studies and experiments." He paused a moment, turning his head to look out of the open window. "Of course, there must be some one to look after my affairs," he continued presently. "That is what I want to talk with you about. I have watched your course here for two years, and am well pleased with it. I would rather trust my interests in your hands than with any one else I know."

"Thank you, Mr. Farvester," replied the young man, feeling his heart warm toward him as never before.

"I don't wish to hire you as an overseer or as a superintendent, but I would like to form a regular partnership with you—you to put in your eighty with my one thousand acres, and divide the profits in that proportion. For your general supervision we would allow a liberal salary. That is my plan in a few words. Are you willing to consider such a proposition?"

Morris was astonished that his first thoughts should be of Josephine, when perhaps he should have thought of the size of that liberal salary. "Yes," he said, flushing a little, and feeling that his decision was more like the casting of a die than a matter of judgment. Still he had not pledged himself irrevocably.

"Good!" exclaimed the invalid. "That lifts a great load off my mind." Then he went into details of the proposed partnership, making the matter so much to Morris' advantage that he would have been foolish to decline the offer. He was to have a free hand in carrying on the experiments he had already begun, and the salary which Farvester promised him was more than double the profits on his own farm during that most favorable year. The young man's one fear was that he could not make the arrangement profitable to his senior partner, and though he did not say this, something in his manner revealed the fact to the keen eye of the invalid.

"Indeed, I am looking closely after my own interests in this deal," Farvester declared. "I've been a shrewd bargainer for forty years; don't think that I'm going to depart from all the lessons I've learned at this late day. I won't ask you to give me your decision now. Talk it over with your mother. But let me know at your earliest convenience. I'm sure you appreciate my position, and the relief it will be to have the matter settled." He thanked Morris again for coming so promptly, and put out his emaciated hand to bid him good-morning.

Mrs. Harmer declared, on hearing his story, that she wasn't one bit surprised—she had thought, indeed, that it was coming to just this for several weeks. She came and stood behind Morris' chair where he was seated at his desk, bent his head back, and took his face fondly between her hands; stooping, she kissed him on the brow. It was her way of showing how pleased she was in the certainty that now everything would turn out just as she had wished for two years. In all their talk, from the very first, it was taken for granted that he would accept the rich man's proposal.

Morris slipped into the new order of things with the ease of tried and assured strength. He was always a manly fellow, and his vastly increased responsibilities seemed to fit him like a tailor-made suit. He turned off the work with ease and rapidity, gaining each day in the confidence and respect of those associated with him.

His duties brought him now in daily contact with Josephine. She had long helped her father with his accounts and considerable correspondence, and her assistance made it easier for Morris to take hold of the work. On the second floor of the large house was a room fitted with office-furniture, and there after dinner, during the heated part of the day, Morris and she pored over long columns of figures, examined bills, and attended to such other clerical duties as formed a part of the rich man's large interests. This part of the work—needless to say, perhaps—gave the junior partner his greatest pleasure. In the morning he would ride over the large estate, directing the many men under employment, and at noon go to his home for dinner with his mother. He was always neat and careful of his dress, but for the afternoon he took added pains to appear in immaculate linen, with coat and trousers in keeping with the season. There was nothing about him that suggested the dandy, though his appearance in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room at that hour would not have excited comment.

The office-room had large windows to the east and north, and was delightfully cool on those long, hot days. Mr. Farvester hoped in time to be able to sit in a wheel-chair and be rolled into this room, but in the meantime if a matter arose that required a word from him Josephine or Morris carried it down the hall to her father's couch. The invalid congratulated himself many times on his correct judgment of the young man, for the new order seemed to lack nothing of perfection in his mind. But that it did lack something—a certain promise of the future which Josephine alone could give—was the source of intermittent unrest on the part of Morris. Those two or three hours alone with her each afternoon so added to the regard he had long held that silence was fast becoming unbearable. But at the very moment of speaking, as it were, he accidentally fell on a few words in a way that crushed out every hope of his heart.

Josephine had left the room to receive an afternoon visitor in the parlor below, when Morris had occasion to refer to a letter he had handed her a moment before, with instructions in regard to its answer. He stepped to the type-writer table, believing he could put his hand on the sheet at once, and indeed picked up a letter with the impression that it was the one he sought. He had read the first lines at the top of the page before he discovered his mistake. "Let me congratulate you, Josephine, 'ma bonne amie,' on your engagement. Could ever woman be so favored? How I envy you the coming days and your happiness!"

He read no further. His head swam, and for a time it seemed as if some giant hand had taken his heart in an iron clasp, closing on it with deadly intent. The fateful missive dropped back on the table whence he had taken it. He had heard Josephine talk with her mother of a letter she had received that day from her old school-friend Belle Marlow, and doubted not this was the one. The words were a part of their confidences, no doubt, but the writer could never have dreamed how they were to sear the soul of another as with a hot iron.

Morris did not remain to meet Josephine on her return from the parlor. He felt an imperative need to be alone until he should gain mastery over the disappointment which had suddenly robbed him of every sense save that of interminable pain. He sent word to his mother that he would not be home to supper, and then plunged into the forest that grew along the river-bank. In a secluded dell he lay for an hour prone upon the ground, his face buried in the crook of his arm. His self-control was too great for tears—there could be only a dumb agony. He thought of a thousand things, some of which could be the product of only a mad brain—as the hope it whispered to his heart that in the great city some fatal accident might befall his successful rival.

But he had not come here for this. He said it

fiercely to himself, and turned over so the full light of the setting sun fell on his face. The wave of despair receded, and although the pain was left, a courage to bear it grew with the succeeding moments. With all the force of his strong will he determined never to give way to his disappointment again. There was his mother to live for, and his home life, which had always been happy.

The sun sank flaming through the forest, and the veil of coming night was thrown over the earth. Morris rose, and with heavy steps set out in the direction of his home. He had gone but a little way when he came upon the rails left gaping so Josephine might the more easily get the blue flag. The flowers were gone now. With a feeling that in some way it would close a painful incident in his life, Morris put up the rails, and then stood a moment as one does over a newly made grave.

CHAPTER IX.

As Morris stood leaning on the rails, fortifying himself to meet Josephine on the morrow, a girl's voice, inexpressibly sweet, trilled on the night air, followed by light running steps, with the "swish, swish," of summer skirts. Before the young man had a chance to move, Josephine herself stood facing him on the opposite side of the fence, brought to a sudden standstill by the rails he had just replaced. She was surprised to find the gap closed, but more startled by the appearance of a man beyond, and then she recognized the form as Morris'.

"Oh, Morris, how you frightened me!" she gasped, putting her hand to her side. And as soon as she could get her breath she added, "You've put the rails back! Are the cattle in here now?"

"I'll take them down again," he said, without spirit, and his voice was so thick as to be noticeable.

"Why, what's the matter—you're not sick?"

Morris cleared his throat, and tried to force something like naturalness into his tones. "No—that is, I didn't feel just myself, and so left off work and came for a walk in the woods. I didn't suppose you would come this way again before next summer. Something moved me to put up the rails. But I'll take them down again," he repeated.

"No, don't, Morris," she returned quickly. "Probably I'll not come here again before next summer. I just thought how prettily the moon will rise to-night down the river, over the reeds, and I wanted to see it. You can take my hand, and help me over the fence. There's a stump on the other side. Don't you remember? Here it is now."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



The Teacher Who "Boarded 'Round"

BY MORRIS WADE

I WAS one of those teachers myself in the first years of my manhood, for I was twenty-one when I began teaching a small country school in a sparsely settled district. I received the munificent emolument of six dollars a week for my services, and was "boarded 'round" without any charge to myself. Having been the fortunate possessor of an abundant sense of humor, I enjoyed a good many situations that a person not having any of the good gift of humor to his portion would have found most trying. I preferred "boarding 'round" to being "knocked down to the lowest bidder," as was the custom in some rural districts many years ago. Lest this seems a little vague, I may add that in some districts the teacher was paid a certain sum "and board." Then the directors or committeemen of the "deestric" asked for bids for boarding the teacher, and he was turned over to the lowest bidder, no matter what that bidder's environment might be. An old gentleman once told me that he was present at a meeting held in the school-house in which he was to teach his first term of school sixty years ago when a number of the residents of the district met to make bids for boarding him. He suffered the humiliation of being "knocked down" to a bidder who offered to board him for eighty-seven and one half cents a week. One bidder offered to board him for seventy-five cents a week if he would "help with the chores," but as he was studying to fit himself for college, he refused to fall in with this offer. It was well that he did, for he discovered that one of his predecessors who had agreed to such an arrangement discovered that "helping with the chores" meant the milking of six cows before daylight in the morning and the responsibility of keeping a huge wood-box filled with wood he was expected to cut, saw and split himself.

I had no such arduous duties thrust upon me when I "boarded 'round," but I did "make myself useful" in rather unusual ways on different occasions. I remember that I was for two weeks the guest of an old lady who asked me if I would mind sewing carpet-rags for her in the evenings. Wishing to oblige her, I consented to this proposition, and am grateful that there were no "kodak fiends" around in those days to "snapshot," and thus perpetuate the ludicrous spectacle of a young man of six feet one sitting in a low rocking-chair sewing rags for the "twisted stripe" of a rag carpet.

A week or two later I spent a week with the family of the woman who was to weave the carpet. It was of my own accord that I sat at the big, clumsy loom in what she called the "weave room" of the old farmhouse and beat some of the "twisted stripe" into its final resting-place in the hit-or-miss body of the carpet.

I spent a week with one family in which there were no less than eight boys all under twelve years of age, and when bedtime came I was asked if it would bother me any to have Tommy and Jimmy and Sammy sleep with me. Discovering that there was no other place for them to sleep if I did not acquiesce in this arrangement, I agreed to it, and spent sleepless nights with the three little squirmers, who were heedless of their mother's admonition not to "wriggle and squirm

all night so the teacher can't sleep none." The mother kept some of her table supplies in this room, and I was just dropping into momentary slumber when I heard the tin cover of a jar in the room rattle, and the mother called out from the next room, "You Tom, Jimmy, Sam, whichever one o' you it is in that doughnut-jar, you let them doughnuts alone, an' git right back into bed! The teacher don't want you munchin' doughnuts in bed with him!" Parental authority was held in such constant disregard in this home that Sammy, the despoiler of the doughnut-jar, paid no heed to his mother's command, but came back to bed with several huge "twister" doughnuts, one of which he generously offered me.

I recall one week spent with a musical family. The mother played on a wheezy melodeon, that she called a "melodeum," the father was proud of the fact that he could "outfiddle" any one in the neighborhood; one daughter played on the guitar, which her grandmother called a "catarrh;" a boy of thirteen did fearful execution with a flute; another daughter created awful discords with an accordion, and a boy of ten played alternately and agonizingly on the harmonica, jew's-harp and a common "coarse" comb. The proud father was quite right when he promised me that I would "hear something" when all of them "started up 'Yankee Doodle'" at the same time on their various instruments. At the close of this and some nine or ten other selections played in concert by the entire family I was informed that "gran'ma'am and gran'dad" would sing for me if I wished them to do so. Courtesy compelled me to say that I was eager to hear them, and the old couple began to sing some of the queer ballads frequently sung by rural firesides some years ago. I doubt not that they are still sung in some places. I remember that one of the ballads sung in droning, melancholy notes by the old couple was "Springfield Mountain," in which we were told that

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A likely-youth, I knowed him well;
His age it was just twenty-one—
Lieutenant Merrick's only son.

One summer morning he did go
Into the medder for to mow;
He mowed three rounds, and then did feel
A pizen sarpiant bit his heel.

When he received his deadly wound,
He dropped his scythe upon the ground,
And straight for his home was his intent,
A-crying all the way he went.

They took him to his Sally dear,
Which made him feel quite wondrous queer.
"Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go
Down in the medder for to mow?"

"Oh, Sally dear, and don't you know
'Tis daddy's grass, and must be mowed?"
At last he died, gave up the ghost,
And up to Abraham did post.

There were several versions of this dismal ballad, and in one of them we are told that

When this young man gave up the ghost,
He up to Abraham did post,
A-crying all the way he went,
"Oh, crewel, crewel, crewel sarpiant!"

In some of the versions, some of which contain no less than fourteen stanzas, there was this entrancing refrain at the end of each verse:

Lalalu, lalalu, lalalu, lalalu,
Lalalu, lalalu, lalalu, lia."

Then there was another very long and dismal ballad recounting the folly of a vain young maiden who would go to a ball too thinly clad, with the harrowing result that she froze to death on the way. Along in the sixteenth or seventeenth stanza we were told of her escort and lover that

He bore her out into the sleigh,
And with her he rode home;
And when they reached the cottage door,
Her parents they did mourn.
They mourned for the loss of a daughter dear,
And Charles mourned o'er their gloom
Until his heart with grief did break,
And they slumbered in one tomb.

The singing of old ballads was a very popular diversion in the rural homes of years ago. Nearly all of these ballads were very long and dismal, and they were sung to droning and dismal tunes. Sometimes the singers would weep as they sang them, and the nervous strain was great when one had to listen to ten or fifteen of these harrowing ballads in a single evening.

Sometimes at the close of "butchering day" on the farm, when eight or nine great fat porkers were offered up on the altar of sacrifice that the family pork-barrels might be filled, the neighbors would come in in the evening and assist in the greasy pastime of stuffing sausage, or "sassingers," as they were sometimes called. The teacher was expected to enter heartily into this diversion, and to make the entire life of the family his own. Indeed, he was literally "one of the family."

Now and then, when the teacher was young and unmarried, some rosy-cheeked lass would "set her cap" for him, but he was a wise youth who did not show partiality to the extent of becoming the beau of any of the young ladies in the school.

Customs change with each decade, and the old-time custom of the teacher "boarding 'round" does not obtain to any great extent at the present time. But I have some happy memories of the days when I "boarded 'round," and I remember with pleasure the simple comfort and genuine kindness of some of the homes in which I was a guest, and I have always been glad that it once fell to my portion to "board 'round."

Ax for Rural Routes

ACCORDING to Washington dispatches, economy in government expenses, made necessary in every department by the large deficit in the revenues, threatens to be forcibly applied in the rural-free-delivery service. The placing of rural free delivery on a contract basis is hinted at, and may come to pass unless a vigorous protest is forthcoming from the people living on the routes.

It costs the government twenty-eight million dollars a year to run the rural routes, paying the carriers a maximum compensation of seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. The average pay is six hundred and ninety dollars for each carrier, the rate being fixed by the length of the routes.

The pruners who are looking for spots where the expenses of the government may be decreased figure that by letting out contracts for the rural service the work can be done at a cost not to exceed two thirds of what the government is now paying. They do not say that it will be as efficiently done, but urge that the contracts can be drawn so as to insure a satisfactory service. The proposition will receive much support in Congress, where a feeling prevails that while the rural service may be desirable for the people along the routes, something must be done to protect the politicians from the power of the carriers.

So strong have the carriers become through organization and agitation with their patrons that they practically dictate to Congress their compensation. Congressmen have found it impossible to withstand the pressure that has been brought to bear, and cannot forecast where the carriers' demands will end. Therefore, to rid themselves of the threatening danger, they will give hearty support to the movement in the name of economy to take out of the public service and remove from politics the rural carriers. Whatever Congress may determine, the public will agree that the average of six hundred and ninety dollars a year is little enough for the work.

Song of Sowing

The furrow lies brown in the wake of the plow,
And the overturned sod is sweet,
And the sower sings as the seed he flings,
And his strain keeps time, as his right arm swings
To and fro in a rhythmic beat.

His song is a prayer that the wind and the rain,
And their kinsman, the kindly sun,
Keep a balance fine betwixt shade and shine,
In the mystic sequence of growth divine,
With the work of his hands begun!

His song is a dream of the season to be,
From the blade to the waving June,
Till the fields unfold into autumn gold
That shall crown his toil with a wealth untold,
In the height of the harvest-moon!

—E. H. Kinney, in Boston Cooking-School Magazine.

Old St. David's Church

One and one half miles from Wayne Station, Pa., at the village of Radnor, is situated the little old church and cemetery of St. David, haunted by memories of the past. The walls are now covered with moss and trees, while ivy clings lovingly to the time-softened stones of the church. The dignity that time alone can give is connected with this ancient historic building, for it was erected in 1714.

The churchyard is peaceful, is silent, is still. Ancient gravestones, whose quaint inscriptions are almost obliterated by the rains and winds of many years, speak of those who died for their country. Here in this churchyard lies the dust of Mad Anthony Wayne, at one time commander-in-chief of the American army; in this church George Washington worshiped during that terrible winter at Valley Forge.

Keeping It Up

Not long ago a woman who had been twenty years married gave her husband a unique gift, a book—privately printed, of course—containing the letters he had written to her during their married life. As they formed a record of faithful and romantic devotion, she was desirous of having her friends see his shining example, so had the book printed. Her taste might be questioned; but setting that aside, there is food for thought in the fact that some wives are treated like sweethearts all through the married years, and in return exert themselves to retain the same powers of fascination and sweetness that attracted the man in the first instance. The letters in the lady's book show that her husband never failed in precious little attentions—birthdays were never forgotten, nor wedding anniversaries, nor any of the more public days which all the land celebrates; illness was comforted with flowers and a few rhymed lines, a return from an absence was always prettily welcomed, and during separation there was a daily letter.

And what was the wife doing? Her share, of course, else such devotion could not last through twenty years. Now, very few men have time or talent to throw

In a Miscellaneous Way

their souls on paper to the extent of this model man, and all have not wives to appreciate it; but, just in general, do we not after marriage neglect the little things with which the game of courtship was won?—Helen Churchill Candee.

An Old Elm-Tree that Lives in a Barn

In this century it is an unusual sight that warms the heart to find men who venerate ancient trees and spend good money and much personal effort in preserving them for future generations to venerate and admire in their vigorous old age. A striking instance of this kind is found in the preservation of the giant elm shown in the illustration, which is growing through the roof of a barn in the charming Yankee village of



The owner of this elm built his barn about the tree instead of cutting it down to make way for the building. The elm was a beautiful shade-tree in Revolutionary War time.

Kennebunk, Maine. The butt of this elm is very nearly six feet in diameter, but its age is uncertain. It is known, however, that when the British were in Kennebunk during the Revolutionary War this tree and its mate, a limb of which may be seen in the illustration, were large, well-grown shade-trees. So dearly were they cherished by the owner of the property that instead of cutting down one of the trees, which was in the way, he built his barn about the tree, and left an open latticework from the ground to the eaves, so that the tree could have plenty of light and air.

—G. S. Roberts, in Country Life in America.

Aristocrats on Small Salaries

There are quite a number of Europe's aristocratic young men who are working on salaries of ten and twelve dollars a week in New York importing-houses as clerks and bookkeepers, says the Seattle "Times."

"Some of these clerks that you see here," said the

step, there stood my ten-dollar-a-week clerk, smiling and handsome in a faultless dress-suit, holding out his hand in welcome.

"I felt very cheap, for I had come from the office in my business-suit, into the drawing-room he presented me to the Baron de S—, attached to the embassy at Washington, then to the Wall Street banker where he kept his account, and to Larskorf, the junior clerk in the shipping department. I sat down in the chair nearest to Larskorf, and tried to begin a conversation with him, in which I hoped the others would join me, but the Baron and the banker were actually paying court to their host, and it seemed that Larskorf was too absorbed in what they were saying to give even a semblance of attention to me, his boss. I felt sure that he was laughing at me in his sleeve, and would have liked to have kicked him on the shins, but fortunately the Japanese at that moment announced supper, and we filed into the dining-room. "I don't know who cooked that supper," said the manager, reminiscently, "but I know who ate it. It couldn't be beat in New York."

The Lewis-Clark Centennial

The gates of the Lewis-Clark Centennial Exposition will be formally thrown open to-day, June 1st, and another world's fair will have been born. Portland, Oreg., the site of the great show, and situate in the very midst of the wonderful "New Northwest," has done a remarkable work in the building of the exposition.

Three or four years ago it was announced that in 1905 an exposition was to be held at Portland, Oreg. "The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition" it was to be called. Those who had read little about the expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark into the wilds of the Northwest one hundred years ago began to "brush up" on history, just to see what this exposition idea meant. They were aware that it meant the commemoration of an heroic expedition of adventure, and as time passed many thousands of citizens to whom the Lewis and Clark story was unknown became acquainted with the important historical facts in connection therewith.

When those two young army-captains, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, set forth upon their long and perilous journey from St. Louis to the Pacific coast in the spring of 1804 they were but dimly aware of the tremendous importance of their task. Not even the farseeing Thomas Jefferson, who as President of the United States had sent them forth, could foresee the marvelous results of that little expedition of thirty or more white men boring into the midst of a wilderness inhabited by savages and wild beasts. But the President and the two young captains could see far enough into the future to comprehend that the expedition, if successful, would add an important page to American history, whether or not it might add new territory to the American nation. These men belong to our heroic period—that age of heroism which began with the Pilgrims who first set foot on Plymouth Rock, whose progeny pushed ever further and further into the wilderness, subduing the wilds, peopling the solitudes, extending empire—and American empire, at that—to the western sea-coast, and now beyond. Though that period, in a somewhat lessening sense, extends down to the present day, we may say that it reached its highest point a century ago, when these modest heroes blazed the first trail for oncoming America across the continent.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial therefore has ample excuse for being. It appeals to the poetic imagination, as well as to the practical side, of every true American. If you desire to study the stuff of which heroes are made, go to the library and read up on Lewis and Clark; and if you wish to inspect the glories of the Golden Fleece won by these modern Jasons, take a trip to Portland at the reduced railroad rates this summer, and see the exposition and the wonderful section of country which through the success of their expedition the United States was enabled to add to its domain.

Fitzhugh Lee

The closing chapter of the life of another interesting character of history has been written.

Brigadier-General Fitzhugh Lee, ex-governor of Virginia, died April 28th. He was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Va., November 19, 1835. In his sixteenth year he entered West Point military academy, and was graduated in 1856. After some Indian campaigning in Texas he became a cavalry-instructor at West Point. When the Civil War broke out he entered the service of the Confederacy. In 1862 he was appointed a brigadier-general, and in the following year attained the rank of major-general. He was elected governor of Virginia in 1886. During the Spanish-American War he was in command of the Seventh Army Corps, with rank of major-general, U. S. V. After the war he was appointed military-governor of Havana. He was appointed to the regular army in February, 1901, with the rank of brigadier-general, and was for a time in command of the department of Missouri.



OLD ST. DAVID'S CHURCH

Mad Anthony Wayne's monument is indicated by the cross

manager of one big establishment, "live in grand style, and have their own apartments and their servants. One evening last winter before the store closed that young aristocrat with the gold pen stuck behind his ear came to me and invited me to supper in his rooms. Naturally I was a bit surprised at his impudence, but putting it down to his lack of knowledge of the proprieties that govern employer and employed, I accepted his invitation, and showed myself at his house promptly at half-past seven, the hour designated by him. My surprise knew no bounds when, after I had rung his bell, a Japanese butler in a swallow-tail admitted me to the large hall, which was a square room literally filled with pictures, hangings and rare bric-à-brac that would have turned an art dealer's heart sick with envy. The rugs on the floor were costly, the staircase was marble, and as I mounted the last

PHOTO BY CORA JUNE SHEPPARD.

The Daughter's Surprise

I HEARD a beautiful story a few days ago about an afflicted father, a loving daughter and a piano.

It seems that the father had long wished his daughter to become a proficient performer on the piano, and the daughter, distrusting her own capabilities, had made up her mind that she could never play well enough to make her devotion of hours and hours of practice worth while.

Suddenly, and almost without warning, her father was stricken with blindness, and then the daughter, taking a leaf out of Dickens, determined to play Dot to his Caleb, and with that in view she bought a piano-player on the instalment plan.

Her father had been away for some weeks when the automatic player came to the house, and upon his return she said to him, "Father dear, would you like to hear some music?"

And her father said, "I would indeed, daughter, if you can play some for me. I want to see if you have improved during my absence."

So the old gentleman sat himself down on the sofa, and turned his ear toward the piano, and the daughter put a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt in its place and started the mechanism.

When she came to an end, her father called her to him, and kissed her upon her forehead and patted her cheek, and said, "What a dear little thing it is, and how much it loves to please its papa. Paderewski might interpret it differently, but he could not play it any faster."

And while the daughter's pride and her conscience were having it out between them, her father said, "Daughter, I, too, have a surprise." He turned toward her, and continued, "While in New York I visited an oculist, and I can now see as well as I ever could. How much do you have to pay a month for the thing?"—Boston Brown Book.

Tobacco First, Wife Second

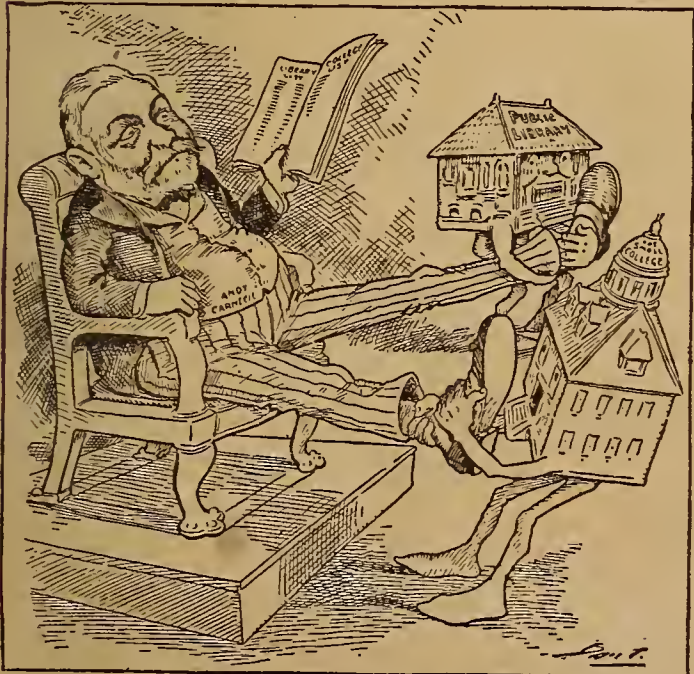
A former resident of Kentucky who had located along the Pacific coast is said to have sent the following letter to the postmaster in his old home town:

Erwin, Ore., Feb. 5, 1905. Mr. Post Master: Will yo please hand this note to some old tobacco raiser. I want 5 dollars worth of home made tobacco from old Ky. for chewing. I want as old tobacco as there is and as good. I want to pay what it is worth. Would like if it was twisted. Whoever gets this note anser at once. I used to live in Ky., in livingston, co., and if there is some good old maid or a widowed lady a Bout 35 or 40, tell them to write to me if they want to change their name to a better one. I was married once in Ky. I got my licens at smithland, was married at love's chapel, close to caryville. I got a fine lady; I want a nother one from old Ky., they are the people and most respected. Believe me yore friend,
A. J. BESS.

P. S. Say, lady, if you do write send me yore picture. I am this way, quick sales and good profits. My wife has bin dead 7 years. I have no children. By By.

Couldn't be Settled

Judge Sylvester Dana, who was for some years judge of the police court in Concord, N. H., always endeavored to smooth over any little difference be-



—Bartholomew, in the Minneapolis Journal.
ANDY'S OTHER LEG

The Small College—"This leg is shorter than it really ought to be."

tween persons brought before him. On one occasion the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors and had been on the best of terms for some years.

"It is a great pity," said the Judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court."

"It can't be done, Judge," answered the plaintiff, moodily. "I thought of that myself, but the cur won't fight."—Boston Herald.



Wit and Humor

An Enemy

"What a nice little boy!" said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?"

"Naw!" snapped the nice little boy.

"My gracious! Don't you like me?"

"Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist 'cause you come."—Philadelphia Press.

Two Babies

The home baby and the hotel baby met on the northeast corner of the park entrance.

"I am surprised," said the hotel baby, "to see the way you dress. Are you not yet aware of the fact that those loose gowns are no longer in vogue in the best corridors?"

"Oh, I just slipped this on, lounging around," said



—From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"
(The pupils flock to the newest school)

the home baby. "Nothing like being comfortable, you know."

"I suppose," said the hotel baby, "that you would never hesitate to sacrifice good form to comfort. With me it's different. I have to maintain a certain standing. My mother, for example, never dares to go down to the table without her full complement of rings on. It is just as necessary that I should preserve the family appearance."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the home baby, "how tiresome! Can't you sneak away at times down the coal-hole or out in the back alley and let yourself loose?"

"Never!" said the hotel baby, with dignity. "Somebody is always watching me."

"I tell you what you do," said the home baby. "You come home with me. The outside world cannot see us there. We'll kick up our heels, and just have a real good time."

The hotel baby drew himself up to his full height. "God will see us," he said, reproachfully, "and you know, you little unregenerate heathen, that he doesn't approve any more of people who live in homes."—Life.

Two Truths

The following story, said to be on a Scotch farmer who was nigh penniless, is told:

In his extremity he bethought him of marrying a wife with money, and accordingly looked about him for one who would bring some with her. After some negotiating this was accomplished, and the wedding took place. Being now in an improved position, he bought a horse for the farm work. On leading it home he called to his newly made wife to come out and inspect the bargain. This she did, and after the horse had been duly admired she said, "Ah, weel, Jamie, if it hadna been for my money that horse wadna been standing there."

"Deed, woman," coolly replied the fond husband, "if it hadna been for your money ye wadna been standing there yerself."

Translation

The great literary gentleman was sitting at his desk working diligently.

He was performing a difficult stunt for a great publishing-house that was exceedingly enterprising.

He would write a line or two, and then impatiently run his pencil through it; then he would write more.

At last he looked up in despair, and said, "I simply cannot do it. If that publishing-house must have

an edition of Longfellow's poems translated into the Kentucky language they'll have to put somebody else at the desk. This is all I have accomplished so far:

"Distil, sad heart, and cease refining;
Behind the hills they are still moonshining."

And closing his desk upon the unfinished work with a resounding bang, the great literary person put on his hat and strode forth into the sunshine.—Baltimore American.

Uncle Ezra's Opinion of the World

Ain't it good to be a-livin' in this grand old world to-day?

Seems as though I've never seen it lookin' half as fine an' gay.

Just been offered sixty dollars for that colt there in the lane,

An' Maria says Joe Higgins wants to marry Mary Jane.

She's our oldest, you remember—gittin' close to twenty-nine,

An' we'd sort o' lost hope for 'er. Gosh, but this old world is fine!

Wheat is lookin' mighty splendid, corn is good an' thrifty, too;

Seems as though the sky was never half as soft or half as blue.

Amos—he's my son—I reckon that you've often heard o' him.

Well, he's goin' with Lib Watkins, only daughter of old Jim—

Richest man in this hull county! Lib's no beauty, I'll admit,

But I'm thinkin' Amos figgers that there's more than looks to git.

Hear them blackbirds yonder screechin'! Can't keep still, they feel so glad!

I don't see how anybody can set 'round a-lookin' sad

When the good Lord's went an' fixed it so that everything's so fair;

Seems as though the lambs were never half as fine as them up there.

Did I tell you that our Lizzie was engaged to Henry Spink?

He's to ask me for her Tuesday—an' I'll give her up, I think.

My! but don't them fields look splendid with the shadows floatin' past;

An' this weather can't be beaten—seems too good almost to last.

When our Mary Jane an' Lizzie go an' leave their ma an' me

We'll have only three remainin' to git married off. I see—

This, o' course, is confidential—that Will Ballard's half inclined

To shy up to Belle, our third one. Well, I guess ma wouldn't mind.

Yes, I will admit I grumbled an' was blue a month ago;

Things were lookin' mighty gloomy. I've quit nursin' trouble, though,

An', I tell you what, it's splendid—this old feelin' in the spring

That makes people git to lovin' an' to think o' marrying.



—Ireland, in the Columbus Dispatch.

Doctor Gladden—"You can't mix them, John; you can't mix them!"

We had sort o' got to losin' hope for Mary Jane an' Liz.

Say, just look at them there blossoms. What a grand old world this is!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

What the most people want must be the best when there is a great number from which to select, therefore FARM AND FIRESIDE must be the best twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world. Please get your neighbor to subscribe, and thereby double the list of subscribers to this excellent paper.

Local Option

J. B., Ohio, would like to know: "In a local-option township can a man open up a saloon at the end of two years without calling another election?"

The querist wants an answer in the next issue. Unless an answer is requested by letter, and remittance received, each query must wait its turn. There must be another election.

Recovery of Land

A. W. asks: "On August 23, 1847, my grandfather appointed C. S. his attorney to get his land-warrant and bring it to him at Louisville, Ky. He got the warrant, and sold and assigned it to T. C. Is there any way he can take the land from T. C.?"

I think not. Too much time has expired since T. C. got the land.

Shortage in Acre-Measurement

C. S. B., Michigan, asks: "The north township line cuts certain sections short. Field-notes call for thirty rods short in this section. A surveyor found it forty rods short. He says the extra ten rods should be divided across the section, while the land-office says the shortage should all come off the subdivisions which join the north line. Which is correct?"

I should rather think the land-office would give the correct answer, yet the entire answer might depend upon some fact not stated in the query.

Right to Collect for Keeping Parent

A. S., Pennsylvania, inquires: "Some time ago my mother sold her home to my sister, and was to live with her. After a time she got tired, and came to live with me, and made no bargain at all. She has money at interest. I want to know whether at her death I can get anything for taking care of her."

No, not unless she agrees to pay you, and you had better have her agree to do so in writing or in the presence of a witness. A child can never recover for keeping a parent unless there is an express contract to that effect.

Right to Remove Fixture

N. A. E., Maryland, asks: "A. bought of B. a grist-mill to which there was a cider-press attached. A. gave B. a bill of sale for the grist-mill, there being a mortgage on said property, also. The mill burned down, and A. rebuilt it, using the insurance. A. rented a cider-press, and put it in the new mill, spiking and bolting it to the building, leaving the bills of sale stand. A. sold the mill to C., and did not except the cider-press. C. sold the mill to D., and excepted the cider-press. D. refused to pay the rent on the cider-press. Can the owner collect the rent on the cider-press or remove the press?"

I think the owner can remove the press. He might not be able to collect the rent.

Sale to Minor

R. M., Ohio, asks: "A. is of age, B. is a minor. A. sells B. a rifle, B. verbally agreeing to pay for it at a certain time. B. comes to the home of A. and gets the gun when A. is absent. B.'s father owns real estate. B. sells the gun, but does not pay A. Can A. collect the bill? Can B. prosecute A. for selling firearms to a minor?"

I doubt if A. can collect the bill, and I also doubt very much whether under the circumstances A. could be prosecuted for selling the gun. At least, I do not think B. could prosecute him. If B. acts honestly he will keep his promise and pay for the gun. It is a bad start in life for a minor to refuse to pay his honest debts just because he can. Such a boy will never become a useful or good citizen. It is against the Ohio laws to sell firearms to a minor, and the penalty is a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days.

Receiver of Bank

B. G. M., Ohio, asks: "Has the receiver of a national bank after it has failed a right to withhold a statement of the condition of the bank from the public when the public or depositors desire that a statement be made?—If a mortgage is given to secure the payment of notes, will the mortgage outlaw in time, when interest or part of interest is paid from time to time?"

The receiver acts under the order of the court that appoints him. There might be times when it would not be desirable, perhaps, that a statement should be given, but, generally speaking, I should think that a statement ought to be given as soon as possible. If the receiver refuses, ask the court that appoints him.—Yes, it will be outlawed in time. In Ohio it cannot be foreclosed after fifteen years from the time the debt it was made to secure is due. The property might be secured in action of ejectment in twenty years.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Inheritance—Illegitimate Child

E. M. inquires: "Where a farm is left to uncles and aunts on both sides by a nephew, has an illegitimate half-uncle any right with them?"

An illegitimate child can inherit only through its mother, and it might inherit from its own children, but I doubt if the half-uncle would inherit.

Right of Wife to Control Her Own Earnings

S. M. S. asks: "If a woman marries a man with one child, and wife No. 2 either teaches school or sews, and buys any personal property of any kind, can the child of wife No. 1 at the husband's death claim any of the property that wife No. 2 has bought? Can wife No. 2 hold the property without consulting an attorney?"

The wife can retain all of the property that is her own and that was recognized as being purchased by her and with her own funds.

Right of Vender of Real Estate to Remove Personal Property

A. S., Illinois, asks: "In the selling of an estate, the renter at the time being an heir, can that heir when moving take such things as a work-bench in the basement, but in no way attached to the house, boards scattered about the place, and some tools, the other heirs being willing, or are they the property of the buyer, no mention being made in the deed or at the time of the transaction?"

Yes, I would say you could remove the articles you mention.

Right of Seller of Land to Timber, etc.

W. R., Wisconsin, wishes to know: "In April, 1904, I sold three acres of land for a cemetery, and reserved the timber thereon for wood. In July of the same year I sold the remainder of my farm, together with all personal property except household goods. Has the party who bought the farm a right to take timber from the land sold for a cemetery? When I sold my real estate and personal property there was some lumber and shingles in piles on the premises which had never been used on the place. Would I have the right to take it away? I gave a warranty deed on the place, but still hold a mortgage against it."

The party who bought the place has no right to the timber on the cemetery. You had a right to remove loose timber and shingles unless it was included in the sale of your personal property.

Advancement

F. R., Illinois, says: "John married several years ago. All went well until his health failed; then he found it impossible to supply the wants of his family without help from his father. Wishing that each child should share alike, the father has kept a book-account of the money paid him. If the father should die without a will, will the book-account stand without John's name being signed to it?"

If it can be shown that it was the father's intention that the amounts so paid were to be charged against his son's interest, it will bind the son, even though John has not signed it. It would be well for the father to make a statement in his account-book that the charges are advancements to John, and are to be deducted from his share of the estate.

Delivery of Deed Essential

E. B. R., California, inquires: "A man wishing his wife to come into immediate possession of his real estate at his death has a deed made, signed, sealed and acknowledged. He then keeps the deed among his own papers, and she understands that at his death she is to get said deed recorded. Will her title be all right? Would the difference in the time of making the deed and the time of recording it debar her claim?"

I do not think the deed would be good. It is not the difference of time in the making and recording that would make it defective, but the fact that it is not delivered—that is, the husband keeping it in his possession and under his control is what affects its validity. In such cases in order for the deed to be good it would be proper for him to put it in some one's control to be handed the wife after his death. The husband had better consult an attorney, and have a will drawn or the deed properly delivered.

Inheritance

C. O. S., Oregon, asks: "In the state of Oregon what share of the husband's property does the wife inherit if the husband dies, leaving no children?"

The wife will get all unless the husband makes a will.

Right of Heir to Sell Land

A. M. S., Dakota, asks: "If a father dies, and leaves a piece of land, but no will, can his wife sell it, if the children all sign to give a clear title, without going through the probate court?"

Yes, if all of the children are of age and the debts are all paid.

Breach of Promise

F. G. M. asks: "After a person has been engaged to any one for two years or more, if they back out after the wedding-day is set, can anything be done?"

There will be no criminal liability, but the party would be liable to pay damages in a breach-of-promise suit.

Overpayment by Mistake

W. K. G., Wisconsin, asks: "A. sells his barley to B., delivers it, and receives his money. A year later B. claims he paid A. twenty dollars too much. Can he collect it?"

Yes, if he can prove that it was a mistake and give good reasons why he waited so long before making his demand. If it was not a mistake he could not.

Renter's Liability for Shortage in Land

A. F. T., Kansas, wants to know: "A. had a farm, and marked part of it, and rented the rest to B., C. and D. B. got fifteen acres adjoining A., C. got twenty acres adjoining B., and D. got the rest, supposed to be eighty acres. B. and C. took their claims, and commenced work before D., who came and measured his land, and asked C. if he had got his amount of land. Being told that C. was satisfied, D. commenced work. Soon after B. found out that he was short of land, but let it go, and paid the landlord, A., his full rent. After the crops were gathered B. made a claim on D. for the shortage. Is D. in any way responsible for such land?"

I should very much doubt if D. is liable to B. B. should have correctly measured his land.

Inheritance

S. R., Indiana, asks: "A widow with some children and some real estate married a widower with children and some real estate. If the lady dies, what part of her estate will her husband get, or if the husband dies, what part of his estate will his widow get?"

This querist wants an answer in the next issue, which is always impossible. Let me again say that if querists desire an immediate answer they should remit one dollar and receive a reply by letter.

I always have some difficulty in answering queries like the above from Indiana, because of the peculiar statutes of the state. Generally, I will answer that if the wife dies the husband will get one third of her real estate absolutely, and if the husband dies the wife will get a life estate in one third of his real estate, and at her death it will go to his children. The widow would get at least one third of the personal property absolutely.

Duty of Life Tenant

E. N. V., West Virginia, asks: "A tract of land was left to A. and B. C. has a life interest in all. C. has rented this land to D., who is cutting good timber for fuel, and pasturing sheep in the orchard, which are eating the bark from the trees. Who is responsible for the damage done? Could C. be made to keep the buildings in repair?"

It is the duty of the life tenant, C., or any one acting through him, to properly use the property. He could not cut good timber if there was any decaying timber to be used, unless there is a very great abundance of timber on the farm, neither would C. or D. have a right to let the sheep injure the fruit-trees. C. must likewise keep the buildings in proper repair, reasonable wear and tear excepted. Whatever damage is done, C., and not D., is responsible to A. and B. D. may be responsible to C.

Inheritance in Oklahoma

A. S., Ohio, inquires: "A man having a son married a lady with a daughter, and they live in Oklahoma. If the husband dies, what share does the widow get? If the lady dies, how is her property disposed of? Please give the answers to the above questions for those living in Ohio."

Whichever should die first, the survivor would get one half of the other's estate.

Deed Jointly with Right of Survivorship

S. L. W., New York, asks: "I wish to deed my farm to three jointly. Can I word it so that if one or more of the three should die the remaining ones or one would be in full possession?"

Yes, I think you could, but in doing so it would be much safer for you to consult a competent attorney at home, and get him to draw the deed, than for me to give you a form.

Inheritance

W. B., South Carolina, says: "I had a brother who married a woman and lived with her for over fifty years, and had some property, both real and personal. She died, and left no children. He married another woman, who had nearly nothing, and he died, and left no will. What part can the widow get of his estate, and can she do as she pleases with it at her death? Relations on both sides."

If he leaves brothers and sisters, one half will go to them and one half to the widow. She can do as she pleases with her share.

Right to Will Property

A. S., Pennsylvania, asks: "My parents are both living, and own considerable property. My brother and two sisters are dead. One sister and myself are living. I am the oldest, and the only son. There are two grandchildren, one by each of my two dead sisters. Can my father and mother will those grandchildren an equal share of the property, or will it fall to my sister and myself?"

Yes, they can will their property just as they choose. It is theirs, and they have a right to dispose of it as they will. A child has no interest in his parents' property that will prevent the parent from exercising his choice as to its final disposal.

Wife Leaving Husband Property

F. F., Virginia, asks: "A friend married a lady who had about thirty acres of thin land with a good house on it. She had added about three hundred dollars' worth of improvements, including an unfinished barn upon the place, seven head of cattle, and one horse. Her husband worked hard to improve the land and to make such improvements as the farm required in fencing, etc. He raised about twelve hogs a year for twelve years, and three calves a year. Then he rented a field three times for the crops, and made a regular hand on the place, never losing any time. Now, what ought to be his portion of the estate at his wife's death, they not having any children?"

It seems to me there would be nothing wrong in leaving it all to the husband. To do so she had better make a will. If she does not want to give it all to him absolutely, she might give him all the personal property absolutely and the real estate for life.

Right to a Divorce

W. H. P., West Virginia, asks: "A. is a married man whose wife is a shrew. She abuses him fiercely and with great frequency, and without just cause or provocation. But what is worse, she flirts with a young man every chance she gets, notwithstanding A. has pleaded with her to desist. She is also guilty of duplicity and immodesty. Could A. get an absolute divorce in South Dakota or Indiana? Would A. have to have witnesses to prove these facts, or would his own testimony be sufficient evidence? How long would he have to reside in either of these states before or after securing a divorce? If divorced, would he have to support her? If not, what share would she get of his property? What would it likely cost A. should he be able to secure a divorce in either of the states named, as he lives in West Virginia?"

In Indiana a person must be a bona-fide resident of the state for two years, in South Dakota one year. Of course, there would have to be witnesses. This testimony might be taken by deposition. The best way would be to bring divorce proceedings where the parties reside. If the wife was in the wrong, the husband would not have to support her. The court would make the proper orders as to his property. It would probably cost fifty dollars to get a divorce in Indiana or South Dakota.

The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

Sunlight and Warts

ACCORDING to "Semaine Medical" for September 7, 1904, a Russian physician, Naoumov, succeeded in removing a number of warts from his hands by simply concentrating upon them the solar rays for a period of some thirty seconds with a convex lens from his ophthalmoscope. He found that the nutritive blood-vessels of the warts became occluded, and that the latter therefore soon atrophied. A slight induration of the skin remained after the warts had fallen off, only to disappear in its turn after a week or so.

Beating the Insurance Companies

It is no easy matter to get the best of a life-insurance company, but there is at least one man who does not have to die to be a little ahead of the game. "If I feel that I am in a bad way," he says, "I make application for a policy of twenty-five thousand dollars, and am duly examined by the company's physicians and surgeons. They charge me nothing for their professional services, being paid by the company. I learn exactly what is the matter with me, and do not have to go to the expense of calling in a private practitioner. In this way I am saving doctors' bills. I will never be accepted by any company, but I go up for examination once or twice a year, just to learn my physical condition."

Massage of the Eye

A Mr. Stephen Smith, of London, possessing proper medical qualifications, has been heralded in the press as the discoverer of a system of manipulations of the eyeball which can enable the victims of myopia, hypermetropia and astigmatism to cast aside their eye-glasses or spectacles. An optician who possibly sees prophetically the extinction of his means of livelihood has challenged the doctor to practise his methods on half a dozen test myopic cases that call for lenses of from -4 d. to -10 d. The challenge has been accepted. The judges are to be two ophthalmic surgeons, one to be selected by the optician and the other by a newspaper. If the manipulator succeeds in his efforts the optician will give five hundred dollars to a hospital.

Water for Children

A drink of water is necessary for the young infant. It is as important as its food. Frequently mothers will let days and weeks pass without giving a child a drink of water. A few spoonfuls of water after a bottle of milk will cleanse the mouth and quench the thirst. Proteid indigestion is much more common in children that do not receive water than in those that receive water regularly. It is a great mistake to wait until the physician orders water. It is our duty to instruct each mother that the child's food is milk and that the child's drink is water.

In this age of sterilization we are all imbued with the belief that bacteria abound all over, and that to strengthen the body and produce health we must not permit germ-life in any form to enter. The disagreeable effect produced in the prolonged feeding with sterilized milk may also in a lesser degree be applied to the prolonged use of boiled water. The deadness in boiled water is unnatural to the requirements of the living child, and hence we must give the child water which possesses antiscorbutic properties.

Water is useful to assist food in entering the body in the adult, and it is equally useful in helping food out of the body. Constipation of a most persistent nature can frequently be relieved by the use of water. When young infants and children object to the taste of ordinary water, there is no harm in rendering it palatable by the addition of a few grains of sugar; hence, sweetened water will answer the same purpose as natural water unsweetened.

In many instances a warm room in a modern flat with closed windows will produce a parched pharynx. We can overcome this dryness by allowing a kettle of steaming water to impregnate the air in the room, and thus produce moisture. A simpler plan is to give the child a drink of water, and moisten the pharynx. In many instances this cooling of the pharynx is very grateful.

When the urine of a child stains the napkin, or when there is a disturbance of metabolism resulting in concentrated urine, we can frequently promote diuresis by the liberal use of water. Toxins in the body can frequently be eliminated thereby.



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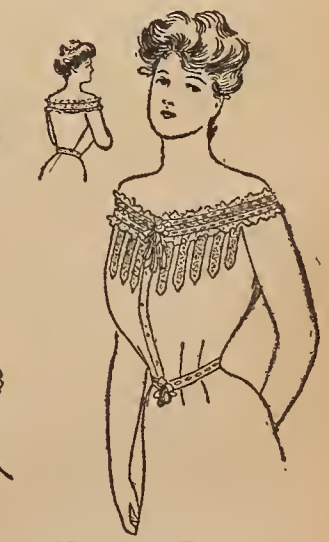
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Farm Selections

Agricultural News-Notes

THE conclusion reached by the stock-feeders in Colorado is that corn, alfalfa hay and sugar-beet pulp makes the most profitable feed combination.

One of the most desirable garden products of recent introduction at the United States Department of Agriculture experimental gardens near Hyco, Cal., is the udo, or Japanese salad-plant.

The acreage of macaroni wheat has been largely increased during the past year in the localities where the annual rainfall ranges from ten to fifteen inches. This is due in a large measure to its hardness and good yielding-qualities.

A Boston firm has just bought, at Lewiston, Mont., three hundred thousand pounds of wool at twenty-three cents a pound. Wool-growing is now one of the leading and most profitable industries in that state when viewed from an agricultural standpoint.

The inhuman practice of shipping live poultry in crates long distances without feed or water is fortunately likely to be discontinued. Cars of special construction are to be used. The fowls are to have room for exercise, and are to be fed and watered at regular intervals while en route.

Irrigation in Mexico has made it possible to produce as high as from fifty to sixty bushels of Turkey Red wheat to the acre. Capitalists are now obtaining concessions for large tracts of land from the Mexican government with the view of engaging in grain-growing on a large scale.

Birds and Fruits

The bird-law of Delaware has this provision: "Nor shall this act prohibit any person from killing any bird on his own premises when in the act of destroying his grain, fruit, berries or poultry; such birds so killed shall not be offered for sale."

This might be all right were it not for the fact that there are some—yes, a good many—folks who think so much of the loss of a pound of cherries or a quart of berries that they have no time or mind to consider the benefits conferred upon them by the birds, and consequently would not hesitate to level a gun at every specimen of the feathered tribe that unfortunately visited his trees or bushes, were it crow or flycatcher. He who is so measly that he cannot allow a tree for the birds should not have the blessings of a fruit crop to revel in.

E. H. BURSON.

A Bad Weed

A very bad weed is reported to be spreading in the eastern part of Quebec, also in New Brunswick. The following information respecting it may be of service to the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE in that locality. It is the opinion of an expert botanist: "The 'devil's paint-brush,' or orange hawkweed by more pious people, is 'Hieracium aurantiacum,' originally introduced, so it is said, in some parts of New York and New England as an ornamental. It is most troublesome in meadows and pastures from central New York to Maine. Prof. L. R. Jones, of the experiment station at Burlington, Vt., found by experiment that it could be killed by the application of dry salt on a warm, dry day. See Vermont Experiment Station Ninth Report, page 115 (1896)." K.

Catalogues Received

W. E. Caldwell & Co., Louisville, Ky. Descriptive catalogue of all kinds of tanks, towers and tubs.

Williams Telephone and Supply Co., Cleveland, Ohio. "A Short Trip to Town"—an illustrated pamphlet describing the telephones and apparatus made by the company.

Book Notices

"The Italian in America," by Eliot Lord, John J. D. Trenor and Samuel J. Barrows. 268 pages, illustrated. Published by B. F. Buck & Co., New York.

"The Gold-Mine in the Front Yard, and How to Work It," by C. S. Harrison. 280 pages, fully illustrated. Price \$1. Webb Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"The Chick Book—from the Breeding-Pen Through the Shell to Maturity," 80 pages, fully illustrated. Price 50 cents. Published by the Reliable Poultry Journal Publishing Company.

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FARM & FIRESIDE.



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JUNE 15, 1905

TERMS { 25 CENTS A YEAR
24 NUMBERS

How the Beef Trust Does Its Butchering

By JOHN E. LAHINES

CHICAGO is the greatest live-stock market in the world. In it centers an industry with an annual volume of business of more than six hundred million dollars. In these days, when the beef trust is in the lime-light, the way it dresses and markets the stock which it handles is of interest.

Last year 15,376,000 animals, valued at \$264,125,000, were received at the Chicago stock-yards. Chicago handles forty-two per cent of all the cattle, forty-one per cent of the hogs and fifty-three per cent of the sheep killed at the five principal live-stock markets of the United States. The number of head of cattle dressed last year was 2,176,936, and more than one million additional were shipped elsewhere or sold as stockers and feeders.

The Chicago Union Stock-Yards were founded in 1843, and with the development of the prairies the packers provisioned the army in the Civil War. They

eat, which is sold at a premium over the market value. Thus it costs twenty-five cents a day to feed a steer.

Nearly all the stock is sold by the commission-merchants, few drovers coming to Chicago. They write to the brokers to look out for the shipment. The packing-houses are situated in the north end of the stock-yards, and employ scores of buyers, who ride horseback. A buyer looks at the cattle, and quickly makes an offer. If it is below the price expected the commission-man holds the stock, sometimes keeping it two or three days, but if it is satisfactory the animals immediately are weighed and sent to be slaughtered. The packing-houses send checks to the brokers each night, and the commission-men make returns to the owners, deducting for freight, yardage and feed-charges and for commissions.

The chances are that within two hours from the time of the sale the stock will be dressed and hanging

in the coolers of Swift & Co., Armour & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., or one of the three other great packing-houses at the stock-yards. After the sale they are driven up covered runways which pass over the yards in every direction and have a length of many miles. From them they pass into small stock-yards on the roof of a packing-plant—for the establishments are immense, a single company having buildings covering fifty-one acres of land, with eighty acres of floor space. In these little stock-yards on the roof are hundreds of cattle, hogs and sheep awaiting slaughter. A covered road runs down seventy-five feet to the first floor of the establishment. Down it the steers are lured. A big Texas "longhorn" has been trained to run down the slope at the head of a bunch of thirty or forty steers and lead them into a yard at the bottom; then he runs back again to bring down a new lot. The yard on the ground connects with the "knocking-



BUSY ALLEY

GENERAL VIEW OF CHICAGO UNION STOCK-YARDS

now feed the armies of the world. The stock-yards to-day cover a square mile of land south of Thirty-ninth Street and east of Halsted Street. They are composed of thirteen thousand open pens paved with brick for cattle, and barns containing eight thousand five hundred pens for hogs and sheep.

Great trains of live stock arrive from all over the West and South each day, and are switched to a railroad which connects with all the other lines entering Chicago and runs around and through the stock-yards. When the cattle, hogs and sheep are unloaded they are driven into the pens, and the stock-yards company takes charge of them. The company does no dressing or selling of stock; its only business is to provide a place for them until they are sold. Nearly two thousand five hundred men are employed to look after the stock, which they feed and water on its arrival. The cost of keeping animals in the stock-yards, which is paid by the owner, is one dollar for a car-load of twenty steers, sixty hogs or one hundred and eighty sheep, and the price of the hay which they

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pens," in which the cattle are killed. The steers run into these small places, and the doors are closed behind them. As soon as they are imprisoned, a man standing on a platform above their heads hits each animal a blow between the horns, stunning it. As the beast falls, the "knocker" pulls a lever, and the floor of the pen tilts forward, and the front is lifted up, letting the animal slide into the dressing-room. There a man cuts its throat, a boy fastens a chain around its hind legs, and the steer is automatically lifted ten feet in the air. As soon as it has bled thoroughly it is lowered, and four men cut off each of the hoofs and skin the fore legs. The next skins and severs the head, and another slits the hide down the front and pulls it back. The carcass is hoisted again after a boy has skinned the tail, and a man earning fifty cents an hour strips off the hide in a little less than two minutes. The whole process so far has taken only from six to eight minutes.

The carcass is next transferred to an overhead [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 6]

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Silver, when sent through the mail, should be carefully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to wear a hole through the envelope and get lost.

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The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid. Thus: July 1905 means that the subscription is paid up to July, 1905; Aug 1905, to August, 1905, and so on.

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When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on the label, to your letter of renewal.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing their paper discontinued should write us to that effect and pay up all arrearages. If this is not done, it is assumed that the subscriber wishes the paper continued and intends to pay when convenient.

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Evidence that Convinces

The best evidence in the world that a paper is good is the extent of its circulation. If it continues to grow and increase in the number of its subscribers from year to year there must be something more to it than merely paper and ink. If it was not of unusual value to its readers, it would decline, and eventually be lost to view; but the fact that it grows, improves, develops, becomes greater, until it is taken and read in every nook and corner of these United States, speaks greater praise for it than any mere jingle of words.

FARM AND FIRESIDE stands to-day preeminently the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal, not only in America, but in the world. If it were not good—if it were not the best—it could never have attained this great success in the field of farm journalism. What evidence can be produced to account for this phenomenal growth in numbers and influence? There can be but one true answer—it is the merit and true worth of the paper itself. FARM AND FIRESIDE has had a greater growth in the number of its subscribers during the past few months than ever before in all the twenty-eight years of its existence.

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THE EDITOR.

About Rural Affairs

By T. GREINER

BLACK LOCUST FOR TIMBER.—A Louisiana reader asks about black locust as a timber-tree—whether it would succeed there in sandy soil from three to eight inches deep and resting on dark red clay, also where genuine seed can be had, and whether this tree has thorns like the honey-locust. The common locust ("Robinia pseudacacia") is a strong grower and a valuable timber-tree. I believe that it will succeed almost anywhere, but for our friend it is a matter for trial. Locust is easily started from seed. The wood is thorny, but there is one variety ("spectabilis," I believe) which is also a strong grower and thornless. Readers with experience in growing black locust for timber are asked to report.

FEEDING BELGIAN HARES.—Several readers, among them a boy ten years old, ask how to feed and care for Belgian hares. The Belgian hare craze is over, and very little is being said about this animal, yet there are still a good many persons who find both pleasure and profit in keeping some of these interesting creatures. If kept scrupulously clean they bear rather close confinement very well, but they should not be given an excess of succulent food. Nothing can be much better than bright clover hay, with a little oats, an occasional carrot or beet, and weeds, especially of the aromatic

kinds, like catnip, mints, dandelion, plantain, etc.; but all such green stuff should be fed in moderation unless first thoroughly wilted. Give also pure fresh water every day. A supply of bitter barks (peach, sassafras, etc.) given occasionally as a tonic will serve to keep the animals in health.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.—The American standard of education for the masses is probably the highest in the world. Compulsory education will make it still higher. Without a fairly good education it is uphill work nowadays to try to be somebody in this world. The school-law in this and other states was intended to insure to every child a fair chance to learn something, whether its parents care to have it receive school-privileges or not. To some extent the law takes the control of children of school-age out of the parents' hands, and in many cases this is a good thing. Yet it is easily possible to overdo even in so good a cause, and in New York State the authorities who are charged with looking after school matters actually seem to go much further in the enforcement of the strict letter of the law than is wise and just. With some children schooling cuts very little figure. They were intended by Nature to make hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that is all they ever will make, no matter what efforts are wasted in the attempt to educate them. Parents, if well-meaning and not disposed to rob the child of its right to a proper education, should be allowed some discretion, and the control of the child should not be given entirely into the hands of local school-officers who are urged on to undue severity by some one in some central office. Compulsory education should not amount to oppression. In New York State the educators in the Department of Public Instruction seem to need educating at this time more than do the children.

FEEDING LITTLE CHICKS.—I have some inquiry on chicken-feeding. The problem seems to me of easy solution. If you know what to avoid, rather than what to give, you will raise your chickies all right. Beware of sloppy food; give but little corn or corn-meal; then when you avoid filth and damp quarters you will still have a wide range of foods that are perfectly safe for your little chicks. There is no one particular thing that is absolutely indispensable. Aim to have a fair proportion of vegetable and animal foods. A mixture of grains is probably better than a single one, although I have at times raised chicks successfully on almost an exclusive diet of whole wheat, with what they could pick up on free range. An exclusive corn diet, however, would surely lead to disaster. Little chicks can't stand it. In former years I have made shredded-wheat waste the bulk of the meals for my chicks, but recently the demand for that article has grown until the manufacturers of shredded-wheat products have raised the price to a figure which I am not willing to pay. At present I get bread and cake wastes, which can be had at a nominal figure from a near bakery. This waste is slightly moistened with milk or water. To this is added a proportion of sharp, clean river-sand (for grit), some fine granulated bone and a little animal-meal, and the mixture is fed freely in a crumbly condition. Kafir-corn is kept almost always within reach of the chicks. It seems to be one of the best grains for this purpose. Chicks a few days old will pick it up quite readily, and seem to like it and thrive on it. If I could get wheat of an inferior grade at an off price I would also use that in the combination. An occasional mess of cut green bone, especially such as the ribs of beef, veal, sheep, hogs, etc., is of great service. Insects, worms, grasshoppers, etc., all make good chicken-food.

HENS AND THE LAW.—A hen is at times a useful animal. It is the busy hen that is said to be the profitable one, and people are advised, in order to make her so, to "keep her scratching." But what a lot of trouble and ill feelings and quarrels, and even lawsuits, such a busy, pesky creature can scratch up from a few square yards of land if she goes at it right. A full crop of such troubles seems to grow in the neighbor's garden, and the hen can have plenty of it for the digging. I know from experience the intensity of the emotions that can be aroused in one's breast by the appearance of the carefully made garden after the neighbor's hens have been in it for an hour or two. Some people find it cheaper to let their hens scratch for a living in the neighbor's garden than to feed them, but it isn't, and it does not pay to keep poultry in that way. Good-will among neighbors is worth more than all the profits that can be secured from a flock of hens. The best way out is to maintain a line fence or to yard the hens. For the suffering neighbor the law provides some remedy in a suit for damages, and in this state poultry is not included in the list of exempt property. But lawsuits are troublesome, engender bad feelings, and often are very expensive. The best help is self-help. If the annoyances from a neighbor's hens become unbearable, arm yourself with patience and with Christian forbearance. Usually the damages are not so big as they are painted or imagined. Then borrow a good dog for a few days (I would rather get the loan of a dog for a while than own one, as the average dog is simply a nuisance), and if you can keep the dog at it for a while chasing the hens out of your garden they will soon learn that they are not wanted there. I usually chase my fowls out of my gardens in early spring until they learn to know their place, and they give no more trouble the rest of the season.

COUCH, OR TWITCH, GRASS.—I have had my tussle with witch, couch, or twitch, grass, also known as quitch, and quick, grass, a most persistent and annoying weed pest. By good and thorough cultivation I managed to keep it down enough to raise a good crop of early potatoes, but it interfered sadly with the proper development, and especially the harvesting, of late potatoes. One method by which to subdue this pest is to plow the land deeply—say eight inches—just before planting, and plant a crop that will quickly shade the ground. I believe that soy-beans and Southern cow-peas are among the crops that can be depended upon, if planted rather thickly, to choke out the couch-grass. The surviving couch-grass roots should always be

plowed under deeply late in the fall. It is possible to get rid of this pest, but it requires persistent effort and taking advantage of the weak spots in the plant's life. Mr. Gregory, the well-known seedsman, says on this subject: "In turf-land, by close feeding with calves or sheep, which can bite close, it will be killed out. In tillage-land crops that shade the land, and so hinder leaf-growth, will check it, and where the crop is corn or cabbage, which admit the covering of the leaves to the depth of four inches, when so covered it will be exterminated. In such cases the leaves should not be first cut off with the hoe, or they may start again and push through to the surface. Covering them uncut flattens them to the earth, and the grass suffocates. . . . I found that three inches of earth was almost total destruction, and four-inches, when thoroughly done, was total annihilation. If after having fought the battle to the best of your ability there should at the close of the season still be some left in the land, fall plowing just before heavy freezing weather, being careful to lay the land on edge, will win the battle." We occasionally find as good land as the country affords made almost unproductive and worthless by being overrun with this weed pest. The right management can reclaim it, and it will pay well for some determined effort to do it.

NITROGEN CULTURE.—A neighbor of mine sent a couple of dollars to some distant city for nitrogen-bacteria culture for one acre of ground in the hope of increasing his clover crop. There is hardly a foot of cultivated ground in this vicinity that has not produced clover at times, and the soil may be supposed to be alive with the specific bacteria which work on common clover. To send for such culture, therefore, and pay somebody at a long distance for an article that he can get in any field of his own, in case that particular piece of land should not already be abundantly provided with it, looks to me like carrying coal to Newcastle. Farmers who grow clover in regular rotation will find no help in this new fad of nitrogen culture. It is only in cases where clover is a new crop on a particular piece of ground or for a new locality that the application of soil infected with the particular clover bacteria will increase the thrift of the clover-plants. If you can get such soil from an old clover-field near you there is no need of sending to Washington or any other place for it. This applies to other leguminous crops, as well. Three years ago I sowed a patch of alfalfa. Even the first summer I found the roots full of the characteristic nodules, and no additional application of soil infected with the specific nitrogen bacteria that work on alfalfa would have made any difference in the yield. But if the soil had lacked these bacteria I could very easily have supplied the deficiency by digging up a few bushels of soil from our roadsides or any other spot of ground where sweet clover grows wild and in greatest luxuriance year after year, and scattering it over the alfalfa-patch. I also had a patch of hairy vetch in my orchard, where it grew most luxuriantly, the roots being covered with the nodules even the first season. I now have another patch of this vetch. It makes only a weak growth, and I will soon examine it for the nodules. If they should be missing, I shall simply dig up a few bushels of the soil in the former vetch-patch, and scatter it evenly over the new patch. But why should I send to Washington or to any other place, and especially pay out good money, for an article I already have in abundance?

DUCKS ON THE FARM.—If I had a piece of waste ground with a little stream of water running through it, so that the spot could be used exclusively as a range for water-fowls, I might go into the business of raising ducks or geese. Ducks can be raised profitably under such circumstances. In order to make this business pay, however, such birds must be produced on a somewhat large scale, and put on a good market promptly at an early age (about ten weeks old), before they have consumed more food than their carcasses will pay for. But ducks do not mix well with chickens, and I do not want them on the place where I cannot keep them separated from the other fowls. They are filthy, and for that reason a constant menace to the health of chickens or turkeys. Whoever keeps ducks, however, should understand that in order to make them profitable their food should be largely of an animal character. A recent bulletin issued by the New York State Experiment Station sheds light on the question, How much meat shall ducks eat? "To take away the chance to hunt for snails, worms and insects, and to feed ducks on grain alone, will inevitably result in disaster," says this bulletin. It also explains that for the first four weeks in the duck's life too much animal food can hardly be given. The bulletin says: "In a preliminary trial with two lots of ducklings of various ages the rations contained only sand, green alfalfa and a combination of animal foods, including meat-meal, animal-meal, dried blood, bone-meal and milk-albumen (a by-product from the milk-sugar factories). For four weeks these animal products supplied ninety-four per cent of the dry matter of the rations and ninety-eight per cent of the protein, yet the ducklings ate these rich rations, with about an even ratio, without apparent ill effect, and made good growth, though the cost was high, of course, as these are all expensive feeds as compared with grain." The station comes to the conclusion that ducks must have some animal food; that it pays well to give very rich rations for about four weeks, and that afterward animal food can be given in somewhat reduced rations, but should not be omitted at any time until the birds are ready for market. The gain in weight and quality more than pays for the greater expense of the food where animal substances are fed freely.

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Salient Farm Notes

BY FRED GRUNDY

GRADUATES.—For some time the graduates have been coming out of the schools and colleges, and are almost walking on air. As the father of one said a short time ago, "Some of them have been soaring so high that they will hardly be able to get down to earth again within the next six months!" Many of them have acquired lofty ideas of their own importance and wisdom, and have little use for advice from people who have worked their way up from the foot of the ladder. They do not propose to go at it that way. They imagine they are near the top now, and intend to soon cut loose and fly. An old farmer who had several sons and daughters to graduate with various honors said, "I give these youngsters six months to look about and see what there is in the way of the soft snaps they are wanting lying around loose for them to pick up. In about six months they are ready to talk business; then I talk business to them. One can scarcely blame them for the toplofty ideas they have acquired. They have gotten them from the books. They have been educated away from the farm and practical, every-day life, and they must have time to get back to them before we talk plain business to them. I have found it best to wait a few months; they then come back easy and are easily directed."

"If a boy hates the farm, and is determined to get away from it," said the old man, "he should not be told to go as though he would be kicked out if he didn't, but he should be advised and encouraged in every way possible, and if he can be assisted in any way by procuring for him letters of introduction from bankers, merchants and other business men, it should be done; and, above all things, he should be advised to be practical, honest, plain, patient and industrious. The boy may do exceedingly well for himself, or he may want to come back in less than six months. If he does, tell him you are glad of it, and will help him all you can to get a job nearer home. But do not start him in business. If he wants to get into business on his own account, let him work into it himself. When he shows that he can help himself is time enough to help him. So many men take very little active interest in their boys. Show a boy that you are very much interested in his success, and that you will be more than glad to see him do well, and he will strive much harder to get on in the world."

Then there are the girls. One girl graduate asks me what I would advise her to do. I am not acquainted with her, so cannot give her any advice other than to find something to do. Probably she is needed at home more than any other place on earth. Probably it would be a good idea for her to take charge of the house for a year, and let her mother rest. There may be other girls in the family, and they and their mother can manage well without her assistance. How would it do to take charge of the poultry for a portion of the proceeds? I know a woman who knew so little about poultry-management when she married that she set her first hen on five eggs. When she learned how little she knew, she wisely went to a neighbor and asked her to show her what she ought to do and how to do it. The good lady started her right, and the third year she raised over six hundred chickens. Four years later she was obliged to make the living for herself, husband and two children from her poultry, and she did it. Her husband recovered his health, and again supported the family, and she put two hundred dollars in the bank for "a rainy day." This year she will put in as much more. Said a farmer's wife, "If I were a young lady again, I would take up housekeeping immediately after graduating. I would learn how to be a thoroughly good housekeeper. After I came out of school all I did was a little light housework and fancy-work and kept up my music and tried to shine in society. When I married I found that I knew so little about practical homekeeping that I was actually ashamed of myself. My husband's mother was an excellent cook, and the messes I fixed up for him certainly must have made him feel many a time that I was a gold brick. I finally learned how to cook a good meal, and to serve it in such an appetizing manner that my husband often declared that I even excelled his mother." About the best advice I can give to any girl graduate is that given by the Quaker to his niece, "Make thyself useful."

"**BOB WHITE.**"—Down in the orchard I can hear the cheery call of "Bob White." I have heard him several mornings lately, and without a doubt there is a nest full of white eggs hidden away somewhere down there. Of all farm-birds, the quail is the most harmless and most useful, and they are protected by all farmers worthy of the name, often only to fall victims of the so-called sportsmen who scour the country in the autumn, killing every one they can find. I believe a quail will destroy more cutworms in a season than any dozen other birds to be found in the fields. They are up and going before the lark in the mornings, and can travel over more ground than a Leghorn hen, and not a worm escapes their sharp eyes. They are among the best friends the farmer has, and should be as carefully protected as his best stock.

STORMS.—We have had several hard storms lately, and the reports from some of the Western states are calculated to cause one to take a lively interest in the approach of those that have a wrathful appearance. I know of nothing that will make one so chronically timid as a severe storm. The incessant glare of lightning, deafening crashes of thunder and roar of wind

All Over the Farm

and rain are enough to frighten even the bravest; but when one sees the smaller buildings begin to go to splinters, and a few flying tree-branches crash against the house, one becomes more than frightened—he becomes panic-stricken, and gets busy. If there is a cellar, he goes into it almost head first. In a few minutes he remembers that he has left his insurance policy in the bookcase, and he rushes up to get it, and discovers that the storm has settled down to just a common shower.

I have seen four genuine tornadoes, the nearest one about fifty yards distant, and I might be said to be familiar with them. But familiarity does not by any means breed contempt. I have great respect for



AN INDIANA FARM HOME

them, and for over twenty years have not been unprovided with a cyclone-cave. And during the season I always have my valuable papers and things just where I can lay my hand on them at an instant's notice. And my home has not for an hour been without cyclone-insurance. We have gone into the cave many a time just before an angry-looking storm came on, and when it turned out to be nothing but a short, hard blow we came out feeling a little sheepish. We thought our neighbors who had no such caves were about ninety per cent braver than we, until one after another they admitted that they would have given considerable money to have had our cave on this or that occasion. So far we have had no need for it, nor has our cyclone-insurance done us any good, but not for one moment would we be without either.

Naming the Farm

Your paper has come to our home for many years, and we all find it just the paper the farmer and his family need. It is bright and entertaining, and filled full of good things for the farm and home. We all wish it every success possible.

I am sending you a photograph of our farm home. It is located in the northeastern part of Marshall County, Indiana. This will give an idea of what the farmers' homes look like around here, and also our idea of naming the farm and our method of letting others know its name—"Elmwood." Why don't more of the farmers name their farms? It ought to be done.

The lettering is done in cement, and laid in the sod on a slope in the yard. It shows up beautifully even on moonlight nights. Something similar could also be done in flowers with little work. These letters were cast from cement, sand and water in boxes made from thin wooden strips four inches wide, nailed up in the forms of letters. The name could also be cast right in the ground if the shapes of the letters were first cut out four inches wide, fifteen inches high and three and one half inches thick.

J. R. KOONTZ.

Midharvest Notes

A little forethought and proper management at this season will save time and prove profitable. With the best of management some hay will get wet. We have no control of the weather, and so have to let it be just what it is. But we can manage it in more than one way—we can do our work according to the weather. There is something in watching the signs of the weather, and when it is too threatening I do not cut any hay.

In cutting do not run the mower too close to the ground; nor is there any need of cutting too high. If the machine is somewhat worn you can sometimes do better work by setting it one notch higher. The grass will fall more as it should, and not so much on the cutter-bar.

Do not let the hay get too much sun while in the swath, as it will bleach too much. As soon as it is dry on top, rake it into windrows, where it will cure out far better and make a far better quality of hay. The air passing through will carry out the moisture, and a fine quality of palatable hay will be the result.

It may be that if the weather is just right a better quality of hay can be had if it is put in cocks and allowed to stand for a day or so, but where the weather is risky I do not believe that anything can be gained by doing it.

During the hot harvest have the best cool water to drink, but not ice-water. It will be well to have some lemonade, as it makes a fine hot-weather drink and is healthful.

If you have a man hired to help you, and you work him until nine o'clock at night when it is not necessary, and he leaves you to go it alone or hunt somebody else, do not blame anybody but yourself. I would do it myself. To be sure, if it became necessary to work a little late for one night, and could not be helped, I would stay with you as long as necessary, but do manage so that it will not come out that way every night.

I do not like the idea of stacking hay in the field, but like to haul it at once to where it is to be fed. It takes a little more time in harvest, but saves much time in the end. I do not like to have to get out and haul hay during bad weather and in the mud. If you stack your hay in the field, and depend on getting it as needed, you will be sure to get into both. Put it where you want it at once.

We should begin on the hay crop and get it out of the way as soon as possible. Early cut hay is worth far more than late cut, and it gives a better chance for the second crop.

If you load the hay on the wagon, and have to pitch it off by hand, place it so that it will come off easily. Begin by putting it in layers across the wagon back to the end, and don't mix it up every way. There should be order even in loading hay.

E. J. WATERSTRIPE.

Does Farming Make Men Insane?

What is there about farming to make a man crazy?

Recently there has been published in many papers—and among them some farm journals—an item quoted from an English source to the effect that softening of the brain is a common malady among the farmers of the lower class in England, due to the lack of use of the brain, and drawing the inference that the same thing holds true in this country. Since reading that statement a good many farmers of our country have been almost afraid to get up in the morning, for fear that they should find themselves soft-headed and fit subjects for the insane asylum. It has scared a lot of folks that otherwise have the reputation of being pretty level-headed. But is there any ground in fact for believing that farming tends to softening of the brain any more than practising law or selling goods over the counter?

I have been thinking this over, and making a mental canvass of the farmers I have known in the sixteen or more years since I came on the farm, and as a matter of fact not a single man or woman that I have known to be farmers have been afflicted with softening of the brain. One or two men in other lines of business that I have known of have had this difficulty, but even in those cases it seems to have been in the family, and not due to anything connected with the occupation or manner of living. Here and there a man has done some queer things—things you and I have wondered at, and which we think we might not have done had we been in his particular circumstances; but men in every walk of life do just such queer things.

I am just foolish enough to think that life on the farm tends to keep a man's mind bright and his body strong. If we will work out of doors every day, doing only what we can without overtaxing our bodies; if we will live properly; if we will sleep and eat regularly and give care to the winds, we may live to be as old as men in any avenue of life's activity. Really, are we not living so now? I can show you as many men who are eighty years of age and upward to the hundred who have spent all their lives on the farm as you can point to in mercantile life or in the shops and factories of the country. There is a challenge. Who will take it?

Fellow-farmers, let us not get excited about that story of the English coroner who is said to have made the awfully wise assertion referred to above. Maybe he made it, and maybe he did not. Lots of things get into the papers through the grape-vine route that never happened.

A year or two ago we saw a paragraph in one of the papers purporting to give the facts of a church sociable in the state of Ohio at which some queer things were said to have been done by the young folks just for the sake of getting money for the church fund. Some of us were inclined to believe that the item was true, and were duly shocked to think that good men and women should lend themselves to schemes of such doubtful propriety. But my good wife said, "I do not believe there is a word of truth in the story." But we said it was in the papers, and it must be so—it would not be there if it were not. That very night the good wife aforesaid wrote a letter to the pastor of the church referred to in the paragraph, asking for full particulars. In a few days she received a reply stating that the whole thing was a tissue of falsehood, having its origin in the brain of some fellow who thought he might turn a penny by sending out such stuff. That reporter certainly had a soft pate—far softer than that of the farmers of the very lowest classes in England, I venture to say.

So I am inclined to doubt the truth of this story. Surely the farmers of our land are a good sturdy lot, and are as happy and as long-lived as anybody. Let's not lie awake nights thinking about the awful fate lying in wait for us—the fate of getting soft in the upper story. Let's use our brains the very best we can while we have a chance. Let's have good common sense, and show folks everywhere that the American farmer is to-day the best and most hardheaded man to be found anywhere on the face of the earth, for that's what he is.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

Gardening

By T. GREINER

THE WELSH ONION.—That so good a thing as the Welsh onion could remain so long unnoticed by American gardeners is a matter of wonderment to me. If properly grown it is tender and sweet, and so much better than the Egyptian, tree, or winter, onion that it should crowd the latter out of general cultivation and use. We have had it for the table and market ever since along in April, from seed sown early in August of last year. It seems to be just what onion-lovers want in early spring. No green onion is more easily or cheaply grown for house or market.

GREEN, OR BUNCHING, ONIONS sell well right along, and we should provide for a continuous supply. For this purpose I want the Prizetaker and Gibraltar onions, and I sow them quite thickly—say at the rate of twenty pounds of seed to the acre. A few rows will furnish an immense amount of green onions, and I therefore sow at intervals, a few rows at a time. I have never yet seen much money in growing green onions from sets. It is too much work and too big an expense. We can grow them more cheaply and much better, and as early or earlier, from seed, and then the crop is profitable.

FOR THE STRIPED CUCUMBER-BEETLE the use of dried ground fish-scrap dusted around the hills has been recommended. The advantage of this fish-scrap over other remedies is given by Joseph Barton as follows: "Other preparations, such as plaster and kerosene oil, etc., become weakened with every rain and dew, whereas the fish becomes more offensive the more it is wet. In fact, one application often serves effectually to rout them." In recent years I have had good success in saving my vine-plants from this greedy pest by spraying frequently with Bordeaux mixture into which arsenate of lead, at the rate of from two to three pounds to fifty gallons of the mixture, had been thoroughly stirred. It is a good plan—or I might say, a necessary precaution—to attend to the early thinning of the plants in each hill, so that the bugs will not find it too easy to keep in hiding, and to stir the soil around the remaining plants frequently, so as to break up the safe retreats for the beetles in the soil around the plants.

IRISH POTATOES.—A reader in Alabama asks whether it is possible for him to raise his own Irish potatoes (first crop) to plant for second crop, or rather for spring seed, in July. I know of nothing to prevent it. The variety usually grown in the South to produce two crops in succession is Bliss' Triumph, and so far I have heard of no other sort that promises success. Plant the first crop early. Dig promptly, and expose the new tubers to light and air—as, for instance, by placing them on the ground under a tree until they have become well greened—then plant as you would in spring. It is not necessary that potatoes that are to be used as seed should get thoroughly ripe. Even half-grown potatoes can be used for seed. Such tubers keep well, but like all potatoes that are intended for planting in spring, should be kept in a rather light cellar or outbuilding rather than in the dark. Here we rely for a good crop of clean potatoes more on the plant-foods in the soil left by a rotted clover-sod than on those put into the soil by applications of fertilizer.

MORE HASTE THAN SPEED.—Most home-gardeners seem to be in a great hurry about setting tomato-plants in their gardens. Quite frequently, however, they get caught by a late frost, and at any rate the early set plants hardly ever can make much headway against the unfavorable weather and soil conditions, especially the prevailing low temperature, of that season. They remain at a standstill for weeks, and often are finally overtaken and eclipsed in thrift and yield by good plants set out two weeks later. Here on May 24th we have just had four consecutive night-frosts—rather light ones, it is true, but hard enough to injure or kill all tender things, such as pepper and tomato plants, and of course egg-plants, also, in exposed situations. I have not yet set a single tomato-plant in open ground, and shall not do so until after the weather and soil have become warm, if I have to wait until along in June. Yet I expect to have ripe tomatoes just as early as, and possibly earlier than, any of my neighbors who set their plants two weeks ago. With good plants of the right varieties standing separately in wooden plant-boxes, and properly planted out in good warm soil, it is easily done.

RYE AND POTATOES.—As much as a quarter of a century ago I recommended to others my practice of sowing rye on the potato-patch as soon as the crop is dug. This practice has a double or treble purpose. It keeps the ground clean and free from weeds. It adds at least a small amount of humus to the soil. If the rye is plowed under in spring after it has made considerable growth, it also has a tendency to render the soil a little acid, and to make a succeeding potato crop immune against scab-infection. Dr. Edward Wilson, of Michigan, writes me: "I have planted potatoes on the same ground for twenty years, and the last season's crop was the best for nice smooth potatoes. On one village-lot I grow enough to keep my family the year round. Most of the year the family consists of five grown persons, and never less than four. I am never troubled with scab. As soon as my potatoes are dug, I sow the ground with rye. Since following this practice of sowing rye and plowing it under in spring I have not been troubled with scabby potatoes." While I would not recommend the practice of planting potatoes on the same piece of ground right along, I know that we can sometimes deviate from a generally adopted method with impunity. If placed where I felt that I must follow potatoes with potatoes, I think that I should not want to omit the rye as a crop between.

THE CABBAGE-MAGGOT.—The old question comes up what to do to protect cabbage and radishes from the ravages of the maggot. I can manage my cabbages all right by protecting them with tarred-felt collars, thus keeping the maggots out of the stems by a mechanical barrier. This remedy is effective if applied in time and in the proper manner. I lose very few of my early cabbage-plants when thus protected, while later plants are not much affected by the maggot anyway. I have not yet learned of any convenient, inexpensive and practicable method of keeping maggots out of radishes, unless it is planting on entirely new ground, or, in other words, as far as possible from any spot where radishes, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, or any other member of that tribe were grown in recent years. Dry lime and wood-ashes have often been recommended as a preventive of the maggot for any of these crops, but I believe with Professor Slingerland of Cornell that it is quite doubtful if lime in any form will either prevent or kill the maggots. Fresh, strong caustic-lime water, if brought freely in direct contact with the young and yet soft maggot, may possibly kill it, but the main effect of applications of lime and ashes probably is due more to their fertilizing or plant-stimulating properties than to their insecticidal qualities.

No Reports have as yet been received from people who have tried the method of heating hotbeds by means of steam or hot-water pipes laid in the ground underneath the bed-soil. Waste steam carried through a line of common drain-tile may possibly be utilized for heating hotbeds in this way. Very little has been published, however, to show the practical usefulness of such a plan. We lack details. I hope that some of our readers will furnish them, and give us the results of their trials with statement of size of pipes or tiles, distance apart and source of steam or hot water. An Illinois reader asks whether it would be feasible for him to run the surplus steam from the steam-heater in the cellar, which has a greater capacity than is required to heat the house, into drain-tiles under a hotbed located alongside the house. There is one difficulty about drain-tiles. They will not conduct the condensed water back to the boiler as iron pipe will. Only the latter will do in such a case. But there are instances of exhaust steam being given off from factories, and such steam might be utilized for heating a hotbed located near the exhaust. It is not often done, because there is usually no room for such an undertaking or no one near interested in it.

ONION AND CABBAGE MAGGOT.—O. D. Ehlers, a reader in Ohio, gives the following bit of experience: "In regard to the onion and cabbage maggots, I can say from my own experience that they are entirely different. Several years ago my whole crop of early cabbage was destroyed by maggots, and a crop of onions right next to the cabbage was not touched at all, although a second brood of maggots, hatched after the cabbage was destroyed, attacked celery and other things in the field which they do not usually feed upon. I have examined the maggots on both crops, and found them very unlike in appearance. The cabbage-maggot is rather short and fleshy, and feeds more on the outside of the stem, while the onion-maggot is very slender, and is found inside the onion, generally beneath the first layer of the bulb. I have been forced to abandon the growing of cabbage and radishes in a certain field on account of the maggots, yet I still raise onions there without any interference by the cabbage-maggot." It is a well-known fact that some insects change their feeding-habits very easily when forced to it by the absence of their regular food-supply. There may be quite a number of different species of fly which produce the maggots that feed on onions, cabbage, turnips or other plants, yet I am by no means sure as yet that some of these maggots do not occasionally, when their regular or preferred food-supply gives out, turn to the other crops to keep from starvation, and it is not impossible that we may find the same species on cabbage and onions.

PLANTING POTATOES.—A lady reader in Mississippi some time ago sent me potato-leaves that seemed to be infected with the regular potato-blight, and wrote: "It seems to me that the trouble is not in the soil, but in the manner in which the potatoes have been planted. A poorly rotted compost of barn-yard and chicken manure had first been put into the furrows, a thin layer of soil on top of this, and then the potatoes. A brother of mine whose success with potatoes was phenomenal had a deep furrow dug, filled more than half full of pine straw and hay, the seed-potatoes laid on this, and the furrow then filled with earth." I believe that both these methods of planting potatoes are faulty. Of course, it is true that sometimes potatoes planted in the most irregular way will produce a big crop just the same. At times particularly favorable soil and climatic conditions overcome all obstacles, and bring a crop in spite of all mismanagement. The right way to plant potatoes, however, is to give the roots a chance to spread most easily in well-prepared, well-enriched, but cool and moist (not wet), soil. If I desired to use fertilizers or chicken-manure I would spread it in a wide band in and along the furrow, then mix it thoroughly with the soil in the bottom of the furrow, and plant the potatoes immediately on the fresh and enriched earth. Chicken-manure must be used in great moderation for this crop. Then, if I had a lot of pine straw or other coarse litter I would put it over the potatoes rather than under them. It will do no harm if the furrows are filled full of such litter, and some soil may then be drawn over it. This will keep the roots of the potatoes where it is cool and moist, the litter acting as a mulch. In the operation of filling soil into the furrows the fertilizer or chicken-manure that was scattered along the sides of the open furrow gets also well mixed with the soil. There can be no better way to apply plant-foods so that the roots can get hold of them most easily than to mix them as evenly and thoroughly as possible all through the soil. There is really only one crop for which I would place the manure or fertilizer in the hill (and the manure even under the growing plant), and that is the sweet-potato. Otherwise I believe in broadcast manuring or something close to it.

Fruit-Growing

By S. B. GREEN

KATYDID EGGS.—W. E. L., Loxley, Ala. The large flat scales which you sent on, which are attached sidewise to the twigs, are the eggs of the common katydid of your section. They are not dangerous to fruit-trees, and you need give yourself no anxiety in regard to them. I do not know what the other insect is to which you refer. If you will send me a sample, I will try to identify it for you.

PRUNING PEAR-TREES.—R. G., Metamora, Mich. I think the best time to trim pear-trees is in the latter part of the winter, before the sap has started. If not done at this time, then I would suggest that they may be trimmed early in June. Pear-trees seldom need much pruning, but where they make long, awkward branches in the center of the tree they should be shortened so as to keep them from becoming rangy and liable to be broken by the weight of the fruit.

TIME TO BUD PEACH SEEDLINGS.—A. C. S., Wamic, Oreg. The peach seedlings that you have grown from seed planted last autumn should be budded in August this year, as they then will be large enough. The only other fruits that can be grafted on the peach successfully are plums, nectarines and apricots. It would be quite out of the question for me to give you in detail the process of budding within the limits of this column now. I would suggest that you get a copy of "Amateur Fruit-Growing," in which this matter is fully discussed. It may be obtained from the Webb Publishing Company, at St. Paul, at fifty cents a copy.

BEST STRAWBERRIES.—A. C. B., Riverside, Texas. Among the new varieties of strawberries that are now before the public perhaps none are more promising than the Splendid, Sample and Senator Dunlop in the Northern states. In your section, however, this list should undoubtedly be somewhat modified. Therefore I would suggest that you write Prof. T. V. Munson, Denison, Texas, and be guided largely by the information he will give you, as he is a very reliable man. I do not know about the variety known as Abundance, to which you refer. It is, however, a variety that has not attracted very general attention, although it may be a good sort. For a book on the general subject of fruit-growing in the Northern states I would suggest that you get "Amateur Fruit-Growing."

NEW SEEDLING ORANGES.—A. C. T., California. I have looked over your seedling oranges with much interest, and I am glad, also, to have had the Washington Navels which you sent on hand for comparison. I am especially pleased with your Navelencia, which seems to be an orange of exceptionally high quality. Your improved Washington Navel is an orange of much merit. The skin of both these varieties is certainly a great improvement over that of the Washington Navel. I am inclined to think that your Navelencia would require a little more careful packing than the Washington Navel in order to get it to market without cracking, as the skin is so exceedingly thin and the fruit is so very solid and juicy. I think that your work in originating these two new varieties is entitled to much praise, and I shall take pleasure in referring to it in a very commendatory way in my report to the American Pomological Society.

CARE OF EASTER LILIES.—C. H. B., Aillsworth, S. D. After Easter lilies have been forced into bloom in a greenhouse or dwelling-house, the bulbs are practically of no value, and will never give a satisfactory display of flowers again. They will sometimes produce one or two flowers the next year if carefully rested through the summer and then started in the usual way in the autumn. It is customary to get this class of bulbs from a seedsman early in October, pot them in rich fibrous loam, and set them in a cool place—as outdoors on the ground, covered with leaves—until the pots are full of roots. As soon as this is accomplished they should be brought into heat, and carefully watched until they produce flowers. If they are wanted for Easter, great care and considerable experience is necessary to have the flowers appear at just the right time. If it is found that the flowers are going to be too late, it is a good plan to use more heat. If it looks as though they would be too early, reduce the temperature.

RASPBERRY-ANTHRACNOSE, OR CANE-RUST.—P. H. P., Ames, Iowa. The specimens of raspberry-caness which you sent in, and which are spotted with grayish spots, are injured by what is known as "raspberry-anthracnose." This is a fungous disease that sometimes causes a great deal of injury to red and black raspberries. It seldom injures the growth of the canes the first year, but the second year, when the canes are in fruit, the presence of the fungus seems to so weaken them that the fruit-crop is much injured. The first appearance of this disease upon the canes is as a minute red spot which appears in early summer. This enlarges, and gradually brown spots appear in the center, where the fungus has destroyed all the tissue of the bark. These spots finally merge together, and may form large patches, which completely girdle the canes. I think the best treatment for this disease is to thoroughly spray the canes in the spring, before the buds appear, with Bordeaux mixture of double strength, made according to the formula five pounds of lime, five pounds of sulphate of copper and twenty-five gallons of water. If this work is done thoroughly, so as to cover all the canes on all sides, it will prevent the spread of the spores, and I believe is the most satisfactory remedy, all things considered. Of course, in addition to this it is well known that some varieties are much more subject to this disease than others, and they should be avoided when planting.



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Poultry-Raising

By P. H. JACOBS

Weighing the Food

IF AN experiment can be made in weighing the food and the chicks for a few weeks it will prove interesting. Select any number of chicks or ducklings, or even grown fowls (about ten), weigh them every week, keep an account of the exact amount of food consumed, and the matter of feeding will then be better understood. Experiments with different kinds of food could also easily be made, and chicks of several breeds could be used for comparison, with an expenditure of but little time.

Feeding too Many Fowls

Now that the hatching-season is nearly over, there is no necessity for retaining the roosters, as the hens will lay without their presence, and their room is valuable, while they cost more for food than they are worth. It is well to retain the best of the early pullets, but all pullets that do not show evidence of thrift or of reaching maturity before winter should be disposed of. The young cockerels should be disposed of just as soon as they are large enough for market or the table. It is better to give the growing stock plenty of room than to crowd them. The poultry-house is usually a warm place in summer when well filled with birds, due to the animal heat of the bodies, and the flock should consequently be reduced to the lowest number consistent with the facilities.

Distinguishing Fresh Eggs

Those who sell only strictly fresh eggs are sometimes annoyed on discovering one of doubtful age among those collected, and as some hens are prone to steal their nests, it occasionally happens that a large number of eggs will be found, frequently several hens laying in the same nest. In summer the hens prefer a cool and quiet place, being partial to comfort, and if the flock is large, the hens being at liberty to forage, the number of eggs laid in nests outside of the poultry-house may reach into dozens. If the farmer or poultryman can distinguish the fresh eggs—those only a day or two in age—from those laid previously it will be of much advantage. Of

give a rule, the smaller the air-bubble, the fresher the egg. When a fresh egg is cooked, the contents adhere to the shell, while the shell of a stale egg will peel off like the skin of an orange. Fresh eggs require a longer time to boil than stale ones, and the fresh ones respond more readily in frothing when beaten.

Prices and Quality

It is a disappointment to ship poultry to market and receive less than the prices anticipated. Frequently some rascally commission-man takes advantage of his opportunity to rob the farmer, while many other drawbacks are met, but it should not be overlooked by farmers that possibly they may sometimes be at fault. In April and May the highest prices are paid for chicks of marketable age, and even later during the year very good prices are obtained for choice stock. The highest quotations are for the best, and a great many fail to receive the highest prices because of lack of quality in the poultry. But it is not always an easy matter to convince the shipper that he might do better if he would. He should take time to make the birds fat and plump, ship them to market in good condition, and get them there as soon as possible. Crowding old and young birds of all sizes and breeds in small coops during warm weather, rendering watering very difficult, and expecting highest prices, will result in disappointment.

The Late Chicks

It may be profitable to allow the hens to bring off broods as late as June, but much depends upon the location in reference to the market. Chicks hatched in June will not be marketed until about September, and if the weather is then warm they must be shipped to market alive, or packed in ice if killed. The facilities for transportation, as well as the prices expected, should never be overlooked with late-hatched chicks. If the hens are thrifty they will probably prove more profitable as layers rather than to hatch broods, but as there is considerable time lost in preventing sitting hens from bringing off broods it is considered by some as economical to allow



A POULTRY-FARM

The houses shown in the illustration represent the design of a number of others. On the extreme left is a portion of a large brooder-house. The fowls are White Wyandottes. Each house is divided into two compartments. This illustration is presented in order to show the plan of building with studding and shingles, the houses being large and roomy, though they are comparatively cheap. The size of the compartments is twelve by twenty feet, and each contains fifty fowls.

course, as all well know, eggs can be examined with a strong light in a dark room, and all eggs should be clear. Each egg contains an air-bubble situated a little to one side of the large end. In a new-laid egg this air-bubble is very small, occupying a space that is barely noticeable, but the air-bubble grows a little larger each day. If it is as large as half an inch square (it is rather oblong in shape) the egg is not fresh. The best way to learn is by comparison. Use an egg just laid, and closely examine the air-bubble with a strong light. Make a test of several, place them aside, and the next day compare them with eggs laid on that day, and so with the third and fourth days or more. A few days' practice will render the matter of selection very easy, and after a while it will not be necessary to use a strong light, as the egg can be examined by holding it to the sunlight. In other words, to

them to hatch chicks, as if broken from sitting they may lay but few eggs before attempting the work of incubation again. The late-hatched chicks are less troublesome so far as feeding is concerned, but are more exposed to the attacks of lice during the summer, frequently making but slow growth. It will pay to hatch late chicks for the home table, as they can then be disposed of at any time.

Inquiries Answered

EGGS WITH SOFT SHELLS.—M. L. E., Bridgeton, N. J., desires to know "the cause of hens laying eggs with soft shells." It is usually caused by over-feeding, such hens being excessively fat.

FEEDING CORN-MEAL.—S. S. L., Cairo, Ill., asks for "receipt for feeding corn-meal to chicks." Probably one egg and a tablespoonful of linseed-meal mixed with half a pint of corn-meal, baked as bread, will be found excellent.

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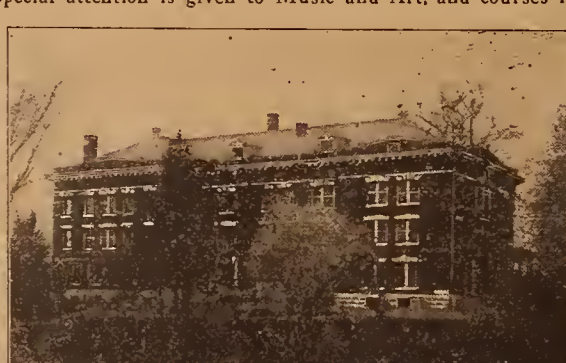
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The Young of the Barns

ONE of the pleasures of live-stock ownership is in having the offspring come; to see and study the marvel of the new lives that come into the world under our care and dominion; to watch and assist in the growth and development of the young thing that is to be useful and beautiful. Truly, to the lover of animal life these young creatures, so trusting of us and so dependent upon us for the measure of the fulfillment of their destiny, are the children of the flocks and herds.

As their coming is a pleasure, so their ownership carries an obligation to us, in that it is incumbent upon us to see to it that by proper breeding, feeding and care these young shall at least have a fighting chance in a fair field to equal, if not outstrip, their progenitors in the lines of their individual usefulness.

The owner of a good cow or a good mare should insist that the mating of such a female shall be in line with her excellencies, and the male individually her equal, or superior if possible, in point of conformation and heredity. Such care of mating insures for the offspring an inheritance of worth in both trait and trend. This is about a completion of the work of the most careful and the most astute breeder.

Then comes the more painstaking, the more exacting work of the feeder and caretaker. It is broadly a fact that after the more or less uncertain work of even the most careful breeder has been accredited to him, the burden of the vast improvements we are able to show in the breeding and performances of our domestic animals lies with the good feeder. It has been so from the first domestication of any of our animals, and must continue so. All improved traits are acquired. They depend not upon the pedigree of the animal, but upon the feed of it, and without proper and abundant feeding reversion to type is inevitable. The young colt or calf or pig cannot build up a working ability on its pedigree, which is merely a record of artificial excellencies stimulated into prepotency by proper feeding. Withdraw that stimulation, and we have atavism, and even the most intensely fixed prepotency, if not actually losing ground, becomes potential only.

The thoroughbred colt early shows points by which expert judges forecast the finished horse. The fine head, deep, wide chest, the quarters, the legs, feet, the muscular development and distribution, the nervous organization and disposition, are all taken into consideration by the judge. All these and many other points are the inheritance of the colt, but how shall any of them be developed except by the feed and care? Not one of them but may be spoiled by improper feeding and neglect. In the dairy-cow there must be the wedge-shape, the fleshless head, the thin flank, the general dairy form. She must look "the lean and hungry kine," but actually must not be it. Now, both these animals must be particular to carry not a bit of surplus flesh, it is thought. This lesson must be taught them early in life. The result is that a large percentage of our finer domestic animals fail to redeem the promises of their pedigrees by reason of their being underfed lest they grow fat.

I don't think it has been proved that we can starve speed and style into the colt or dairy form into the cow; that we can underfeed and half neglect the colt, the yearling, and have it come up a fine show-animal as a three-year-old, or that the superior cow grows out of the stunted calf.

Along with full feeding, with no periods of short rations during the year, must go the essential condition of proper feeding. The thoroughbred may never go hungry as to appetite, and yet be fed into a "plug;" the dairy-calf may be bred in the purple, and yet may have such full feeding in wrong feeds that she will grow up into a veritable "brindle cow." Therefore the ration must not only be sufficient to allay hunger and produce growth, but it must be so balanced and adjusted to all the needs of the animal that development is always in the right direction.

W. F. McSPARRAN.

To Cure a Sucking Heifer

As all dairymen know, there is probably no greater nuisance on a dairy-farm than a cow or a heifer addicted to the habit of sucking herself and other animals in the herd. We have had some trouble in this respect, but have found a practical means of breaking the habit. The method is simple, easy of application, and will cure the most persistent

sucker on the farm. Insert in the sucking heifer's nose an ordinary bull-ring. Just before inserting the ring, slip on it two common iron harness-rings. Of course, the harness-rings are to suspend loosely after the bull-ring has been inserted. This is the trick of it. By adding more than one loose ring the animal can in no way prevent them from dropping in the mouth when it attempts to suck.

W. STENSON.

How the Beef Trust Does Its Butchering

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

trolley-line which moves around the acres of the killing-room. From it the steer may be removed at will, to move on again as soon as each worker is through with it. The next worker takes out the intestines, and another with three or four blows from a heavy cleaver and a few cuts with a saw cuts the animal into halves. The skinned tail is severed for ox-tail soup. The two halves do not stop moving on the trolley now until they are in the basement. They first pass a platform on which stand men who cut off all discolorations caused by bruises when the steer was alive. The body now goes under a long row of sprinklers which pour lukewarm water over the meat to clean off the blood. Men with brooms dipped in water scrub the meat, and the last gangs of cleaners use hose carrying cold water and clean rags. A new set of men trim off the rough edges of the meat, the steer is weighed, and goes into one of the coolers, which cover acres and are kept at a temperature just above freezing. There has been no lifting by hand, and each man has done only a small part of the work, each having his own particular duty. All of the dressing, from the time the steer enters the packing-house over the roof until it is in the cooler in the basement, takes only thirty-nine minutes.

Hogs are handled much like steers. They are caught by one hind foot, and hoisted to a moving trolley, on which their throats are cut; then they are plunged automatically into scalding-vats, and dressed at the rate of one a minute. The hog is in the coolers, cut up, in from ten to fifteen minutes from the time it is caught in the killing-pen.

In the stock-yards twenty-five hundred persons are employed, and these last year killed and handled an average of 7,256 head of cattle, 18,707 hogs and 10,474 sheep a day. More than one thousand car-loads of live stock are received on an average every day.

That the packers waste nothing is generally understood. A visit to the by-products department of a plant proves it. The blood all goes down troughs into the basement, where it is piped to another plant after the fat has been skimmed off for use in soap-making. There are large soap-plants in the stock-yards. The blood is then boiled down into blood-meal for poultry and other stock-food, or its chemical ingredients are separated and sold to druggists and dye-houses. The residue goes into the fertilizer-plant. The contents of the stomach of cattle is used to make wrapping-paper and for fuel; the stomach itself is used for parchment. The tripe from the stomach brings a good price, as also do the tongue and brains. The horns are steamed, pressed flat, and cut into buttons. A couple of pounds of meat cut from the head is used for summer sausage, and the bones are ground as fertilizer or chicken-feed. Glue is a valuable asset, and gelatine is made from the hoofs. The fat is cut from the entrails for soap, and one hundred and fifty feet of sausage-casings, worth two dollars, are taken from the intestines of a steer. Other articles saved are the caul, an interior organ which contains valuable oils; the lungs, used for export sausage; many kinds of oils made from fats; rennet for cheese-makers; pepping, a score of various drugs; lard, tallow, neat's-foot oil, bristles, oleomargarine, and bone-black, a pigment made from burned bones. In addition there are twenty or thirty other articles, none of which was saved fifteen years ago.

An interesting subject is the government meat-inspection at the stock-yards. Not a pound of meat can be shipped until it bears the stamp of the Bureau of Animal Industry, which has a score of inspectors in the packing-houses. These examine each animal as it is killed. The greatest watchfulness is exercised with cattle, and if the lungs show signs of tuberculosis the carcass is burned.

America does not eat the best meat which it raises. The carcasses are graded in the coolers, and the best go to England and other countries. Export cattle

Sharples Tubular SEPARATORS

GREAT SEPARATOR CONTEST

Held Dec. 17, 1903, at Minnesota Dairymen's Convention

Our Claim
We will place a Sharples Tubular beside any other separator and guarantee the Tubular to cut in half any record for clean skimming the other machine can make.

The Challenge
Three competitors, each beaten hundreds of times singly, band together and enter a contest against the Sharples Tubular. Providing the "combine-of-three" are allowed to furnish the milk. Providing the "combine-of-three" run three machines, and if any one leaves less than double the fat of the Sharples Tubular they win. The "combine-of-three" select cold, hard-skimming cows' milk (62° to 70°) 200 lbs. at a run.

The Result
Sharples Tubular..... .05
"The Combine of Three" Alpha De Laval.. .175
United States..... .125
Empire..... .450

The report was signed by Robert Crickmore, Creamery Mgr.; A. W. Trow, Pres., Minn. Dairymen's Ass'n.; and E. J. Henry, Babcock Tester Expert, the judges mutually agreed upon. Write for complete report and catalog E-112.

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BALES 15 TONS A DAY HAY

Our large feed opening makes it easy for the man to get in the largest possible charge. Our power-head, with its 9-inch trip lever arms utilizes every pound of the horse's strength. Our quick rebounding plunger allows two charges to each circle of the team. How with these and many other points in the construction and easy operation of our Gem and Victor presses we bale 15, 18 or even 20 tons a day, is fully described in our Hay Press book. Say HAY PRESS on a postal with your address and we'll gladly mail it with no obligation on your part. 38 years' experience back of our machines.



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are the best. Made of best material. Stand the hardest work and last longest. Best for deep or shallow wells. Fastest. No springs or cheap contrivances to break. Full line of driller's supplies. Send for catalogue.

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STANDARD FLY AND LICE KILLER

Kills Lice, Ticks, Insects, Fleas; protects cows from flies in pastures and while milking. 20 per cent. more milk. Pays for itself daily. Perfectly harmless. Applied with reversible sprayer. Makes young stock thrive. Prevents tuberculosis, cholera, abortion, &c. Sprayer & Fly Killer for 150 cows, \$1. Agents wanted.

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Cures Kickers, Runaways, Pullers, Shyers, etc. Send for Bit on Ten Days' Trial and circular showing the four distinct ways of using it. A Lady can hold him. Prof. B. Beery, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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No cast metal, no wood. Strong, light and compact. Double lift bar, powerful compound levers. Ask any dealer.

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A guaranteed cure for Heaves, Cough, Distemper, throat and nasal troubles. Dealers 50 cents. Mail 60 cents. PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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and girls in every city and town, who are bright and energetic, and who want to make some money. Write us at once. Circulation Dept. WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Springfield, Ohio.

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Map and information free. J. O. PACKARD, McBain, Mich.

A single dose relieves. Pratts Heave Cure.

Made by Pratt Food Co., Phila. Over 30 years old.

Live Stock and Dairy

bring a higher price alive and a higher price dressed. Even the tails of export steers are worth two cents more than common tails. The next grade goes to the best hotels and the fancy markets, and the third grade is that commonly sold in the ordinary market. The poor stock of all kinds, called "canners," is hurried from the coolers into tin cans which pour out of a machine at the rate of several a second. One concern at the stock-yards has a canning-plant covering thirty acres of floor space. Two hundred varieties of canned goods are put up.

The packing-houses maintain depots for the distribution of their goods in all parts of the country, and to transport them own thousands of refrigerator-cars. They are branching out in their business, so that now two of the concerns have large poultry-fattening stations in all of the near-by states, where they fatten poultry by machinery. Many thousands of fowls are confined in small coops, fed

ing out in the morning the buyers know how many cattle are on hand. The railroads entering Chicago all telegraph ahead the number of cars on the way, and the commission-men thus can tell a day or two ahead what the market is likely to be.

Tests made by the packing-houses show the average corn-fed steer, weighing 1,354 pounds alive, dressed as follows:

PRODUCT	POUNDS	PRODUCT	POUNDS
Fresh meat.....	806	Tongue	8
Oleo-fats	35	Head and feet...	18
Hide	80	Tankage	13
Heart	4	Tail	2
Casings	50	Tail-switch.....	3
Tripe	21	*Glue stock.....
Liver	12	Total	1,099½
Blood	38		
Tallow	12	*Not given	



THE FINISHING TOUCH



IN THE BEEF-COOLER

until they are as fat as it is possible to make them under ordinary conditions, and then a rubber tube is put down their throats, and a lever forces semi-liquid corn-meal wet with milk into their crops. The flesh of fowls thus fattened brings from three to six cents a pound more than ordinary poultry, and is exported all over the world. Some of the houses, too, are going into the butter-and-egg business.

As the grain trade has its board of trade, so the live-stock trade has its live-stock exchange. It is composed of the three hundred commission-men who do business at the stock-yards, and has a large building, in which there is an amphitheater, where brokers and buyers meet. A large blackboard is used to post up the number of cattle, hogs and sheep received each day, and the receipts expected for the next day. These are of great importance, for the brokers know just how many cattle the packers can use, and realize that if there is a surplus the market will fall. Before start-

Table showing product from grass-fed steer. Weight alive, 1,064 pounds:

PRODUCT	POUNDS	PRODUCT	POUNDS
Fresh meat....	612	Head and feet...	14
Oleo-fats	22	Tail	1½
Hide	69	Tankage	11
Heart	3½	Tail-switch.....	3
Casings	45	*Glue stock.....
Tripe	16	Total	846.83
Blood	35		
Tallow	10	*Not given.	
Tongue	7½		

*About one and one half pounds of glue are obtained from each steer, but many of these figures are purely approximations. The amount of blood, for instance, varies immensely. In one test an old cow yielded thirty-seven pounds, whereas an export steer contained only thirty-four pounds.

The shrinkage not accounted for in the tables was used in miscellaneous by-products.

HAVE YOU COWS?

If you have cream to separate a good Cream Separator is the most profitable investment you can possibly make. Delay

means daily waste of time, labor and product. DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS save \$10.- per cow per year every year of use over all gravity setting systems and \$5.- per cow over all imitating separators. They received the Grand Prize or Highest Award at St. Louis.

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Our hand-some free booklet explains their many advantages, and tells about our new

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It gives much valuable and practical information that should be in the hands of every farmer. Send for it to-day and ask about our

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Low steel wheels, wide tires, make loading and banding easier. We furnish Steel Wheels to fit any axle, to carry any load. Straight or staggered spokes. Catalogue free.

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NEWTON'S Heave, Cough, Distemper and Indigestion Cure. A veterinary specific for wind, throat and stomach troubles. Strongly recommended. \$1.00 per can, of dealers, or Exp. prepaid. The Newton Remedy Co., Toledo, Ohio

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You don't need
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EXACT SIZE

We Make You a Present of a Chain

MOVEMENT Regular sixteen-size, and only three eighths of an inch in thickness. Lantern-pinions (smallest ever made). American lever escapement, polished spring. Weight, complete with case, only three ounces; quick-train—two hundred and forty beats a minute. Short wind; runs thirty to thirty-six hours with one winding. Tested, timed and regulated. This watch is guaranteed by the maker for a period of one year.

THE GUARANTEE In every watch will be found a printed guarantee, by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse the watch fails to keep good time within one year they will repair it free of charge, and return it.

DESCRIPTION—Plain Center Band, Elegant Nickel Case, Snap Back, Roman Dial, Stem-Wind, Stem-Set, Medium Size, Oxydized Movement-Plate, Open-Face. Engraved front and back.

How to Get the Watch

Send us your name and address on a postal-card to-day, and ask for a book of eight coupons, and say you want the watch.

We will send by return mail a book containing eight coupons, each one of which is good for a year's subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE, one of the best farm and home papers published in America. Comes twice a month. We will also send a sample copy of the paper, so you can judge of its merit for yourself. You sell these coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25 cents each. When the coupons are sold, you send the \$2.00 to us, and we will send you the watch.

It is easy to sell the coupons. Thousands have earned watches by our plan, and you can do it in one day's time. Write to-day. Be sure to ask for a book of eight coupons.

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Six Silver Teaspoons

WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS

FREE

This Set of Six Elegant Silver Spoons will be sent free and prepaid to any one who will send only SIX yearly subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 25 cents each.

THE primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering for the first time, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the French gray finish among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design. Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife to-day makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

A Sterling-Silver Design

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good by us.

"The Wild Rose Pattern"

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any design yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver. Sent prepaid.

Farm and Fireside one year
and the Set of Six Spoons **\$1.00**
sent prepaid to any one for only

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio



PREMIUM NO. 36

The Grange

By MRS. MARY E. LEE

The Spirit of the Times

It is interesting to note how persistently educational institutions keep their advertisements before the public. Nor do they stop work at the end of the school-year. Many of the leading, as well as lesser, colleges are opening summer schools. These provide technical, professional and manual training as well as the regular courses. That many are well patronized is evidenced by the large attendance and the increased attention given to educational matters. In the winter the agricultural colleges of some states give the farm boy and girl opportunity to study their business. What this means to the rural communities is hard to estimate. The desire to know, to come close to the reason of things, to investigate, is predominant. Publishers are issuing new agricultural works each year for this new demand. The splendid response which the farmers are giving to the educational work inaugurated by the Ohio State Grange is but another indication of the spirit that animates the times.

One of the promising features of the matter is that so many young people are writing that they intend to enter agricultural college this fall, and want to do a little preliminary work. In each case they desire others to work with them. In one instance a husband and wife desire to take up the work at once, whether the grange does or not. The result is inevitable. The people desire to know, and are ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to make a systematic study. One graduate of the college of agriculture started a class at once in his grange. It is indeed fortunate that a grange can have such a helper, but without such help excellent work can be done, as the books are written for practical farmers. The desire to do this work is a logical development of the educational work carried on by press, grange, departments of agriculture, experiment stations and colleges. It is no more to be stopped than are the teachers, summer schools and institutes.

Buying a Home

We have sold our home, and consequently are much interested in other localities. In addition to fertile soil and good buildings, which must always be a desideratum, there must be a good, live grange in the community where we finally locate. We are taking the summer to find a farm. We hope it will be the most profitable way that we could spend our time. It is often urged that a wide acquaintanceship would not make it obligatory to have a home in a community that was congenial, and that one could get on without the fraternal associations. This has been urged by those in the city hunting a home, as well as by those who live in the country. It seems to me that it is a wrong view. When one goes into a community, one becomes a part of it, responsible to a certain extent for moral and intellectual tone. It would be a very unsatisfactory life if one could not come into close touch with those who live near. No matter what the city has to offer, no matter what the ties may be, if life is to be full and fragrant there must be a close sympathy with those about us; therefore one of the first requisites is a grange community. Experience has shown that, other things considered, such a place has higher intelligence, greater local pride and better home conditions than a community without such attractions.

It is becoming quite common for prosperous professional and business men to take a home in the country, regardless of whether that place will furnish congenial companionship or not. One cannot escape the influence of those who live near. I do not think that I would worry much about the happiness of those who came into my place simply because food and living expenses were low, and took no matter of interest in that which interested me. He must joy in my joy, grieve with my grief, else I will have none of him.

The Teachers' Federation

Early in the year mention was made of an organization of teachers in Ohio which had as its objects the bettering of the schools and a higher standard of teaching. It has spread so rapidly, and its aims are so beneficent, that nearly every county in the state has a large and growing membership. "The schools for the children" is the motto. It insists on professional training for the teachers,

adequate pay, centralization of schools where possible, and a higher tone in the rural schools. It should receive the greatest encouragement from rural communities. A number of workers will address picnics, open meetings, and aid in every way possible the bettering of the common schools. I attended the sessions of this federation in December, and I never attended meetings where a more altruistic spirit pervaded, or more genuine unselfishness. It promises to do much for the schools of Ohio. Let communities cooperate with the organization. I will gladly furnish addresses of teachers and others who will be willing to give a limited number of addresses during the summer.

Forming Classes

A number of individuals write me, asking if one person in a grange can take up the work in agriculture and domestic science. It is desirable that a number of the grange do the work. It is hoped that the lecturer will find assistance in making programs, as well as offering an opportunity to do the systematic work that each has expressed a desire to do. While it will be possible for an individual to do the work, and will doubtless result in much profit, yet it is also good for a sufficient number to read the works suggested, and discuss the matter in the grange.

The Observatory

Make your need felt in the world, and rest assured the opportunity of filling it will come to you.

The community that is not able to look after its own interests is apt to pay well for the care taken of it by other places.

Every farmer is interested in a pure-milk supply for buyers, but he does not want to assume the responsibility for the milk after it leaves his hands.

Of course, the transportation companies want to be left alone in the fixing of rates. All they need to do is to collect the charges. The public does the rest.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is a child of the grange. The grange and other leading organizations are demanding that increased powers be conferred upon it. President Roosevelt recommends that it be given the power to fix rates, and that such rates go into effect at once.

"I would like to see Ohio follow the example of the Eastern states, and elect its state master for governor," writes C. W. Chalker, of Portage County. A hearty "amen" will be echoed from thousands of hearts. What is the matter with Ohio having a farmer governor? There is good material.

"Cuts coming and going," is the way a woman described the practice of taking butter and eggs to a country store and exchanging them for dry goods and groceries. Sold both ways at the price set by the merchant. The worst feature of the matter is that first-class goods are seldom carried in stock, and the selection is not apt to please a person of artistic tastes. A poor quality at the price of a better, with little choice, places the woman who must deal at these places at a great disadvantage with her sister of lesser means.

I wish that I might place Burkett's "Agriculture for Beginners" in the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is one of the best works on agriculture for beginners published. Like all good books for the young, it is written in a style that will command the respect of grown-ups as well. It is one of the books that a farmer cannot do without. Two other excellent works have been recently issued that are likely to become standards for many years. These are Hunt's "The Cereals in America" and Spillman's "Farm-Grasses in the United States."

A Small Favor Asked

Please be so kind as to send FARM AND FIRESIDE just one new subscription. There is a subscription blank inclosed with this number for that especial purpose. FARM AND FIRESIDE deserves a million, and will soon get them if its friends all help by sending just one subscription. Please do this.

The Family Lawyer

By JUDGE WM. M. ROCKEL

Legal inquiries of general interest from our regular subscribers will be answered in this department free of charge. Querists desiring an immediate answer by mail should remit one dollar, addressed "Law Department," this office.

Inheritance

A. S., Maine, asks: "A. owned a farm and stock, and had a wife and three children. He died, leaving no will. After a few years A.'s widow married B. A.'s estate has never been settled. Now, if B.'s wife dies, leaving no will, can B. hold any claim on the farm and property formerly owned by A.?"

B. would get nothing, except possibly the wife's individual personal property.

Heirs Should be Notified of Probating of Will

M. A., New Jersey, inquires: "When a person dies and leaves a will, ought not the executor of the estate notify the heirs to hear the reading of the will? If not, how long afterward before they should be notified of its contents?"

Yes, all heirs in the state should be notified when the will is filed in the surrogate court. I am not advised as to the exact length of time in your state. Ask the judge of your surrogate court.

Estate in England

G. B., Nebraska, would like to know how to get an estate left to his grandfather in England, consisting of money and land. He never went after it. Would there be any chance for the heirs to get it now?

Put it in the hands of some good English lawyer at the place where it is, or write to the American consul at that place. The chances are that the whole thing is a myth and there is no estate there. My advice would be not to put much money into the effort to get it.

Right to Fish at River-Bank on Another's Land

J. B., Missouri, asks: "If a man owns a farm, and a stream of water runs across it, and he forbids fishing, can a man row his boat in the river to the man's farm, and fish so long as he remains in the boat, or does the water belong to the owner of the farm? He pays taxes on the land under the water, the same as land he cultivates, and if he does not own the water, who does, the state or the United States?"

He has no right to fish there. If he does so without your permission he is a trespasser.

Good Title Under Will

J. G. S., West Virginia, asks: "A. willed all his estate, real and personal, to B., a boy whom he raised. If B. dies without issue, then the whole of the estate goes to a family of distant relatives. B. got married, and is the father of several children. B. sold part of the land, received the money, and made the purchaser a deed to same. Is B.'s title good?"

Yes, the title is good. B., having had children, can never be said to die without issue, even if there should be none living at his death.

Inheritance

M., Ohio, inquires: "A. and B. are husband and wife, married many years ago. By industry and economy they have accumulated considerable land by purchase, and it is in the husband's name. They had several children, but all died in early years. In case the wife should outlive the husband, would she inherit all this property, or would his brothers and sisters come in for part? If the wife inherits it, can she sell it or will it as she pleases?"

The wife would get all absolutely, and could do with it whatever she might choose.

A "Valuable" Sister-in-Law

M. E. A., Ohio, inquires: "I have a sister-in-law who for an imaginary cause proceeds to circulate stories against me and my family. Also, if I pass her residence unattended she calls me vile names not fit for publication, but if any one is with me she doesn't speak. How can I put a quietus on her?"

I hardly know what legal redress you have. If she is financially responsible you might sue her for slander. Perhaps the best thing you can do is to completely ignore her, and pay no attention to what she says. She is doing this to spite you, and if she finds out you do not care she will probably cease of her own accord. If your reputation is good, and you conduct yourself rightfully, what she may say will never harm you.

Information as to Divorce

M. A. Y., Missouri, wants to know: "A wife hears that her husband has secured a divorce from her. Does it free her? How could she find out if he had secured one?"

Yes, a divorce to him would free her. She should have been notified. For information, write, inclosing stamp, to the clerk of the court where you suppose the divorce was granted.

Right of Wife to Share in Estate of Husband's Father

J. G. B., Illinois, asks: "A. married B., and had no children. After some years A. became an invalid. B. refused to take care of him, and A.'s father took him home and cared for him, B. visiting him occasionally. At the end of six years A. died. B. got all of A.'s property. A. has been dead ten years, and B. married again. Will B. get a share of A.'s father's estate at his death?"

No. In order for B. to have any interest in the property it would have been necessary for the father to have died before the son.

Debt of Heir to Estate

C. H. O., Illinois, inquires: "A. died in Illinois, and left a will giving to B. and C. fifteen hundred dollars each. The court-expense was to be paid, and the balance was to be equally divided between B., C. and D. D. owed the estate four thousand dollars. Was it lawful for the executor to give up D.'s share of the property to D.'s creditors, and leave unpaid the debt that D. owed the estate? If it was not, is the executor responsible in any way for so doing?"

The executor should have first deducted from D.'s share what he owed the estate. Generally speaking, I think the executor is liable, although there may be some circumstance that might change the matter.

Ditch-Law

M. H., New York, says: "I have a piece of low, wet land. It has been ditched for over twenty years, but the ditch needs cleaning out. Other parties own land below mine that must be cleaned out before I can drain mine. Will the laws of New York compel them to open their ditch? If so, how shall I go about it?"

In the making of ditch-laws each state has laws peculiar to itself, and you will have to consult a home lawyer. Generally, I will say that if the ditch has been established by the public you can compel it to be cleaned; or if there was never a public ditch you can possibly have one granted. But in any case you will need the advice and assistance of a home lawyer.

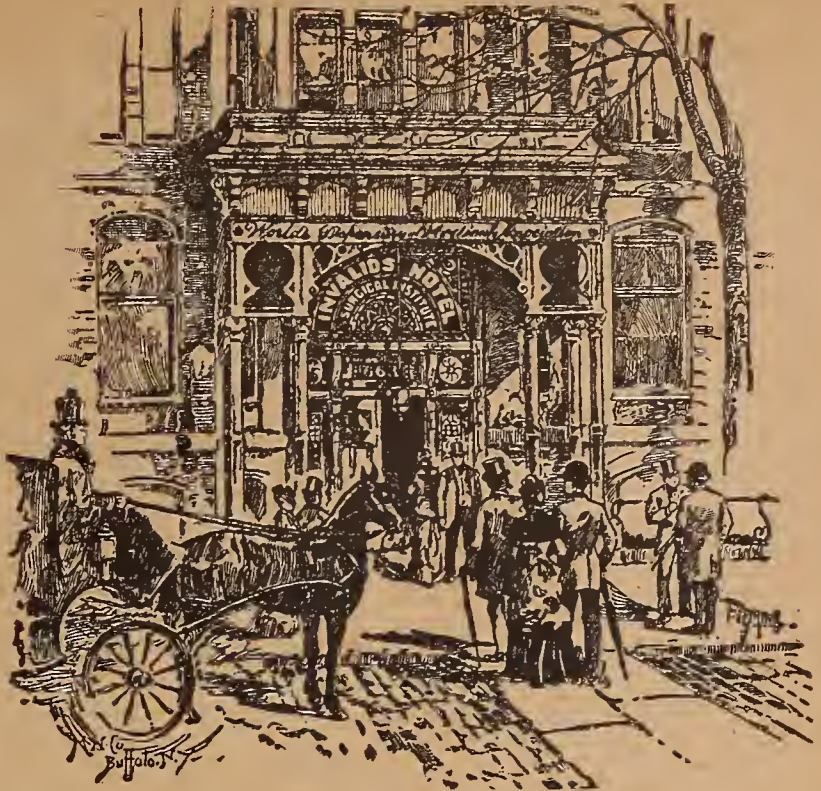
Right to Manure

S. M. G. asks: "A. works his father-in-law's farm from year to year for four years. The farm is situated on both sides of the road, with a house and barn on each side of the road. The father-in-law dies, leaving the part of the farm on one side of the road to A.'s wife, and the part on the other side of the road to A.'s brother-in-law. A. now lives on his part of the farm, and his brother-in-law on the other side. Can A. draw manure from the part which will be his brother-in-law's, and draw it on the part which will be his?"

I know of no particular law governing your query, but the common-sense view would be that as the manure is for the coming crop, and not for any crop under the lease, that the manure could not be hauled off that part of the farm upon which it was made. If the farm is equally divided, it might be well to equally divide the manure at both barns. As a general rule, manure made at a stable or in a barn-yard occupied by a farm-tenant belongs to the owner of the land upon which it is located. Sometimes if the manure is made from hay or feed purchased by the tenant he can remove it.

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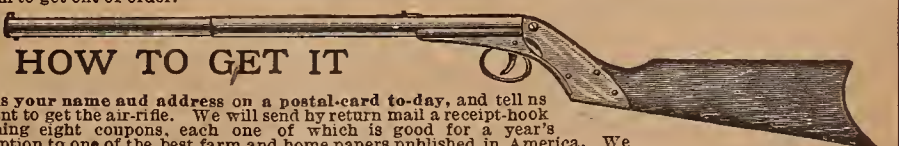
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A Page of Pokes

By GEO. F. BURBA



SPEAKING of pokes, how would you like to take one at the fellow who proposes to set to music the voices of the night—the man who thinks he can translate to notes the music of the field and stream and hedge and thicket and shallow ponds and tree-tops? How would you like to take a poke at him?

Voices of the night! Books enough to fill a library may have been written about you and of you, but who has done you justice? Voices of the night! Let the self-important ones believe they can picture you on paper; we know better. Voices of the night! Lull to dreams the innocence of youth; sing your lullabies to the plants and trees, and little dimpling waves that run upon the pools and puddles; tell your story to the stars, and echo it to all who listen, but let no man catch you and put you into print, to be mocked and sung in some seminary of learning.

Katydid and whippoorwill and tree-frog and cricket—was ever there a quartet such as these? And their fellows—all the other vibrating creatures that sing their songs at night—do they not make up the sweetest symphony to which the earth has ever listened? Ah! the man who suggests writing the music of this choir has never walked along a country lane at night. He has never stopped, and folding both his arms upon the top rail of the fence, his chin resting upon his wrists, gazed out across the dewy field to the hazy tree-tops in the distance, and heard the music of this chorus. He has never sat upon the door-step after the folks had gone to bed and the lamp had been blown out, and looked up at the stars and wondered what it all meant as the rhythm from a million throats oozed into his listening ears, as soothing as the songs the angels sing to babies. Such a man—the one who thinks he can reduce to print the voices of the night—loves not the night as he ought to love it, or he would shield it from the critics' gaze, and keep it only in memory, and not upon the soulless sheets of paper that are a curse to secrets.

Almost any man will take a second look at an empty bottle.

The quality of neither a woman nor a cigar depends upon the wrapper.

When a woman takes it into her head to have the blues she just has 'em.

Never heard of a man's getting whipped as long as he was in a good humor.

The lawyers always advise their clients not to talk—they do that themselves.

The only argument some people can advance is to pull out a roll and offer to bet.

Every man should so live that his wife will be glad she didn't marry the other fellow.

Many a man has fallen into a hole while trying to see what somebody else was doing.

Can't understand why a woman will wear a pair of hose she is ashamed to hang out on the line.

AWAY back when the Garden of Eden was a piece of new ground, when the only legislature was Deity himself, and there were no "lobbies," nor politicians to lie to people, nor railroads to claim that they were losing money every day in the year, nor lightning-rod agents, nor trusts, nor automobiles to scare a fellow's horse, nor town boys setting the styles for a farmer's boy to spend all his money on—away back when the Garden of Eden was first in bloom there was a law passed which has never been repealed.

Nor were there any supreme courts in those days to declare laws unconstitutional. What was writ was writ, and she stayed writ. Well, it was decreed in those days by a competent authority that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Ever since then men have been trying to cheat that law, but it cannot be done without paying a pretty heavy penalty. And not even the governor can pardon a fellow from that penalty.

Every little while some fellow gets hold of a few extra dollars, and his children think they can beat out that law. They buy a quarter's worth of Canton flannel for a bathing-suit, and a gallon of gasoline for a boat, and a few other clothes and liquids, and hie themselves away to a summer resort, where they will not have to work. Sometimes they build themselves great mansions in the city, and give entertainments, or go to the country and buy a stock-farm, and call it an estate, and hire men to mow the grass and plant some flowers while they lie in the hammock. Sometimes they do other things which need not be mentioned. But you can bet your last red cent they pay the penalty.

Take some of these rich men's sons and daughters and look at them if you think they escape the sweat-law. Follow them through a night's debauch, and listen to the groans from the headaches the next morning. Get acquainted with their domestic lives, and learn how they fight and scratch and breed scandals. Listen to the testimony in the divorce-courts, or hear the preacher try to smooth over the misspent life of the suicide as the corpse lies "in state."

It does seem like a pretty tough old law. If it said a fellow had to eat bread in the sweat of his face for ten years, or twenty, it would be different. But it doesn't say it. It says he must do so up to the time he is tucked away in the earth from which he came—until he is in no condition to violate any other law.

Still, there are so few people who could make a world if they had the material, that it is not right to criticize the Maker of this one. He probably knew what he was doing that June day when he appointed himself a committee of the whole, and passed the statute and signed it, and handed it over to the anxious inhabitants of the Garden of Eden. Leastwise, he seems to have known what he was doing, or he would have repealed the measure.

A woman is the only animal on earth that can cry when she has nothing to cry about.

It ought to make the average man ashamed to see what a one-armed man can do sometimes.

Ugly people evidently do not go to heaven. We have never seen the picture of an ugly angel.

Contentment may be better than riches, but the banks do not pay interest on time deposits of it.

It's an unfortunate boy who has no relatives living in the country at this season of the year.

It is the things that are overlooked in life that cause all the trouble—carpet-tacks, for instance.

The beauty of a girl's wraps has a good deal to do with whether it is cool enough to wear them.

A man isn't responsible for having been born, but that is no excuse for making other people sorry for it.

As a general proposition, when a boy isn't making love he is making trouble—and sometimes when he is making love.

It has so happened a good many times that the fellow who didn't know anything knew exactly what he should have known.

HAVE you ever noticed that there is some kind of a cripple on every farm? Maybe it is only an old hen that has had her feet frozen, causing her to hobble about on two funny-shaped stubs; or it may be a pig with one hip knocked down lower than the other, giving a sort-of three-quarter wobble as it squeals along after its lusty fellows; sometimes it is a young horse that got hurt in a gap in the fence, and which week after week has been looked after in the hope that it might outgrow the injury; aye, it may be a child that is not normal, and whose misshapen body tugs at our heartstrings as we behold the history of the suffering in the little features that look up and smile.

Whatever it is, the cripple is to be found upon every well-regulated farm; and whether the awkward old hen, or the wobbly pig, or the straining colt that limps painfully, or the unfortunate child, the cripple is, if the truth were known, the happiest thing on the place—happiest because it has the most love. Watch the housewife as she throws the crumbs to the chickens, and see if she doesn't look after that old hobbly hen. And the farmer as he feeds the hogs and horses, he looks after the crippled ones. And the whole family bows down before and worships the crippled child. Maybe there are worse things than being lame.

The only way the goodness of God can be accounted for is that he must know we are all cripples—this one crippled mentally, that one crippled in disposition, another crippled in his desires and tastes. The world is made up of cripples, and the Maker of the Universe looks after limping humanity as limping humanity looks after the other lame things.

A fellow with a bank-book a quarter of an inch thick walks heavier than a man carrying an encyclopedia.

And the chances are that every one of Solomon's wives expected him to remember the wedding anniversary.

When a man wants an office, we could never understand why they refer to it as a bee buzzing around his head. It always seemed to us that it would be more appropriate to refer to it as a green fly.

THERE is more gratitude wrapped up in one little ordinary woman than is hidden behind the hide of a thousand men. And this is not written for any female society for the prevention of cruelty to potato-bugs nor for an old maids' convention—it is just written because the records of the days teem with woman's gratitude and man's ingratitude. More than that, everything from Nature down to the wash-tub favors man. It is man's world, and if woman stays in it she has to pay for her keep. Man is the only animal on the ball that shows downright ingratitude.

People like to stand around and talk about what civilization has done for woman. They tell about how the savages compelled their women-folks to do this or that hard work. They point out that wherever Christianity has gone the lot of woman has become easier. They make a whole lot of noise with their talking things without exercising their thinking things—that's about the size of it.

As a matter of fact, the relative status of woman has not improved these two thousand years. She is as inferior to-day to man, in man's mind, as she ever was. She doesn't have to do the same kind of work now that she did when her husband was a savage, but neither does a man. She doesn't sit in camp and peel the meat off a deer-skin, but man doesn't go out with a bow and arrow and kill game any more. She doesn't have to carry skins of water long distances from the spring and take care of the whole place, as she did when her former spouse was a naked warrior, but don't forget that her spouse is no longer a naked warrior. Compared with the work man does to-day, the woman is doing just as much, if not more, than she ever did in her life, and getting less, relatively, for it than at any period of the world's history. People forget that while a woman no longer has to weave the cloth to make the clothes for the family, that the "old man" sits down and plows.

No use to go into details about woman's wages, and how she is discriminated against in shop and factory and school-room. All that has nothing to do with the proposition of gratitude at this time. All you have to do to see this great gratitude of woman is to stay around the house a while and keep your eyes open. This woman, this helpmeet of man's, this director of the young which is the molder of the future, goes about her daily duty actually feeling grateful for the roof over her head, as if it were a Christmas present. She is thankful for the love of a man who is unworthy her love, and pays him in kind a thousandfold for every tender look. She appreciates every word that is not a rebuke, and considers every touch a token of affection so long as it is not a blow of anger. She feels that she is the mother of her husband's children rather than the mother of her own children. If the rest of the family is provided for, she is content; if the others are comfortable, she is happy; if the various members of the family do not complain, she is exalted to the skies, as it were.

And she goes about her cares meeker than a slave of old, in comparison with the snorting lord of creation who makes more fuss about a misplaced button than a woman makes over the loss of a leg. Civilization is a great thing, but up to the present it hasn't done a great deal for woman—nothing like as much as man would like woman to think it has.

Anyway, the horse that goes the freest doesn't get whipped the most.

After hearing some women talk about their husbands we are led to believe that the best liars make the best husbands.

A fellow can get along with about one tenth of what he thinks he can when it comes to a pinch, but nobody likes pinches.

People who believe in universal peace overlook the fact that a whole lot of people would be out of jobs and have to go to work if it should prevail.

If all the time that has been put in on that old joke about the pump and the milkman had been devoted to agriculture, wheat wouldn't be worth over forty cents a bushel.

Modern business is transacted at high pressure, and many men are still of low-pressure capacity. Look at the insane asylums and the suicides' graves for an answer as to the result of such conditions.

A single man never knows, when he hears a married man talking about the bliss of married life, whether he is telling the truth or trying to convince himself he made no mistake in marrying. But a married man knows what a single man is telling when he talks about the blessedness of singleness.

As Henry always said: "It ain't the top rail that keeps the pigs out of the garden."

The Pest of Wolves

RESIDENT ROOSEVELT's recent hunting expedition in the Southwest has called attention to the greatest pest with which the stockmen and ranchers of that region have to deal, the wolf. Strange to say, as the country develops and becomes more thickly populated, the menace increases, and at this time, in the face of a constant and systematic warfare, some sections are absolutely overrun by marauding, thieving, dangerous wolf-packs. How to extinguish the pest or control it is a question that engages the best thought of the various communities. The different legislatures have passed generous bounty-laws for the encouragement of hunters and trappers, but the wolf is a wary and provokingly sly and cunning beast, and the hunter who can capture or kill him is an expert in his vocation. Delighting to live a close neighbor to the settler, and to howl a discordant accompaniment to the barking of the farm-yard dogs, the wolf is suspicious of all cajolery and unwonted generosity on the part of the settler. He will crawl through a small opening into the chicken-house and carry off a fowl each night for a week—so long as no scheme is hatched up for his undoing. If traps are set near the opening, and carefully covered with loose hay, or if the farmer conceals himself near by, rifle in hand, Mr. Wolf saunters nonchalantly past, trailing his tail well to one side, disclaiming any appetite whatsoever for fowl. How did the rogue know of those preparations for his destruction? While they were being made he was miles away, hidden in a jungle or deep in a burrow or cave. Of all the beasts and birds of the earth and air, the wolf is the most expert in reading the mind of its natural enemy, man.

The most common type of wolf is the small, wiry, slinking coyote. The name comes from Mexico, and is there pronounced ki-ho-te, the middle syllable having the accent. This wolf roams over the prairies both by day and night, singly or in pairs, and ravenously devours any and all kinds of animal food obtainable. Birds and small earth-animals are its prey, and young animals of all kinds, fawns, calves and colts are quickly pounced upon and killed. It is more destructive to game, such as deer, wild turkeys, quail and prairie-chickens than all the pot-hunters, and it is not unusual for a single rancher to lose two or three hundred calves and colts from its depredations during a season.

Of recent years a new danger has arisen in many sections of the Southwest. Hydrophobia prevails among the coyotes, and mad wolves are numerous and extremely hostile and dangerous. A mad wolf will not hesitate to attack a person at sight, and many distressing deaths have resulted from such attacks. A mad wolf, however, loses all of its natural cunning, and is easily approached and killed. It is necessary for campers and travelers to use the greatest precaution, as a mad wolf will enter a camp at night and spring upon the sleepers.

It is almost impossible to trap the coyote. He seems to know by instinct where the trap is placed, and will invariably avoid it. A skilful hunter, however, will occasionally catch one. This is accomplished by placing several steel traps along a cattle-trail or near a carcass and covering them with loose dirt. If nothing further was done, although the hunter did not touch a trap with his bare hand, not a wolf would approach that locality. The rascal must be tricked through his remarkably keen sense of smell. The "professional" hunter who traps for wolves carries a bottle of a liquid decoction, the formula of which varies with the imagination of each hunter. It is in substance an animal-musk of which all members of the dog family are very fond. This musk the hunter sprinkles freely upon the ground and grass near the traps. The odor attracts the wolves, and they sometimes so far forget their caution as to tread upon a trap. Such captures are not frequent, however, and the odor is not sufficiently alluring to draw a wolf within gunshot of a secreted hunter.

Wolves may be destroyed rather more easily by poisoning, which is the usual means employed. Here, too, ordinary methods are of no avail. Poison loosely scattered upon a carcass only incites the wolf's derision. It must be administered in a modern, professional manner by the use of capsules. Tiny doses of strychnine are inclosed in capsules, and one is inserted into a deep slit in a piece of meat. At nightfall a carcass is drawn in a wide circle upon the prairie, and at intervals one of these prepared titbits is dropped. The pack strikes the trail, and gallops along with noses to the scent. The tempting mouthful of meat is sighted and snapped up and swallowed, presumably before the wolf has time to give the matter consideration. In the morning the hunter goes out to gather up his catch, which may be a half-dozen bodies or none at all.

Another method of destruction is the round-up, or drive. A body of horsemen surround a large area, and gradually converge to a common center, beating the brush and grass and ravines as they go. Such a

Around the Fireside

drive should develop several wolves, although it frequently happens that a tract which was thought to be swarming with the pest will not furnish a single specimen when the drive is on. As the inclosed area becomes smaller, the horsemen ride closer together, and the effort is to prevent the wolves from dodging back and escaping. This they are quite apt to do in spite of the utmost caution, and such drives are more productive of sport and excitement than of actual captures.

The coyote, although not a large animal, is a desperate fighter, and will give a big dog, or several dogs at once, a hard tussle. On one occasion a wolf-hunt resulted in the chase of a single coyote. In a wide circle, dodging and doubling, the wolf led the large dog-pack, until, after hours of terrific exertion, both pursued and pursuers were well-nigh exhausted. Near the close of the chase all of the dogs fell back, leaving a monster mongrel hound yelping at the very heels of the staggering coyote. When capture was only a question of a few seconds, the hunted animal ran straight toward a pond of deep water, and stopped

a long rope over a pulley was preferred to one of the many styles of modern pumps was a constant wonder to us, but we admired the unique affairs, and were ever on the lookout for one more singular than the last. No doubt the people thought we were a little "lunatic" when we asked permission to take a picture of so common a thing as their well, but to us they were odd and interesting. One woman said if we wanted something

worth while she should think we would take a picture of their windmill and tankhouse which had superseded the old well. But though this was a novelty for that section, we had come from where the landscape was dotted as far as the eye could see in every direction with whirling windmills of every style, until we were tired of looking at them, and tired of counting to see how many of them could be seen from a given point. But these wells aroused our curiosity, as did many other products of the earlier civilization in this mountain region, so as we gathered agates and arrow-points for our collection of curios we added these pictures to our series in memory of the glad days we spent on the "edge of things."

HALE COOK.

Kite-Photography

Lawrence & Co., of Chicago, in the presence of representatives of both army and navy, are said to have made some remarkable photographic experiments by means of kites, or small balloons. The inventors claim to be able to make photographs from an altitude of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet. Writing on the subject, Walter Wellman, in the "Record-Herald," says that the inventors claim, moreover, that such photographs will show the whole country round about for a distance of twenty miles. Officers admit that it might be of vast importance in naval or land warfare if a photographic view of the enemy's country could be taken for a distance of ten, or perhaps fifteen, miles within his lines. Such pictures, the inventors claim, would develop the presence of ships, fortifications, earth-works, guns, etc., in a manner far superior to a mere momentary visual observation through the eye of a scout sent aloft in a balloon.

Great Eclipse in August

A total solar eclipse will occur on August 29th and 30th. For its observance Congress has appropriated five thousand dollars. The government will establish three stations—one near the central line of the eclipse, possibly on one of the islands of the Columbrete group, off the coast of Spain; one ten or fifteen miles within the edge of the shallow path, probably near Valencia, Spain, and one, the central line, close to the railroad from Tunis to Algiers, in Africa. In this eclipse the shadow strikes the earth at sunrise near the south end of Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba, sweeps eastward through the British possessions, over Labrador, and enters the Atlantic Ocean one hundred miles north of the east entrance of Belle Isle Strait. After leaving the American coast, no land is met until it reaches the north coast of Spain.

Origin of "Tipping"

The war being waged in different parts of this country against the common custom of tipping occasions considerable interest, as will, no doubt, knowledge of the origin of the word and custom as practised the world over. The old English coffee-houses are said to have furnished the origin. At the door of these coffee-houses was to be found a box, usually of brass, and with lock and key. Engraved upon it were the letters "T. I. P."—"To insure promptness."

Peary's Next Dash for the Pole

Arctic-Explorer Peary is to make a final dash for the North Pole this summer. His new ship, the "Roosevelt," equipped with wireless-telegraph outfit, will sail from New York early in July. With the wireless-telegraph equipment a new idea in Arctic exploration work will be introduced. About the expedition Lieutenant Peary says that "it is purely one of the American people, with the Peary Arctic Club as their representative medium. We have the sanction and moral support of the government, but not a dollar of government money has been put into the enterprise. The money has been contributed by the American people, and in the event of success the glory will be theirs. All knowledge of the Arctic country and its inhabitants that I have acquired shall be devoted to the uttermost limit to grasp this prize for the people of my country, who are with me in spirit, and who have so generously encouraged and aided me."

Greatest in the World

FARM AND FIRESIDE is now the greatest twice-a-month farm and family journal in the world, but its subscription list can be doubled if each subscriber will send but one new subscription, that of a neighbor friend. Will you please grant FARM AND FIRESIDE this small favor real soon?



WELLS OLD AND NEW

where the bank descended straight downward. The impetuous hound came rushing down the steep path, and struck the shrinking coyote with such force that both fell into the deep water. Perhaps there was design in this on the part of the wolf. At any rate, he sank to the bottom with the dog's grip upon his throat, and dragged his enemy down with him. It was several minutes before either dog or wolf was seen. Then the wolf crawled feebly out upon the bank several yards below, and lay without strength to escape. The dog was pulled out of the water dead.

EDMUND G. KINYON.

Wells Old and New

From the earliest times wells have held a prominent place in the history of all countries. We are interested in them not alone for their material use in all ages, but from the memories that hover about them, as well as the many odd places in which they were found and the strange manner of their construction. From the broad open wells of Bible times, with their stone inclosures, on which the Rebeccas sat their water-jars, down through the ages, past ancient windmills of Cervantes' time and the later sweeps and windlasses, to the numberless substitutes of later days, the searcher finds much to wonder at, and often to admire.

When we were on one of our summer vacations our attention was called, by their numbers as well as their oddity, to the wells illustrated. They seemed to be a feature of a certain section of Colorado, and evidently had been in vogue from the earliest times, for the older ones were made in a very primitive style, while the later ones were made as ornamental as possible, yet holding to the same idea for drawing the water.

Why an open well with a bucket on either end of

Red Currant and Raspberry Dainties

RED raspberries and red currants together form one of the most delicious of all fruit combinations, and as they are always in season at the same time, many delightful little variations may be made with them. Some of the best are the following:

RED CURRANT AND RASPBERRY TART.

—Strip one pound of currants from the stalks, wash and drain them; put them in a pie-dish in the center of which a small cup has been placed to keep the crust up; sprinkle sugar over the currants, cover with one pound of picked-over raspberries, sprinkle with more sugar, put a border of good short crust around the edge, and cover with a layer of the crust; ornament the edges, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes in a moderate oven; sprinkle with powdered sugar before sending to the table, and serve with cream and sugar, although it is quite good enough without.

RED CURRANT AND RASPBERRY CHARLOTTE.—Line a buttered pudding-dish with thin slices of bread and raspberries, one pound of mixed currants and raspberries, add sugar to sweeten, cover with a layer of buttered bread, then another layer of the sweetened fruit, and finish with the bread and butter; sprinkle sugar over the top, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

MACÉDOINE OF CURRANTS AND RASPBERRIES.—Make one pint of plain lemon jelly, having it rather sweeter than usual; put a little of it in the bottom of a wetted mold, and let it set a little, then arrange the fruit around the sides of the mold, and carefully pour in some more of the jelly; when this is firm, add more fruit and jelly, and so proceed until the mold is full; set on ice until firm; turn out carefully, and serve with whipped cream.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY PUDDING.—Stew one pound of currants, half a pound of raspberries, one pound of sugar and one pint of water until the fruit is soft, mashing it well as it boils; cut some stale cake (bread may be used) in slices, place a layer in a buttered mold, cover with a layer of the fruit, then another layer of the cake, then one of the fruit, and so proceed until the mold is full; cover with a plate, and put a weight on it; when quite cold, turn out, and pour a thin boiled custard (very cold) over it. Although so simple, this makes a delicious dessert.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT DUMPLINGS.—Cream together two level tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar, add two well-beaten eggs, half a pint of milk, and two cupfuls of flour into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a pinch of salt; beat to a smooth, thick batter; have ready one cupful of red raspberries, and one third of a cupful of red currants, washed, drained and well-floured; add these to the batter, and drop it by the spoonful, cooking only a few at a time, into a kettle of boiling slightly salted water; cover closely, and boil ten minutes or a little longer. The batter must be stiff enough to hold the fruit well. Serve at once with sweet sauce.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT CREAM.—Cover one ounce of gelatine with one cupful of cold water, and let it stand until soft, then add another cupful of boiling



LINEN STOCK



KIMONO, OR COMBING-JACKET

water, and stir until the gelatine is all dissolved; add to this two thirds of a cupful of raspberry-juice and a little more than one third of a cupful of red-currant juice; sweeten to taste, and stir it over the fire until it reaches the boiling-point, then strain, and set it aside to cool; add half a cupful of powdered sugar to one pint of thick sweet cream, and whip it to a stiff froth; add this to the fruit-juice, and whisk it all together until it is quite stiff; turn it into a wetted mold, and pack it in ice and salt until stiff enough to turn out; turn it into a glass dish, and garnish with fine ripe raspberries and red currants thoroughly chilled and dusted with granulated sugar.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY ICE.—Allow two parts of raspberries to one of red currants, and a pint each of water and sugar to each three pints of fruit-juice; stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then cool and freeze. This is especially delicious when served

with a spoonful of preserved raspberries on top of each serving.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT JELLY.—Allow two parts of raspberries to one of currants, strain until clear, measure, and allow one pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil the juice rapidly for ten minutes, add the sugar, stir until it is dissolved, then boil rapidly for ten minutes longer; pour into glasses, and seal when cold.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM.—Rub one pint of red currants and one quart of red raspberries through a strainer, and add one pint of fine sugar; let stand for one hour, then add one quart of cream, and freeze.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY PRESERVE.—Allow equal parts of red currants and raspberries, and three fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil together for twenty minutes, and seal hot; if a richer preserve is desired, allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY SYRUP.—Allow one third of currant-juice to two thirds of raspberry-juice, and to each quart allow three pounds of granulated sugar; make a syrup with the sugar and one pint of water, and let it boil until it threads when tested; add the mixed fruit-juice, boil a minute longer, and seal at once. This makes a delicious syrup to serve with hot cakes and puddings, for flavoring sweet sauces, or to be used as a beverage by adding a few spoonfuls to a glassful of cold water.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

Fancy Girdle

Never was there a time when articles made of ribbons, flounces, etc., were so in demand as an aid to the attractiveness of feminine attire. Ofttimes a "delusion and a snare," yet they are ever fascinating. Beautiful Dresden ribbon six inches wide is profusely used in the construction of this very stylish girdle. The belt, or girdle, piece consists of two pieces of the ribbon joined for depth. Four rows of shirring in the back are supported by two pieces of white featherbone; on the sides there are two rows of the shirring, and in front two rows on each side. On the back shirring eight white silk rings are attached, through which the ribbon ends are laced, ending in a large bow of two loops and four ends—two short and two reaching almost to the bottom of the dress. A simple knot breaks the straight effect of too long an end. The bright colors on a white ground make a girdle of this style useful for many costumes. To be real attractive the ribbon must be of a good quality, else it falls limp and fails in its purpose to add to the toilet.

Kimono, or Combing-Jacket

The mere name "kimono" suggests comfort and convenience. Select six pretty handkerchiefs—men's size. Join two for the back so that a box-plait is formed, and lay the plait for the front one half on each handkerchief. Insert the point of one for the sleeve in the shoulder formed by the four handkerchiefs composing the body of the jacket. These naturally fall in a full plait. Turn down the small points at the neck, and tie with ribbon.

Pretty Neckwear

Of neck-accessories there seems to be no end. With deft fingers, a little originality, a good memory for the many dainty trifles exhibited upon the store-counters, neatness, hand-work, dainty materials, and above all judgment in selecting a becoming style, success will surely crown the effort.

The three collars illustrated are inexpensive and easily made. The first is a piece of fine swiss insertion edged with Valenciennes lace. A leaf design cut from embroidery, edged with the Valenciennes and ornamented with tiny pearl buttons, is attached to the front for a tab.

The second design is somewhat similar. A piece of swiss insertion two and one fourth inches long is hemmed at one end, and pointed at the other, tab-shaped. To this are attached two side pieces of the same insertion, each seven and one half inches long, hemmed at the back ends, and pointed where they meet on the short front piece, which is placed so the point will form a tab in front. In order to avoid a clumsy appearance, cut out the work under the side points, and finish the collar and tab with lace edging. Several tiny pearl buttons ornament the points.

The third consists of two tucked bands joined with a lace insertion and edged with lace. Attached to the front, is a jabot—a piece of the goods tucked and trimmed on each end, finely plaited very full, and knotted in the middle.

Linen Stock

For this stylish stock, cut of white linen a plain collar to fit well, line with white lawn, and stitch the top for a finish. For the side pieces, cut of blue linen two pieces a little narrower than the collar, and much shorter. Slightly slant the front end, turn under, and stitch, and attach to the white collar with two small pearl buttons and buttonholes. Two cravat ends are sewn to the collar under the blue pieces to tie for a four-in-hand. This can be made as long as desired.

The Refreshing Lemon

There is one fruit of which the most fastidious palate never wearies, and which, either in castle or cottage, is an all-abiding joy to the cook. The nectared ruby of the strawberry, the luscious sweetness of the crimson-cheeked peach, and the delightful flavors of the various fruits which come between, will each in due time bring satiety, but the pleasant acid of the lemon never fails to prove delicious, refreshing and wholesome. In addition to its palatability, this fruit is of great medicinal value, being a most efficient blood-purifier, valuable in cases of rheumatism, and if used regularly it is said to prevent, and sometimes cure, obesity.

The many delicious dishes which can be prepared with the lemon are almost innumerable, and the end is not yet, as the inventive genius of the clever cook continues to make new and pleasing discoveries of its varied and delightful adaptability. Some very delicious desserts may be prepared by the following recipes:

LEMON PUDDING.—Soak one ounce of gelatine and

the thin rind of two lemons in a pint of cold water for one or two hours; take out the rind, set the water and gelatine over hot water, and stir until dissolved, then add one and one half cupfuls of white sugar and the juice of

three lemons; strain, and pour into a wet mold; let stand until it is cold and beginning to set; beat to a very stiff snow the whites of two eggs, and whip them into the cold gelatine; continue to beat the whole until it becomes of the consistency of sponge; pile it lightly in a glass dish, put cocoanut macaroons around the base, and serve with preserved strawberries or a rich yellow custard poured around it.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Make a custard with one pint of thick sweet cream, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the thin yellow rind of one lemon; remove from the fire, and stir until cold or nearly so; put the juice of one lemon in a glass dish, pour the custard over it, and stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with angel's food or sponge-cake.

LEMON CUP-PUDDINGS.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until very light; add gradually one cupful of granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, the grated yellow rind of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, and one cupful of flour into which has been sifted one level teaspoonful of baking-powder, then fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs, and pour the batter into fifteen little buttered cups; steam for half an hour, then turn out, roll in powdered sugar,

and serve with hot lemon or almond sauce.

LEMON TART.—Boil until tender the very thin rind of four lemons, and beat them to a paste with half a pound of white sugar; add one fourth of a pound of blanched and finely chopped almonds, the juice of the four lemons and a little grated peel; simmer together in a porcelain-lined dish for half an hour, and when cold stir in the yolks of three eggs well beaten; put into a tart-pan lined with rich puff-paste, and bake in a hot oven; make a meringue with the whipped whites of the eggs and six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread it roughly over the top of the tart, and brown very delicately in the oven.

LEMON-CUSTARD PIE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs and half a pound of powdered sugar to a cream, then add the unbeaten whites of two eggs, and whip all together until very light; add the grated rind and



PRETTY NECKWEAR

juice of three lemons and one tablespoonful of butter; cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens, then set aside to cool; line a deep pie-tin with good paste, prick it well, and bake in a quick oven; when done, fill with the lemon custard, beat the white of one egg with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread it over the top of the pie, and brown very lightly in a slow oven.

MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

Just as Soon as You Can

please send FARM AND FIRESIDE that one new subscription. If every subscriber to FARM AND FIRESIDE will do this, the million-mark will be reached and passed. Will you please make use of the subscription blank which is inclosed with this number for this purpose, and not forget it?

A Fourth-of-July Flag Carnival

NOTHING in the way of a church entertainment on the Fourth of July can be more picturesque and profitable than a flag carnival. Imagine on a lawn or in a grove a number of large umbrellas decorated with the flags of different nations, showing all their delicate and brilliant hues, the central and largest umbrella decorated with American flags, every umbrella sheltering circular counters, with their bevy of attendants dressed in costumes suited to the country they represent, and the guests flitting about in their bright summer gowns, and you imagine a pretty scene, indeed.

The American flag, of course, must have the place of honor at this carnival, so the umbrella to be decorated with the Stars and Stripes should be larger than the others, and should occupy the central position, with the other umbrellas grouped around in a circle. In order to have this umbrella larger than the others it would be well to construct a frame for it in the following manner: Have a strong post driven into the ground—it should be about seven feet above the ground—then nail eight long lath to the top to represent the ribs of an umbrella. Brace these lath to the upright pole, then cover this frame both inside and outside with stout muslin before decorating it with the flags. Small flags should be used, and large fire-crackers can be put around the edge for a fringe. Build a circular booth around the pole, and small tables can be placed around this on which to serve the supper.

For the other nations choose large dray-umbrellas. Have the posts for these about five feet above the ground, and bore holes in the top of each about a foot deep so that the handles of the umbrellas can be slipped in and held firm. Decorate these umbrellas with the flags of the different nations, such as of England, Russia, Germany, Japan and China. If it is difficult to get the foreign flags, they can easily be made.

At the entrance of the grove or lawn have a small booth, and drape it with red-white-and-blue bunting. Here have a gentleman dressed to represent Uncle Sam sell tickets for supper. These can be in the form of small flags on which the menu is written. After they have been checked at the different booths, they can be retained by the guests as souvenirs of the occasion. Fifty cents should be charged for these tickets. At the American booth chicken pie, pickles and coffee can be served; at the Russian, dishes of ice-cream and cake; at the Japanese, tea and wafers; at the Chinese, little bowls of rice with cream and sugar; at the English, English walnuts and other nuts, and so on. If some of the guests do not care for the entire supper, separate prices can be put on the refreshments at each booth, and all the booths except the one or ones they choose checked off by the ticket-seller.

Curios of the different countries represented can be sold at the foreign booths, while at the American booth practical articles should be offered for sale, such as sunbonnets, aprons, bags and handkerchiefs, also articles for gentlemen, as neckties, suspenders, etc. For the entertainment of the guests a flag-drill can be executed if desired.

Sandwiches in Variety

SANDWICHES are always in demand for luncheons or teas, also for the lunch or picnic basket, so we need to learn how to make a variety and to make them just right. Brown or white bread day old, since the slices should be thin and evenly cut.

SALMON SANDWICHES.—Remove all the bones from a can of salmon, and add to this three hard-boiled eggs, two tablespoonfuls of crisp pickles that have been chopped, one tablespoonful of melted butter, the juice of two lemons, a little vinegar and one teaspoonful of mustard; chop all together, mix thoroughly, and spread between slices of buttered bread.

OYSTER SANDWICHES.—Remove the muscles from a pint of oysters, and chop fine; put these in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and heat to the boiling-point, then add a cupful of good cream into which has been beaten the yolks of three raw eggs, and stir until the mixture thickens; season with salt and pepper and a little lemon-juice; after it gets cold, spread between slices of buttered bread.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.—Drain off the oil from a box of sardines, and lay them on tissue-paper; when as much as possible of the oil is absorbed, remove the bones, and chop fine; mix with them the juice of one lemon, a teaspoonful of butter and a little salt and pepper, and spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

NUT SANDWICHES.—Chop together almonds, walnuts and hickory-nuts; have some very thick syrup made of sugar; mix the nuts well into it, and then spread on unbuttered slices of bread.

PEANUT SANDWICHES.—Skin and chop the peanuts very fine, mix with a little mayonnaise, and spread between slices of white bread.

COTTAGE-CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Take some cottage cheese, and mix well into it a tablespoonful of very thick cream, season with minced water-cress, salt and pepper, and spread on slices of buttered bread.

MIXED-FRUIT SANDWICHES.—Chop together figs, dates and seeded raisins; add a little hot water so they can be easily mixed together, and spread on slices of bread.

CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES.—Spread thin slices of bread with unsalted butter, and put on this a layer of brown sugar; grate over the sugar some unsweetened chocolate, and sprinkle with a dash of vanilla.

OLIVE SANDWICHES.—Chop the meat from choice olives until fine, mix with very stiff mayonnaise, and spread on thinly sliced bread.

CHICKEN SANDWICHES.—Boil chicken until very tender, remove all bone, skin or gristle, and chop fine; mix with the gravy, which has been boiled down to

The Housewife

about a cupful, put aside in cups to cool after seasoning with salt, pepper and a little parsley to taste; when cold and jellied, cut in thin slices and put between slices of buttered bread.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Grate some Swiss cheese, mix with it chopped walnut-meats, a little mustard, salt and pepper; spread between slices of buttered bread.

PANSY VIOLA VINER.

Entertaining on the Veranda

TO THE lovers of the picturesque in the South are we indebted for the full heritage of comfort and pleasure which a veranda—or gallery, as it is known in the Southland—can give. There is a sentimental and romantic air hanging over the cool, deep, cozily furnished veranda which goes far toward making it the most ideal spot for the gathering of a small company of friends for an afternoon's pleasure. The light dresses and fanciful hats of the ladies and the cool flannels of the men add greatly to the picture.

If the veranda is inclosed by a netting, so much the better, for no insects can molest the guests; but care must be exercised in this work of screening in a porch that its grace and beauty are not marred. Bamboo shades, or those from matting or canvas, will serve to shut out the sun, wind or an occasional summer shower.

The furnishings should consist of light-weight material, comfortable, yet producing an effect of coolness and daintiness which the ordinary room-furnishings do not possess. Floor-cushions of washable material should be conveniently scattered about, and everything arranged for the comfort of your guests.

When the hour for refreshments arrives, let them be served on the porch in some convenient corner. The small tables used should be prettily draped and arranged. Green silk under a white lace runner or centerpiece will be attractive, with a low dish of white verbenas or lilies-of-the-valley in the center, or a taller vase of marguerites. Simplicity must be the keynote, and the suggestion of coolness the basis of the arrangements throughout.

The refreshments should consist of light sandwiches, little cakes, ices, and hot or iced tea or other cool drinks. One of the prettiest ices possible, and one which may be prepared at home, is ambrosial frappé, made in this way: Peel and seed carefully several varieties of fruit—say peaches, pineapple, oranges, cherries, grapes, and strawberries if you can obtain them; chop into tiny bits, and mix together; add two parts of sweetened water to one part of fruit, and freeze as for ordinary frappé. When dished, place a spoonful of whipped cream on each glass.

If an evening is devoted to a veranda gathering, stringed instruments should furnish music occasionally. The players may be screened off at one end of the porch, or be stationed indoors with windows open to allow the free passage of the notes. A group of colored people on the lawn singing plantation melodies and other light songs to the accompaniment of stringed instruments was an especially pleasing feature of one such veranda gathering the writer enjoyed. Japanese lanterns should be hung here and there, and light refreshments served informally during the evening.

A unique feature may be supplied by telling stories of summer conquests. Let one begin a tale of a summer flirtation in which he or she was actually partner, and by using false names continue the tale for two minutes or any given length of time. Then the next one in order must proceed from the point where the story was broken off, using incidents from his or her own experience, and talking the same length of time. Proceeding thus among the guests will produce no end of laughter and fun, particularly if all are well acquainted with each other. The most trying point will come to the one who supplies the dénouement.

MAE Y. MAHAFFY.

Conveniences in the Home

FARMERS' wives, of all people in the world, need conveniences, and should have work made as easy for them as possible; yet my observation has led me to think that as a rule their work is the hardest, and is done at the greatest disadvantage, of all housekeepers and home-makers I know.

I have just returned from a visit in a well-to-do rural community where these conditions need not, but do, exist. In one home lives a dear old lady who has spent the best part of her life working in a kitchen without one modern convenience in it. Every bit of water used in the house has to be pumped and carried in from the yard, and the stove has no reservoir for heating it. Think what this means in a family where all the washing is done at home and dishes must be washed three times a day. All this water must be carried out again, as there is no sink or drain, so hundreds of extra steps a day are taken for this unnecessary labor.

Wood costs little or nothing on the farm, so wood is used here as fuel instead of coal, even in the heater. The fires must be constantly fed in order to keep them going, and this takes a great deal of time and effort.

This is bad enough in the winter, but worse in the summer, when the hardest part of the farm work has to be done. All through the hottest weather, during harvest and haying time, this woman must stand over a hot stove and cook for a dozen or more men. This when gasolene-stoves may be bought for ten dollars and gasolene used at a cost of seventy-five cents a week.

This old lady told me that she would not know what to do with a refrigerator. All her life she has "toted" the food up and down the cellar stairs because it would cost something to keep ice. Three times a day through the summer months butter, milk, meat and vegetables have to be brought up and carried down again. No wonder she is old and worn out at sixty. She has had no time for recreation, or the pleasures that would lighten her labor and keep her young at heart. Her life has been all toil.

This is not necessary. Farmers' wives ordinarily could have things modern and convenient if they would. Many of them do, of course. The farmers buy labor-saving machinery, and run the farm by modern methods. Why should not the home machinery be modern and labor-saving, also? Furnish your home conveniently, particularly the kitchen. Have the water brought into the kitchen—at least the rain-water—and a sink and drain built. Use a gasolene-stove in the summer. It is not dangerous if not carelessly handled. I have used one for twenty years, and the only accident that ever occurred was caused by carelessness in overfilling the tank, and this accident was not serious. Many useful and harmless things may become dangerous if carelessly or improperly handled. Put oil-cloth on the floor, to save scrubbing, and buy a good carpet-sweeper for your carpets. Equip your house with all of the labor-saving devices that you can, and use the time gained to do the things you really wish to do for your amusement and profit. Only by this means can you find the time to read or study, and thus keep in touch with the march of progress.

If mothers would do this, daughters would not be in such a hurry to leave the farm for the towns and cities, where the work is easier, but where temptations abound. Take life easier on the farm. Why shouldn't you?

MRS. GERTRUDE THURSTON.

The Discontented Country Girl

BY HILDA RICHMOND

V.—RESULTS

AND what shall the harvest be? You want to know the result of your giving up your wishes and plans for your daughters, and that is only natural. The great cry of the age is, "Does it pay?" and the parents are taking it up as they look at their restless sons and daughters. Does it pay to allow the young people to have their own way in life, when older and wiser heads feel sure the youngsters will come to grief? Certainly it pays. The child who touches the hot stove once will avoid it the next time, and the mother feels safer with it than with the one who has only been told he must not touch. There is nothing more pitiful in life than to see a young man or woman utterly helpless because forever kept back by the parents. You learn to do only by doing, and the young girls must learn for themselves how hard it is to earn money if they are to wisely train their sons and daughters in turn.

One result will be that marriage will be put off a few years, and that is a decided advantage. The girl who earns her own wedding outfit must necessarily work a reasonable length of time, and while she is doing that she is gaining in experience and wisdom and health. The girls who marry at seventeen and eighteen are more to be pitied than the working-girls of that age, no matter how well off the former may be in worldly goods. Some people argue that working in the business world makes girls care less for marriage, but if that be true the men are infinitely better off single than tied to a wife who is only a wife because she fears to be an old maid or wants a man to support her. The old idea that every girl must be married or her life be a failure is fast becoming a relic of the past, for it is better to have a single life fail than to marry and wreck a whole family.

When you are tempted to sit down and mourn because your girls will not stay at home, why do you not call to mind the alert, active young women with whom you do business in town, and see if there is anything about them you would want your daughters to shun? Can you not think of some bookkeeper, clerk or stenographer who has a well-trained mind and nimble fingers? Try to look at the question fairly, and remember that some of the brightest women of the world to-day owe a great part of their success to their early years in business life.

So let the results take care of themselves if all else is well. You will find your daughter broadened and benefited in many ways, and when the knight comes riding past her window she will be ready to throw aside her work, her salary and her life of independence, which one time looked so dear to her, to follow him to the ends of the earth if need be. She will be better able to pick a lifemate after seeing the men and women outside her narrow sphere, and the chances are she will make a happier marriage. It is the old fable of the sleeping beauty, and she awakens to find that a happy home where love and joy and peace reign is better than the best place a working-girl ever had. Out of the dream of independence and fame and wealth she rises to take the hand of the prince who is to lead her beyond the "utmost purple rim" of her present existence into the realm that God intended for every girl to enjoy.

[THE END]

OL' MAN REEVES' GIRL

"DAY after to-morrow; day after to-morrow," said Ol' Man Reeves, rubbing his long, slender hands together gleefully. "I have to keep saying it over and over so's to really believe it. It just seems too good to be true that I'm to have Blossom again. And everything is ready. Yes, I think everything is ready except a bit of cooking. Won't this orchard be a surprise to her! I'm just going to bring her out here as soon as I can, never saying a word. I'll fetch her through the spruce-lane, and when we come to the end of the path I'll step back casual-like, and let her go out from under the trees alone, never suspecting. It'll be worth ten times the trouble to see her big brown eyes open wide and hear her say, 'Oh, daddy! Why, daddy!'"

He rubbed his hands again, and laughed softly to himself. He was a tall, bent old man, whose hair was snow-white, but whose face was fresh and rosy. His eyes were a boy's eyes, large, blue and merry, and his mouth had never got over a youthful trick of smiling at any provocation. "Ol' Man Reeves" was the best-loved man in Idle Cove, although he had not a relative in it—nor in the world, except his daughter, Sara, who had been gone from Idle Cove for three years.

To be sure, Idle Cove would have frankly admitted that he had faults. It would have said that he was "shiftless," and had let his bit of a farm run out while he potted with flowers and bugs or rambled about in the woods or read books along the shore. Perhaps it was true; but the old farm yielded him a living, and further than that Ol' Man Reeves had no ambition. He enjoyed life. He had always enjoyed life, and had helped others to enjoy it; consequently he was loved, and his life was a success, whatever Idle Cove folks might think of it.

The orchard of which he was so proud was as yet little more than the substance of things hoped for—a flourishing plantation of young trees which would amount to something later on. Ol' Man Reeves' house was out of sight over the hill. It was on the crest of a bare sunny slope, with a few stanch old firs behind it, in full sweep of the winds that came across the sea from the north-west and the east. Fruit-trees would never grow near it, and this had been a great grief to Sara. "Oh, daddy, if we could just have an orchard!" she had been wont to say, wistfully, when other farm-houses in Idle Cove were smothered whitely in apple-bloom.

And when she had gone away, and her father had nothing to look forward to save her return, he was determined that she should find an orchard when she came back.

Over the south hill, warmly sheltered by spruce woods, and sloping to the sunshine, was a little field so fertile that all the slack management of a lifetime had not availed to exhaust it. Here Ol' Man Reeves set out his orchard and saw it flourish, watching and tending it until he came to know each tree like a child and loved them every one. His neighbors laughed at him, and said that the fruit of an orchard so far away from the house would all be stolen; but as yet there was no fruit, and when the time for bearing came there would be enough and to spare. "Blossom and me'll get all we want, and the boys can have the rest," said unworlily, unbusinesslike Ol' Man Reeves.

On his way back home he found a rare fern in the woods, and dug it up for Sara—she had loved ferns. He planted it at the shady, sheltered end of the house, and then sat down on the old stone bench, formed of three red sandstone slabs from the shore, to read her last letter—the letter that was only a note, because she was coming home soon. He knew every word of it by heart, but that did not spoil the pleasure of reading it over every half-hour.

Ol' Man Reeves had not married until late in life, and had, so Idle Cove folks said, selected a wife with his usual judgment—that is to say, no judgment at all; otherwise he would never have married Sara Marwood, a mere slip of a girl, with big brown eyes like a frightened wood-creature's and the delicate, fleeting bloom of a spring May-flower. "The last woman in the world for a farmer's wife—no strength or get-up about her." Neither could Idle Cove folks understand what on earth Sara Marwood married him for. "Well, the fool crop was the only one that never failed."

Ol' Man Reeves—he was Ol' Man Reeves even then, although he was only forty—and his girl-bridal had troubled themselves not at all about Idle Cove opinions. They had one year of perfect happiness, which is always worth living for even if the rest of life be a dreary pilgrimage, and then Ol' Man Reeves found himself alone again with little Blossom. She was christened Sara, after her dead mother, but she was always Blossom to her father—the precious little blossom whose plucking had cost the mother her life.

Her mother's people, especially a wealthy aunt in a distant city, had wanted to take the child, but Ol' Man Reeves grew almost fierce over the suggestion. He would give his baby to no one. A woman was hired to look after the house, but it was the father who cared for the baby in the main. He was as tender



"Oh, daddy, is it really you?"

and faithful and deft as a woman. Sara never missed a mother's care, and she grew up into a creature of life and light and beauty, a constant delight to all who knew her. She had all the charming characteristics of both parents, with a resilient vitality and activity which had pertained to neither of them. When she was ten years old she packed all hirelings off, and kept house for her father for six delightful years—years in which they were father and daughter, brother and sister, and "chums." Sara never went to school, but her father saw to her education after a fashion of his own. When their work was done they lived in the woods and fields, in the little garden they had made on the sheltered side of the house, or on the shore, where sunshine and storm were equally lovely and beloved. Never was comradeship more perfect or more wholly satisfying. "Just wrapped up in each other," said Idle Cove folks, half enviously, half disapprovingly.

When Sara was sixteen the wealthy aunt aforesaid pounced down on Idle Cove in a glamor of fashion and culture and outer-worldliness. She bombarded Ol' Man Reeves with such arguments that he had to succumb. It was a sin and a shame that a girl like Sara should grow up in a place like Idle Cove, "with no advantages and no education."

"At least let me give my dear sister's child what I would have given to my own daughter if I had had one," she pleaded. "Let me take her with me, and send her to a good school for a few years; then, if she wishes, she may come back to you, of course." But privately the aunt did not believe for a moment that Sara would want to come back to Idle Cove and her queer old father after three years of the life she would give her.

Ol' Man Reeves yielded. Sara herself did not want to go, and protested and pleaded; but her father, having become convinced that it was best for her to go, was inexorable. Everything, even her own feelings, must give way to that consideration. But she was to come back to him when her "schooling" was done, without let or hindrance. It was only on having this clearly understood that Sara would consent to go at all. Her last words, called back to her father out of her tears as she and her aunt drove down the lane, were, "I'll be back, daddy; in three years I'll be back. Don't cry, but just look forward to that."

He had looked forward to it through the three lonely years that followed, in all of which he never saw his darling. Almost a continent was between them, and the aunt had vetoed vacation visits. But every week brought its letter from Sara. Ol' Man Reeves had every one of them, tied up with one of her old blue ribbons, and kept in her mother's little rose-

wood cabinet in the parlor. He spent every Sunday afternoon re-reading them with her photograph before him. He lived alone, refusing to be pestered with hired help, but he kept the house in beautiful order. "A better house-keeper than farmer," said Idle Cove folks. He would have nothing altered. When Sara came back she was not to be hurt by changes. It never occurred to him that she might be changed herself.

And now the long three years had gone, and Sara was coming home. She wrote him nothing of her aunt's pleadings and reproaches and tears; she wrote only that she would graduate in June and start for home a week later. Ol' Man Reeves went about in a state of beatitude making ready for her home-coming. As he sat on the bench in the mellow sunshine, with the blue sea crinkling and sparkling down at the foot of the green slope, he reflected with satisfaction that all was in perfect order. There was nothing left to do save count the hours until that beautiful, longed-for day after to-morrow.

The red roses were out in bloom. Sara had loved those red roses—they were as vivid as herself, with all her own fullness of life and joy in living. Besides these, a miracle had happened in Ol' Man Reeves' garden. In one corner was a Scotch rose-bush that had never bloomed, despite all the coaxing they had given it—the "sulky rose-bush," Sara had called it. Lo! this summer the rose-bush had flung the hoarded sweetness of years into plentiful white blossoms like shallow ivory cups filled with a strange, spicy, haunting fragrance. It was in honor of Sara's home-coming, so Ol' Man Reeves liked to fancy. All things, even the roses, knew she was coming home, and were making glad because of it.

He was gloating over Sara's letter when Mrs. Walters came. She told him she had run up to see how he was getting on, and if he wanted anything seen to before Sara came. Ol' Man Reeves shook his head. "No'm, thank you, ma'am. Everything's tended to. I couldn't let any one else prepare for Blossom. Only to think, ma'am, she'll be home the day after to-morrow. I'm just filled clear through, soul and spirit, with joy to think of having my little Blossom at home again."

Mrs. Walters smiled sourly. When Mrs. Walters smiled it foretold trouble, and wise people had learned to have sudden business elsewhere and excuse themselves before the smile could be translated into words. But Ol' Man Reeves had never learned to be wise where Mrs. Walters was concerned, although she had been his nearest neighbor for years and had pestered his life out with advice and "neighborly turns."

Mrs. Walters was one with whom life had gone awry. The effect on her was to render happiness in other people an insult. She resented Ol' Man Reeves' delight in Sara's return, and she "considered it her duty" to rub the bloom off straightway. "Do you think Sary'll be contented in Idle Cove now?" she asked.

Ol' Man Reeves looked slightly bewildered. "Of course she'll be contented," he said, slowly. "Isn't it home, and ain't I here?"

Mrs. Walters smiled with double-distilled contempt for such simplicity. "Well, it's a good thing you're so sure of it, I suppose. If 'twas my daughter that was coming back to Idle Cove after three years of fash'nable life among rich, stylish folks and at a swell school I wouldn't have a minute's peace of mind. I'd know perfectly well that she'd look down on everything here, and be discontented and miserable."

"Your daughter might," said Ol' Man Reeves, with more sarcasm than he had supposed he possessed, "but Blossom won't."

Mrs. Walters shrugged her sharp shoulders. "Maybe not. It's to be hoped not, for both your sakes, I'm sure. But I'd be worried if 'twas me. Sary's been living among fine folks and having a gay, exciting time, and it stands to reason she'll think Idle Cove fearful lonesome and dull. And your house, too! It's such a queer little old place. What'll she think of it after her aunt's? I've heard hers is a perfect palace. I'll just warn you that Sary'll probably look down on you, and you might as well be prepared for it. Of course, I suppose she kind of thinks she has to come back, seeing she promised to; but I'm certain she doesn't want to, and I can't blame her, either."

Even Mrs. Walters had to stop for breath, and Ol' Man Reeves found his opportunity. He had listened, dazed and shrinking, as if she were dealing him physical blows, but now a swift change swept over him. His blue eyes flashed ominously straight into Mrs. Walters' straggling, ferrety gray orbs. "If you've said your say, Marthy Walters, you can go," he said, passionately. "I'm not going to listen to another such word. Take yourself out of my sight, and your malicious tongue out of my hearing."

Mrs. Walters went, too dumfounded by this unheard-of outburst in mild Ol' Man Reeves to say a word of defense or attack. When she had gone, Ol' Man Reeves, the fire all faded from his eyes, sank back on his bench. His delight was dead; his heart was full of pain and bitterness. Martha Walters was

a warped, ill-natured woman, but he feared there was all too much truth in what she had said. Why had he never thought of it before? Of course Idle Cove would seem dull and lonely to Blossom; of course the little gray house where she was born would seem a poor abode after the splendors of her aunt's home. Ol' Man Reeves walked through the garden, and looked at everything with new eyes. How poor and simple everything was! How sagging and weather-beaten the old house! He went in, and up-stairs to Sara's room. It was neat and clean, just as she had left it three years ago. But it was small and dark; the ceiling was discolored, the furniture shabby—she would think it a poor, mean place. Even the orchard over the hill brought him no comfort now. Blossom would not care for orchards. She would be ashamed of her stupid old father and the barren little farm. She would hate Idle Cove, and fret at the dull existence, and look down on everything that went to make up his uneventful life.

Ol' Man Reeves was unhappy enough that night to have satisfied even Mrs. Walters had she known. He saw himself as he thought Idle Cove folks must see him—a poor, shiftless, foolish old man, who had only one thing in the world worth while, his little girl, and he had not been of enough account to keep her.

After a little the worst sting passed away. He refused to believe that Blossom would be ashamed of him—he knew she would not. Three years nor a lifetime could not so alter her loyal nature. But she would be changed—she would have grown away from him in those three busy, brilliant years. His companionship could no longer satisfy her. How simple and childish he had been to expect it! She would be sweet and kind—Blossom could never be anything else. She would not show open discontent or dissatisfaction, but it would be there, and he would divine it, and it would break his heart. Mrs. Walters was right. When he had given Blossom up he should not have made a half-hearted thing of his sacrifice—he should not have bound her to come back to him.

He walked about in his little garden until late at night under the stars, with the sea crooning and calling to him down the slope. When he finally went to bed he did not sleep, but lay until morning with tear-wet eyes and despair in his heart. All the forenoon he went about his usual daily work absently. Frequently he fell into long reveries, standing motionless wherever he happened to be, and looking dully before him. Only once did he show any animation. When he saw Mrs. Walters coming up the shore-road he darted into the house, locked the door, and listened to her knocking in grim silence. After she had gone he went out, and found a plate of fresh doughnuts, covered with a napkin, placed on the bench at the door. Mrs. Walters meant to indicate thus that she bore him no malice for her curt dismissal the day before; possibly her conscience gave her some twinges, also. But her doughnuts could not minister to the mind she had diseased. Ol' Man Reeves took them up, carried them to the pig-pen, and fed them to the pigs.

It was the first spiteful thing he had done in his life, and he felt a most immoral satisfaction in it.

In midafternoon he went out to the garden, finding the new loneliness of the little house unbearable. The old stone bench was warm in the sunshine. Ol' Man Reeves sat down with a long sigh, and dropped his white head wearily on his breast. He had decided what he must do. He would tell Blossom that she might go back to her aunt, and not to mind about him—he would do very well by himself, and he did not blame her in the least.

He was still sitting broodingly there when a girl came up the lane. She was tall and straight, and walked with a kind of uplift in her motion, as if it would be rather easier to fly than not. She wore a smart traveling-suit, but carried her hat swung over her arm, facing the sunshine fearlessly. Her hair had the gloss of darkly purple plums, and her cheeks were as dusky crimson as the red roses. Her big brown eyes lingered on everything in sight, and little gurgles of sound now and again came through her parted lips, as if an inarticulate joy were thus expressing itself. At the garden gate she saw the bent figure on the old stone bench, and the next minute she was flying along the rose-walk. "Daddy!" she called; "daddy!"

Ol' Man Reeves stood up in hasty bewilderment; then a pair of girlish arms were about his neck, and a pair of warm red lips were on his; girlish eyes full of love were looking up in his face, and a never-forgotten voice, tingling with laughter and tears blended into one delicious chord, was crying, "Oh, daddy, is it really you? Oh, I can't tell you how good it is to see you again!"

Ol' Man Reeves held her tightly in a silence of amazement and joy too deep for words. Why, this was his Blossom—the very Blossom who had gone away three years ago! A little taller, a little more womanly, but his own dear Blossom, and no stranger. There was a new heaven and a new earth for him in the realization. "Oh, Baby Blossom!" he murmured; "little Baby Blossom!"

Sara rubbed her cheek against the faded coat-sleeve. "Daddy darling, this moment makes up for everything, doesn't it?"

"But—but where did you come from?" he asked, his senses beginning to struggle out of their bewilderment of surprise. "I didn't expect you till to-morrow. You didn't have to walk from the station, did you? And your old daddy not there to welcome you!"

Sara laughed, swung herself back by the tips of his fingers, and danced around him in the old childish fashion of long ago. "I found I could make an unexpected connection with the C. P. R., and get here a whole day earlier, and I was in such a fever to get home I jumped at the chance. Of course I walked from the station—it's only two miles, and every step was a benediction. My trunks are over there. We'll go after them to-morrow, daddy, but just now I want to go straight to every one of the dear old nooks and spots at once!"

"You must get something to eat first," he urged, fondly.

"There ain't much in the house. I was going to bake to-morrow morning, but I can forage you out something, darling."

He was sorely repenting having given Mrs. Walter's doughnuts to the pigs, but Sara brushed all such considerations aside with a wave of her hand. "I don't want anything to eat just now. By and by we'll have a 'snack,' just as we used to get up for ourselves whenever we felt hungry. Don't you remember how scandalized Idle Cove folks used to be at our irregular hours? I'm hungry, but it's soul-hunger—hungry for a glimpse of all the dear old rooms and places. There are four hours before sunset, and I want to cram into them all I've missed out of these three years. Let us begin right here with the garden. Oh, daddy, by what witchcraft have you coaxed the 'sulky rose-bush' into bloom?"

"No witchcraft at all—it just bloomed because you were coming home, baby," said her father.

They had a glorious afternoon of it, those two children. They explored the garden, and then the house. Sara danced through every room, and then up to her own, holding fast to her father's hand.

"Oh, it's lovely to see my little room again, daddy. I'm sure my old hopes and dreams are waiting for me."

She ran to the window, and threw it open, leaning out. "Daddy, there's no view in the world so beautiful as that curve of sea between the headlands. I've looked at magnificent scenery, and then I'd shut my eyes and conjure up that picture. Oh, listen to the wind piping in the trees! How I've longed for that music!"

He took her to the orchard, and followed out his crafty plan of surprise perfectly. She rewarded by doing exactly what he had dreamed of her doing, clapping her hands and crying out, "Oh, daddy! Why, daddy!" They finished up with the shore, and then at sunset they came back and sat down on the old stone bench. Before them was a sea of glass mingled with fire; the great headlands running out to east and west were dark and purple, and the sun-left behind him a vast cloudless arc of fiery daffodil and elusive rose. Back over the orchard in a cool green sky glimmered a white evening star, and the wind was keening and crooning among the fir-boughs, harping an old lyric learned when the world was young.

"Baby Blossom," said Ol' Man Reeves, falteringly, "are you quite sure you'll be contented here? Out there," with a vague sweep of his hand toward horizons that shut out a world far removed from Idle Cove, "there's pleasure and excitement and all that. Won't you miss it? Won't you get tired of your old father and Idle Cove?"

Sara patted his hand gently. "The world out there is a good place," she said, thoughtfully. "I've had three splendid years, and I hope they will enrich my whole life. There are wonderful things out there to see and learn, fine, noble people to see and meet, beautiful deeds to see and admire, but"—she wound her arm about his neck, and laid her cheek against his shoulder—"but there was no daddy." L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A BLUE FLAG IDYL

By ALBERT LATHROP LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLVERINE"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Loamwold is the farm of the wealthy Farvester family. Morris Harmer, a young neighbor educated to scientific farming, has been asked by Mr. Farvester to give his farm-help a lesson in spraying apple-trees. Harmer was in the act of spraying a tree directly in front of the room of Josephine Farvester, when the girl's sudden appearance between the draperies at the window startled Harmer, and he loses his footing and falls to the ground. A sprained ankle and a severe shock keep him in the Farvester home for three days. Morris' mother, ambitious for her son, who lacks sufficient funds for the carrying out of his scientific ideas, hopes for a match with Josephine, but Morris is averse because of the wide difference in their circumstances. During the fall Morris avoids Loamwold, but is asked by Josephine to assist in decorating the church for Christmas. While engaged in this work Josephine solicits a reason for Morris' continued absence from her home. Morris' explanation is unsatisfactory, and they both are left in a troubled state of mind. Morris next meets Josephine gathering blue flags in the lowlands of his farm, and is reminded by her of his promise to investigate why they grow on his land and not on her father's. Eager for her good opinion, he resolves to investigate the matter thoroughly and forward her the results, which he does, twenty pages in all. The next day Morris and his mother accept an invitation to dine at Loamwold, where Morris is asked by Mr. Farvester to be present at the removal of the Oak Corners school-house the following Monday, which he promises to do. In a controversy over the removal of the school-house Mr. Farvester is struck in the back with a heavy timber, injuring him so that he will never be able to stand on his feet again. He proposes a partnership with Morris, Morris to manage his farm, the acceptance of which throws Morris into continual contact with Josephine. Morris unintentionally reads a portion of a letter addressed to Josephine congratulating her on her engagement. In deep despair he seeks the seclusion of the forest along the river-bank, and replaces the rails taken down for the convenience of Josephine in gathering the blue flag. While he leans upon the rails Josephine comes upon the scene, singing merrily, and asks him to assist her over the fence.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

THE night before the incident would have delighted Morris beyond measure, but now the greater Josephine's trust in him, the sweeter her animation, the more exquisite became the pain that promised to endure as long as he lived. He mounted the second rail, and reaching over, took her hand and then her arm, and steadied her while she stepped from rail to rail, thence to the stump, and finally to the ground by his side. She laughed gaily on completing the feat. "You heard me singing!" she cried.

"Only the trill just before you reached here," he answered, wearily in spite of himself.

She put her hand against his arm as if to stand him off for examination. "Why, your voice doesn't sound one mite natural to-night! I believe you are ill. You said you were not just yourself. Does your head ache?" He had brushed his hand across his brow.

"No; it's nothing. Please don't question me," he begged, and tried to put indifference, if not playfulness, into his tones.

"Have you had your supper?" she demanded suddenly.

"No; and I'm not at all hungry."

They stood facing each other a moment in silence, she deeply concerned over his indisposition, he at a loss to know what course to pursue next.

"It doesn't seem right to leave you here—alone in these woods—at night," he said, slowly, as one thinking aloud.

She laughed with those musical notes which always thrilled him. "I didn't expect to find you here, or any one else; I'm not the least bit afraid. But I'm glad I did find you here, and if you're not hungry or too ill I'm sure you'd enjoy the moon-rise."

It was light enough to reveal her face, with its invitation expressed in lines almost wistful. He did not dare trust himself to speak then, but moved away with her in the direction of the river-bank and the long stretches of reeds. She talked of some detail of their work which had puzzled them, a solution for which she had found in the late afternoon, working alone. He felt easier to get away from personal matters, yet as he walked by

her side his mind was filled with envious thoughts of the Detroit rival, and the natural man within would, despite his will, invoke calamity upon him. Morris' mind wandered from the words being uttered, and when they suddenly ended in a question he was at a loss for an answer.

"You weren't paying the least bit of attention," she declared, in a manner that was both hurt and indignant. She knew he would feel that he had been very rude, and was willing to punish him to the fullest extent. "I do believe I might be one of those whippoorwills singing for all you care."

It was her manner which made the speech very audacious, though Josephine was characteristically daring. Morris would not answer her as the words seemed to invite. He could not understand how she could say these things to him; how she could act as she had frequently, when there was that Detroit lover to call her in question. They had reached the river-bank now. Away to the east stretched acres of swamp, with cattails standing like somber sentinels on some desolate post. Above them a few fleecy clouds, tinged with a silvery light, promised an early moon.

"I ought never to have engaged in this work with your father," said Morris, gloomily, ignoring her speech entirely. "And I'm not sure now but I must throw it up."

"Morris Harmer!" cried the girl, alarmed beyond measure at his words. "Have you no mercy for father? Do you want to kill him? I never thought you capable of this. And we have all been so happy!"

"I am sorry for your father," he continued, helplessly, "but surely there is some one who could take my place. Anyway, you can't expect me to sacrifice myself."

"Sacrifice yourself!" she repeated, in bewilderment. "Isn't the pay large enough?"

"Pay? Oh, Josephine!" The words escaped him in an injured protest before he knew it. Wearily he steadied himself against the fallen tree on which they meant to sit awaiting the moon. "But of course it looks that way," he added. "How can I blame you for saying it?" Yet it was terrible to be so cruelly misjudged. A moment before he had thought it impossible to explain—he could never tell her how much he loved her. Now it not only seemed the thing to do, but it seemed to promise him some relief in his hopeless situation. His love was not a thing to be ashamed of. If he manfully accepted this disappointment it might yet ennoble his whole life. She would understand then how necessary it was that he leave Loamwold.

"I can't leave you to think it is the pay, Josephine," he said, a strange calm coming to him now that his course was decided upon. "I love you with all my heart—have loved you so ever since we first met. At first I was too proud to tell you so, for you are the daughter of a rich man, and I am poor. I tried to keep away from you, hoping the love would die out, but fate seemed against me. I yielded to circumstances, accepted your father's offer, and until this morning hoped that I might yet become rich enough to offer myself to you. I don't like to confess further. You know how hopeless my case is."

During this declaration Josephine's manner changed completely. Her head dropped, and her heart came into her throat. The atmosphere of calm despair which emanated from him enveloped her as well, and for a time gave the impression that they had indeed reached the inevitable parting of their ways.

"I don't see why you say 'hopeless,'" she began, as one groping for a ray of light, and her shoulders lifted with the emotion that nearly overcame her. Unconsciously she put out her hand, and her fingers bore upon his arm.

"You should know—better than I," he returned, with dry, hard tones. "I don't understand why you force me to confess it. I saw your letter from Belle Marlow. I thought it was another—of a business nature—until I had read those lines. They were the first my eye fell upon—those congratulating you upon your engagement."

"Engagement?" she repeated, in a maze. "O-oh!" she breathed, as light began to break upon her clouded mind. "Oh!" she repeated, and her fingers slipped down his arm until they found his hand, which she took and swung with utter abandonment. "Oh, Morris! Morris! Morris!" she cried. "That is the trouble, is it?" In another moment she held his arm motionless. "Do you know what that engagement is?" she asked, im-

pressively. "It's my work with you. I wrote Belle all about it, and told her how happy I was."

The moon had risen by this time, far down the river, and was reflecting its full light upon them, sparkling in a long path over the water to their feet, and painting a thousand cattails with a golden touch.

"Is this true, Josephine?" he questioned, quite unable to believe her words as they fell upon his ears.

"As true as you live," she replied, carrying her emotion much more lightly than he. "And if you have loved me from the first, it is but one day more than I have loved you. I was too scared that first day," she added, with bewitching candor; "that day you fell out of the apple-tree, you remember. I thought I had killed you."

"Then you're not—not engaged to—that Detroit fellow?" he stammered, still finding it impossible to accept the happiness that trembled within arm's reach.

"No-o," she declared, as one scoffing an idea, at the same time not hiding her provocation because of his dullness. She tripped lightly away from him now, and it was the fear of losing her that aroused him to action. Her perfect form was clothed in a pale blue gown of soft summer stuff, and as she vibrated against that background of reeds he thought her the most exquisite blue flag ever plucked from the marsh. Two or three strides, and he had overtaken her, but as yet all he dared do was to hold her by the hand.

"If you are proud," she said, looking saucily into his face, "you better get over it, for it's not a virtue, I can tell you."

Then he took her in his arms, and the moon went under a cloud.

"There, the moon is up," she cried, with pretty assumption of provocation, "and we never saw it rise at all! I've had all this long walk for nothing!"

He looked at her with the slow wits of a man. How could she speak thus lightly when their happiness was such a serious matter? They went back to the fallen tree, and pretended to take their fill of the moon, when really it was this new companionship that kept them. One moment she was demure and solicitous for his feelings, and the next teased him without mercy.

"I never knew you so dull and stupid," she declared once, and followed it with a complete change of voice. "Oh, it's because you haven't had any supper. You poor, dear fellow! Come, we must go home at once."

In the library at Loamwold she served a lunch for him. It seemed too delightful to be true to sit alone with her and watch her pour the cocoa; to take the cold meats and the bread from her hand; to eat, looking into her eyes, watching the quick play of her incomparable features. She had cajoled him already into adopting her manner in part for his own, and they were very gay and trifling. But at parting he found her as serious as he could have wished. Reluctant as he was to go, there was a moment when he feared she never would let him.

Late as it was, his mood would not let him go directly home. Under the brilliant moon he walked across the meadow, down through his corn-field. Much as he counted on the experiment he was carrying on here, it entered his mind only once, with the thought that now he could wait patiently twenty years to see these hopes fulfilled. Three hours before he had been the most unhappy man in existence, now all the world sang the gladdest song in his heart.

And so he reached his mother's door. "What a different story I have to tell her!" he thought, with bounding joy, finding the knob in the light that she burned awaiting him.

[THE END]

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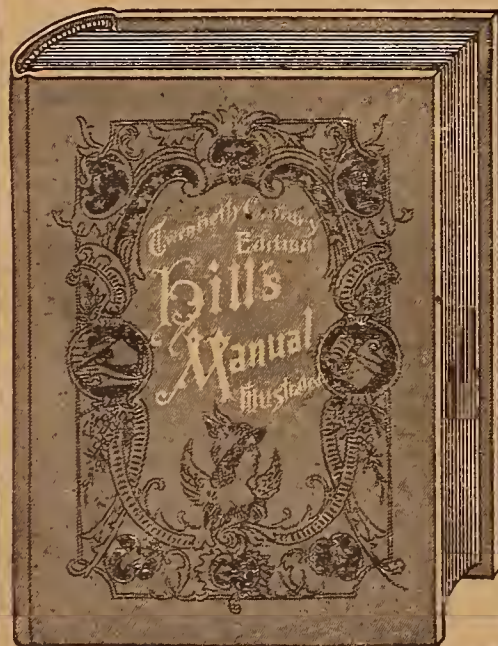
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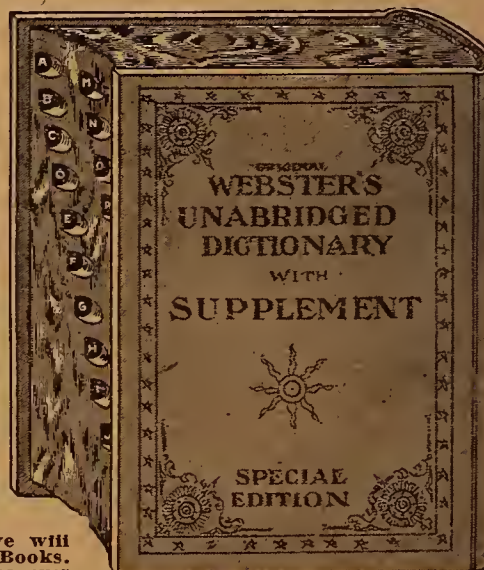
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Wit and Humor

The Law

A JUSTICE of the peace living near Osage, Kan., has sent the following inquiry to the "Free Press" of that place: "Please let me know if there's bin any changes in the code of Kansas sence I got mine, as some of these triffen lawyers tries to make out that my rulen ain't cordin to the code, and if I'm right and they ain't I want to disbar em and fine em for contempt and show em what's law. All I wants to do is to do right."

Time and Sitting Hens

"Harper's Weekly" tells of an enterprising salesman from one of the larger cities who went to a certain rural community and endeavored to sell an incubator to a farmer. His arguments did not make any impression upon the agriculturist. Finally, as a clincher in favor of his up-to-date improvement, he exclaimed, "Look at the time it will save!"

The farmer squinted a mouthful of tobacco-juice on the ground before replying, and then said, with provoking calmness, "Oh, what's time to a settin' hen?"

That settled the question. No incubator was sold.

The Same One

A young country minister who had been presented with a horse by a rich farmer parishioner rode the animal home to exhibit him to his father. The old gentleman studied the horse carefully, and observed that he seemed very aged and infirm.

"Well, father," said the son, "I don't think you ought to complain of him even if he is old and feeble. It is a good deal better animal than our Savior rode into Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago."

"I don't know, John," replied his father; "I think it's the same animal."—Harper's Weekly.

Crockett and the Mules

Davy Crockett was a ready wit, and during his life in Washington as a representative of the state of Texas had many clashes with men of more education, but less wit, than himself. It is told of him that one day while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue a swarm of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock-farms in Virginia. A congressman from Boston who was standing near by attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying, "Hello there, Crockett! Here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then, turning to the other, said, quietly, but with great emphasis, "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school."



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

Wandering Willie—"Madam, do you burn Standard oil?"

Madam—"Of course I do. Who doesn't?"

Wandering Willie—"I'll have to turn down that hand-out, then. I don't want no Rockefeller vittles in mine."—Judge.

True to Her Promise

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "what do you do at those lodge-meetings you attend twice a month?"

"You don't expect me to tell you that, do you? Our proceedings are secret."

"A man oughtn't to have any secrets from his wife. What is the password?"

"I've taken a solemn obligation never to communicate that to any outsider."

"I'm not an outsider. A man and his wife are one. You have a right to communicate it to me."

Mr. Chugwater reflected. "Well," he said, "if I repeat the password to you once will you promise never to ask me to say it again?"

"Yes."

"And you will never tell anybody else?"

"Never."

Whereupon he rapidly uttered the following astonishing word: "Magelliellinellikazenalottaruvistualizabellilwinkamanakalooleroo."

Mrs. Chugwater kept her promise. She never repeated that password to a living soul.—Chicago Tribune.

A Family Remedy

Robert Clarke, the artist, tells this story: One day, while out walking with a friend of his, this friend complained of a toothache, and asked Mr. Clarke what he could advise him to buy, as they were in front of a drug-store.

"Why," said Mr. Clarke, "the last time I had a toothache I went home, and my wife kissed it away for me."

After a moment's pause, his friend said, "Is your wife home now?"—Chicago Tribune.

The English of It

The following was overheard in a third-class carriage on the London and Northwestern Railway the other day:

Mother (opening a parcel of sandwiches)—"Johnnie, what kind of sandwich will you 'ave?"

Johnnie—"I'll 'ave 'am, mother."

Mother—"Don't say 'am, dear. Say 'am."

Man in far corner (chuckling to himself)—"Both of 'em thinks they're sayin' 'am!"—Tit-Bits.

An Evasive Answer

What could be more beautiful in the way of tact, suavity, wit and conversational strategy? We recall only one parallel to this skilful bit of maneuvering.

A lady sending a green servant to answer the door-bell said, "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer."

The servant soon returned.

"Who was it?" asked the mistress.

"A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."—Buffalo Express.

Familiar

From a Mobile man comes the story of an odd character in that city who for many years has done a thriving business in hauling ashes. One day, says the Mobile man, he chanced to be in the rear of his house when the darky in question was preparing to depart with the customary load. "I've seen you haul away many a load of ashes," said the owner of the house, "but, my good man, during all these years I've never had the least idea of your name. What is it?"

"Mah name is Gawge Washin'ton, sah," replied the old man, with a duck of his head.

"George Washington, eh?" reiterated the questioner. "It seems to me," he added, with a smile, "that I've heard that name before."

"Reckon you has, sah," came the answer, in all seriousness, "'cause Ise been haulin' 'way ashes from yo' house fo' more'n ten years."

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The Little Politicians

"OH, DEAR," said Philip, "I just wish papa wasn't in politics. The fellows are all taking sides, and some are going to vote for Tom Johnson's father instead of papa."

The twins, Philip and Molly, were sitting on the old bench under the apple-tree. Life seemed hard that morning. Father had gone away before they were up. Mother was hurried and worried. "And," as Molly said, "the blame of it all was politics." But, of course, if papa would run for sheriff, he must get it—that was all there was to it. Phil stretched his long legs. He felt sure if the running was only the real article he could do it himself.

It was a warm, sunny October day, with just a feeling in it of coming fall. Life wasn't all bad even if there were "politics."

Molly drew a long breath. "Let's go see if the chestnut-burs have cracked yet," she said.

"No use—haven't had a big freeze yet," said Phil, gloomily. "Anyway, I'm worrying. Don't bother, Moll."

"Oh, Phil, do tell me, so I can worry, too. 'Tisn't fair for you to do anything I don't, 'cause we're twins, don't you know," coaxed Molly.

"Well, you see," said Phil, "Mr. Brooks, the meat-man, told Tom he was going to vote for his father for sheriff, 'cause the other candidate—that's papa—never bought a cent's worth of meat of him. And all Mr. Brooks' men will do just what Mr. Brooks does. Now, if I could only get papa to buy his meat there, maybe Mr. Brooks would vote our ticket."

Never in all Molly's sunny ten years had such a big worry bothered her. But the woman in her came to the front. "I'll think of some way, Phil; you just wait," she said. "Anyway, don't let's lose all of to-day's fun. We'll put up a nice lunch, and go to the woods."

Late that same afternoon Phil and Molly came slowly up the road, bent by the weight of a big bag which they carried between them. The frost had opened the chestnut-burs. The twins had borrowed a bag. And here they were with a whole bushel of chestnuts, "worth as much as a dollar," the man at the corner store said. And there were bushels more.

For the next few days a great deal of meat came to the house. "Really more than we need," said mother. "But I won't bother father; he has so much to think of just now."

It was the day after election. The family was holding a general thanksgiving. "Papa ran first-rate," said Phil. "Most everybody voted for him."

"I really believe Mr. Brooks did, after all," said Molly. "'Cause the last time we bought meat there with our chestnut-money Phil said, 'I hope you will vote a straight ticket, Mr. Brooks,' just as much like papa as you can imagine. And Mr. Brooks—well, he smiled and winked at one of his men, just as if something funny had happened."

Papa looked at mama. Mama looked back and smiled. "That accounts for the extra meat," she said, softly.

"And for the extra votes," said papa. And if their eyes were a bit dim behind the smiles, who can wonder?

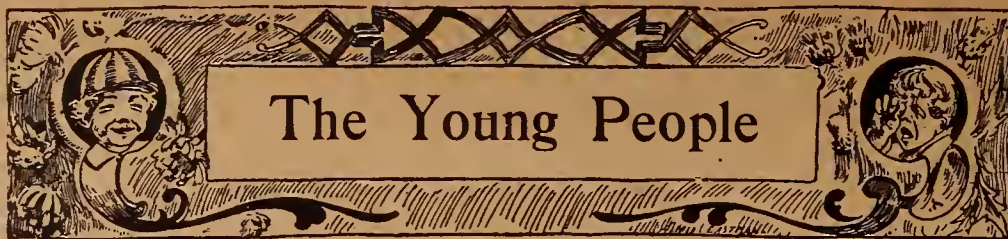
NEEL A. TURNER.

The Story of Pocahontas

In every age and nation rare instances of genius and benevolence have been found. In the whole range of uneducated nations no female can be produced who has superior claims to Pocahontas, the Indian princess, daughter of the sachem of Virginia, Powhatan. This princess was born somewhere about 1594. The first that was known of her was in the year 1607, when Captain John Smith came to this continent for adventures, and in exploring the country about the James River was taken prisoner by some of the warriors of the tribes under Powhatan. The prowess he had shown when taken was sufficient for their justification in taking him off, for he had been a wonder and terror to all his foes. A council was called, the stories of the white man's prowess told, and Smith made up his mind to die. Pocahontas was an interested listener in the council. Heroism and beauty have always an effect on the female heart. The gentle feelings of humanity are the same in every race, and in every period of life they bloom, though unconsciously, even in the bosom of a child.

The manner of death decided upon for Smith was that of beating him on the head with clubs while he was in a recumbent position with a stone for a pillow. He was first bound, and then thrown down, and the clubs were uplifted, when Pocahontas, then a mere child, whose confiding fondness he had easily won, rushed forward, and threw herself on the body of Smith, and protected his life at the risk of her own. Her brave act of love made history.

"The war-club poises for its fatal blow,
The death-mist swims before his darkened sight;
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,
Her head on his reclines, her arms his neck enfold."



The Young People

The impulse of mercy awakened within her breast, she clung firmly to his neck as his head was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk. The barbarians, whose decision had for a long time been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now

ter succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence.

Some time after this the savages, becoming alarmed by witnessing Smith's wonderful feats, laid a plan to get him into their power under

form her friend Captain Smith of the danger awaiting him either by stratagem or attack.

At the age of seventeen or eighteen Pocahontas married a pious young English officer named John Rolfe, and went to England, where she was baptized and called Rebecca, and where she soon died. "It is not meet that such names should molder in the grave." It was a barbarous life in which the little Pocahontas was bred. Her people always washed their young babies in the river on the coldest mornings to harden them. She was accustomed to see her old father sitting at the door of his cabin regarding with grim pleasure a string of his enemy's scalps suspended from tree to tree and waving in the breeze. Such as her life made her she was—in her manners an untrained savage. But she was also the steadfast friend and helper of the feeble colony, and that is why her life is so full of interest to us.

A Young Mountaineer

By the side of a lonely mountain-road in Tennessee stands a rough, unpainted building used for school purposes. One need not suffer because of a lack of fresh air, for there are plenty of openings for ventilation. The doors were wide open, hats and sunbonnets hung on pegs, dinner-pails and baskets hung under them, and one could hear the low murmur of children's voices.

We had long wanted to visit one of these mountain schools, so we knocked at the door, and were welcomed with a pleasant smile by the teacher, while every one of the forty children gave us the benefit of their unwinking regard. The old poem, "The Barefoot Boy," would have been very appropriate here if used in the plural, for all of the boys and girls were without shoes or stockings. There was a table and chair for the teacher, and plenty of desks for the children—wooden desks, nicked, carved and lettered by innumerable jack-knives. Maps, globes, charts, and the variety of objects that tend to make a school-room attractive and the acquirement of knowledge easy, were noticeably absent. Some illustrations from the newspapers were pinned about the rude walls.

The first class called was a spelling-class, and with much chattering the children lined up in front of the teacher. First from Webster's blue-back spelling-book a little tot spelled out her lesson as our Puritan grandmothers did in days of old; then three little urchins toed the mark, spelling in order the words given out. Next was the class in arithmetic, and two boys were sent to the blackboard to "do examples." Asking the teacher if the children learn readily, he said, "Oh, they have quite the ordinary capacity for learning, but with only three months' schooling through the year, and with nine months to forget, a teacher finds himself going over the same ground year after year."

Obtaining an education is not an uninterrupted pleasure with these mountain children. Many of the "natives" are scornful of the ordinary "book-larnin" methods. Many of them say, "This hyar eddication is plumb shifless waste o' time," so the children are kept at home on the slightest pretext. It is perhaps no wonder that some of the people were greatly astonished at some of the statements of the teacher who had just come among them, and that they insisted that "The world don't turn over, 'cause if it did we uns 'ud fall off."

One of the pupils attracted our attention. He was a small lad, fifteen years of age, a cripple since the age of three, having no use of his legs or the right arm or hand, and only a partial use of the left hand. You will wonder, perhaps, how this unfortunate boy reaches the school-house over the long, rough road he has to travel. He rides, but his turnout is an odd one. It is a child's cart drawn by a calf, a larger boy guiding the progress of this unusual steed. When he arrives at the school-house the older boy picks the other up in his strong young arms, and carrying him in, places him in a chair. He says "the calf always knows when he is being yoked that he is going to school."

A friend of mine said she wanted to know the attitude of this boy toward life, that seemed to have so cruelly limited him, so she said to him, "Don't you sometimes wish you could get out and have a frolic with the boys?"

And his patient and noble answer was, "No, I have become used to sitting in my chair. And then, I have my books."

He has read books of travel, history, descriptions of new inventions, etc., and is very eager to learn, while the progress he has made is marvelous when one considers his limited opportunity and physical infirmity. His face is illumined at the mention of the books he loves, and the outside world may yet hear of him.

ELLA GILL SEDGWICK.

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THE DISCARDED SHOE

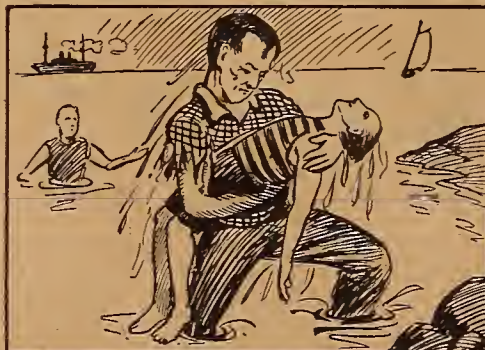
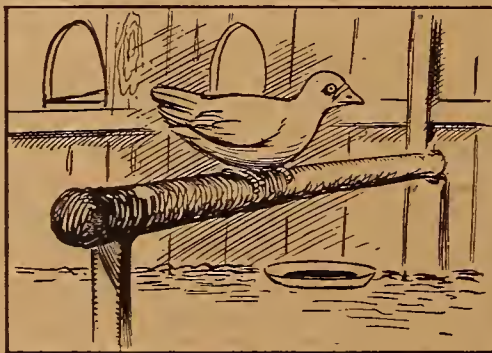
resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown, and when his decision of charac-

ter the pretense of wishing an interview with him in their territory. But Pocahontas, knowing the designs of the warriors, left the wigwam after her father had gone to sleep, and ran more than nine miles through the woods to in-

form her friend Captain Smith of the danger awaiting him either by stratagem or attack. At the age of seventeen or eighteen Pocahontas married a pious young English officer named John Rolfe, and went to England, where she was baptized and called Rebecca, and where she soon died. "It is not meet that such names should molder in the grave." It was a barbarous life in which the little Pocahontas was bred. Her people always washed their young babies in the river on the coldest mornings to harden them. She was accustomed to see her old father sitting at the door of his cabin regarding with grim pleasure a string of his enemy's scalps suspended from tree to tree and waving in the breeze. Such as her life made her she was—in her manners an untrained savage. But she was also the steadfast friend and helper of the feeble colony, and that is why her life is so full of interest to us.

Fish Puzzle

Six Different Species of the Finny Tribe are Represented by the Pictures Below



Answers to Puzzle in the June 1st Issue—1, Colon; 2, Pound; 3, Mark; 4, Crown; 5, Peso; 6, Tael

Sunday Reading

The President at Church

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has an iron-clad habit of going to church. The habit is only one of the many great points of character in the man. Isolation in the mountain wilds of the Centennial State during his recent hunting expedition was not sufficient to break his custom of attending divine worship on Sunday. The President and his party, attired in their hunting-clothes, rode to a little mission many miles from camp, and participated in the service.

Pray and Work

The wife of an Illinois farmer sends to us the story of several farmers who were taking dinner at a certain hotel. The conversation drifted to the usual topics—the weather, crops, etc.—when one of the farmers complained of the drought of the previous year and of the failure of his crops.

The landlady, standing near by, overheard, and said, "Keep on praying, and all will be well."

"Yes, good woman," the farmer replied. "I know of people who prayed daily, and also had a failure of crops."

"Don't you know that the just suffer with the unjust?" was the answer.

"Her beautiful words, in German, are still ringing in my ear: 'Bet und arbeit; so gibt Gott allezeit,' meaning 'Pray and work; God giveth always.' That conversation was worth as much as a sermon. Do you know that there are thousands upon thousands of people who teach and preach unconsciously with words and actions, and influence men and women to be better and nobler?"

Helpful Thought

To think positively, and not negatively, is the best rule for all minds. To seek out that which is true, not that which is false, is the safety of the mind. Any one can do critical, cynical thinking; it is easy enough, but it lays no enduring fabric of thought. To seek truth, and then to build life on it, is the secret of a strong mental development.—Christian Observer.

Father as Chum

The duty of the father to the son is so very, very often lost sight of. So much depends upon the former in molding the destiny of the boy budding into manhood. The "Brown Book of Boston" gives out some wholesome thoughts on the subject:

"If you want a boy to learn how to defend himself, do you throw him into a ring with a pugilist? If you do he is apt to get badly damaged.

"Do we proceed much more rationally when we allow a boy to slip from playing as a boy to living as a man with no preparatory instruction? Let the boy alone, and Nature will give him size while time gives him years; but to keep him in the way of health and morality he needs a kind, interested companion. Health and morality go pretty close together. Show the boy how to keep the former, and he is more sure to retain the latter.

"Strangely enough, a boy will let you talk health to him, when if you talk morals he shuts up in a bored sulk, and you feel he is rejecting, resenting all you say. A boy is terribly afraid of being goody-goody, but is eager to be a fine creature physically. You may preach about the moral worthlessness of cigarette-smokers, and the boy silently holds his own opinion; but if you talk intelligently of the effect of nicotine on the system before the body is grown he is persuaded to wait for his smoking until he is as tall as Bob and has a chest like Dick's.

"And what is true of smoking holds good of all petty vices, those 'little foxes that destroy the vines.' Think this over seriously, and talk with the boy as man to man, that he may not be trapped unawares. Let him learn from you, and not from other boys."

What Boys Should Learn

Boys will help themselves inestimably in life if while boys they will learn certain things so well as never to forget them. "The Glenwood Boy" lays down a few things boys should learn:

Not to tease boys and girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, but sit in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

Restless Americans

"When one returns from a long absence, or visits America for the first time, and passes along the busy avenues of her large cities, the strongest impression is received of the unrest, of the tireless energy displayed in the enjoyment of the hurrying masses of humanity," says Kate C. Havens.

"The opposite condition is observed in countries with classic history. Why is the American boy taught to hustle, while the Oriental student is taught repose of manner and quietness of demeanor characteristic of the East? The answer would probably be expressed by Americans in the word 'progress!' But is there not a world of thought in that observation recently made by a Japanese: 'Now that Japan is showing how well she can fight she is called civilized, but when she could show only pictures and other works of art she was called heathen!'"

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer."

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Washer" will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them. In less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Washer" does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Washer" saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

Let me send you a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in



a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Washer," that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R.F. Bieber, Gen. Mgr. of "1900 Washer Co.," 619 Henry St., Blghamton, N.Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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The Family Physician

By R. B. HOUSE, M.D.

Danger in Bolted Meals

IF YOU haven't time to eat a meal when it is proper to eat a meal, take a glass of milk, and go about your business until you do get time to eat deliberately. Every bolted meal is a pang in the sweet by and by and a steel nail in your coffin-lid—unless you have outgrown your superstitious prejudices sufficiently to demand cremation.

Breathing

The nose, larynx, trachea, bronchial tubes, lungs and air-cells are included in the respiratory tract. Any affection of these involves more or less seriously the whole breathing apparatus. For illustration, a growth in the nose has caused asthma, which has disappeared upon removal of the foreign body. Then, too, an inflammatory condition of the bronchial tubes is liable to shut off the air from certain regions of the lungs.

Talking about the nose, why is it best to breathe through it rather than the mouth? There are at least three good reasons: First, it purifies the air—that is, the fine hairs in the nose strain out the particles of dust; second, the air has a longer passage to travel to get to the lungs when inhaled—cold air is irritating; third, by virtue of the same reason the air is moistened by contact with the mucous membrane.

The next question that will be asked naturally is, Why do we breathe? The maintenance of life depends upon the absorption of oxygen and the excretion of carbonic-acid gas. In this process the lungs are only the medium of exchange—that is, they provide the oxygen and carry away the poison. The blood is the medium which carries the oxygen to the various parts of the body, and gathers up the poisons and turns them over to the lungs for elimination. Therefore, the absorption of oxygen is dependent not only upon the lungs, but also upon the blood. If the latter is not rich in red corpuscles, the blood is not able to take up the oxygen, no matter how much of it is supplied by the lungs.

Why do we need oxygen? To produce heat, to assist in the process of nutrition. There can be no combustion without oxygen. This it is that makes the fires of life burn. Why is deep breathing valuable? Not because it supplies more oxygen to the blood, for the blood may be getting more oxygen than it can take up in an ordinary inspiration—in fact, men can live with one lung, and many are living to-day with such a handicap, and are well and getting enough oxygen. Then why breathe deeply? The greatest value of deep breathing is the effect upon abdominal circulation. The diaphragm makes larger excursions upon the abdominal contents, and thus causes a greater blood-supply. Then, too, the aspiration of the lungs affects the circulation. There is a great suction in the veins. The lungs, no doubt, are a factor in this. If a vein is opened, and air is allowed to enter, death occurs immediately. If the heart is then dissected, air-bubbles are found in the right auricle of the heart. In the next place, deep breathing fills up all the air-cells in the lungs, enters the apex of the lung, which is its weakest part, supplies more blood, and makes it resist disease. Again, deep breathing strengthens the respiratory muscles, and also, if done properly, helps to bring the thorax in its proper position, and enlarges its capacity, giving the organs of circulation and respiration freedom to work. I notice again that because a man has a good chest-expansion is not evidence that he has a good capacity. I note, too, that because he has a good expansion he is not in a position to flatter himself upon the fact of being a proper breather. I notice, in the third place, that a large lung-capacity is not an indication of what we commonly term "good wind."

Many men have wondered what second wind is. The nearest to the truth that we have with regard to the physiology of second wind is that it is a matter of blood-pressure. If a man runs in a short dash we find that there is great blood-pressure, his arteries are contracted and tense, and the blood is forced back upon the heart. Thus in the early part of a long-distance race this condition is present in a less marked degree. After the man has run for a time the blood-vessels all over the body become dilated, and thus relieve the heart of the congestion, and the blood flows more evenly and with less pressure all over the body, thus permitting the heart and lungs to adapt themselves to the condition.—Geo. J. Fisher, M.D.

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